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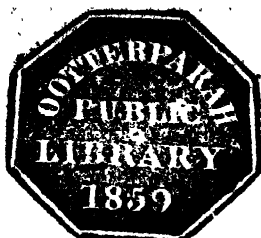
VOL. II.

CONTAINING

A Search after Perfection.
[illegible]
[illegible]
The Go[illegible]
The Spaniard.
Love, Honor, and Interest.
Orpheus.
The Apostate, or Atlantis Destroyed.
Father and Son, or Family Frailties.

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THE SORCERESS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in the Palace of Corinth.*

CREON *and* KALOS, *and Noblemen attending on the* KING.

Creon. (to Kalos.) Medea must not, shall not, stay in Corinth,—
Her very name appals the public heart.
(to attendants.) Though regal born, she to her country's foes
Betray'd the guardians of her father's throne,
And, in his fond entreating sight, she tore
Her tender brother, who had clinging seiz'd
Her flying robe, to stay her guilty flight.
Who has not heard how, by her spells bewitch'd,
Old Pelias' daughters slew their dear-lov'd sire,
Too cred'lous thinking to renew his frame?
O 'tis a tale that stops the course of thought!
As he lay sleeping, by an opiate charm'd,
One held the bason, while the other pierc'd
The sacred art'ries of the hoary King;
And when they shudd'ring saw his red life flow,
The stern Medea trimm'd her lamp and smil'd.

Kal. Her love for Jason, an ill-fated passion,
Inflames her bosom with the rage of fiends.
In all things else, my lord, she is most gentle;
But with some element unus'd before,
Mysterious Nature has endow'd her frame.—
While yet a child, with rapt romantic eye
She read the heavenly omens, and could tell,
By the procession of the starry host,
The various changes that succeed below:

What blossoms breathe on earth their sweet perfume,
As 'twere an offering to the ruling lights
Which mark the alt'ring progress of the year;
What scaly tribes repay the fisher's toil,
When roses blush, or the green leaf grows wan;
And, by the blains upon the warrior's shield,
She sway'd at will the tenor of his tale,
And made him tell the battles he had shar'd;
For she had found the secret springs that move
The chains of mem'ry and the wheels of thought.—
A pale enthusiast, oft her pensive steps
Were to night-worshipp'd Hecat's awful shrine.

Creon. To Hecat's shrine! Note ye her inborn guil
She, the descendant of the radiant god,
Forsakes his temple, and apostate raises
Those bright refulgent eyes that prove her race,
In adoration of the goddess grim
Of sorceries malignant! But proceed.

Kal. To win her service for the gloomy shrine,
A sullen priestess, fellest of the band
That pil'd the altar with the midnight slain,
Taught her tremendous lore. When the bright sun
Had pass'd to Thetis, and the Euxin roll'd
His troubled bulk of waters wide and wild,
In a lone tower, that on a lofty steep
Far overlook'd the dark wreck-tossing waves,
Sat the dread sorc'ress and the thrilling fair.—
Whene'er the mariners at eve descried
Their lamp's dim flame, a red disastrous star
They smote their breasts, and yielded to despair;
For oft the priestess, deep in omens skill'd,
Rehears'd her spells before impending storms.

Creon. Did not the king, her sire, prohibit this?

Kal. The fraudful priestess had inflam'd her mind
With dark ambition and unhallow'd aims,
Before her father knew. Too late, he then
Consign'd Medea to a patient sage,
Who vainly strove to turn the keen research
With which she sought what Nature has denied:
For when he spoke of the elastic mind,
Which, in the bosom fix'd, expanding spreads
Throughout the world, and mounts beyond the stars,

With kindling eyes Medea starting cried,
" Does this transcendent faculty expire
When life departs, as on the lamp the flame?
Or is it too but an accorded sign,
An index of some undevelop'd scene?"—
He could not answer, and she scorn'd the sage.

Creon. From whom did she obtain that potent art
By which she rules the crisis of disease,
And knows the very hour when prostrate Nature
Rallies her powers for the great strife with death?

Kal. A wither'd sibyl whom by chance she met
Gleaning the dewy antidotes of ails.
With her she visited where ling'ring lay
A youth on life's last verge. There though his bride,
Grasping his hand, and fondly gazing, sought
A parting look, and though his mother sat,
Her lap his pillow, and could only weep,
Medea, heedless of the mournful scene,
Knelt at his feet, and with averting hand
Screen'd from her eyes a lamp the sibyl held,
To show the moment when the soul would fly.

Creon. Say'st thou that pity dwells in such a breast?
What did the inquiring demon when he died?
Did she not force the casket of the heart,
Explore the [illegible] warm mansion of the mind,
And by the knife's rash inquisition reach
The coiling spring that sent the flying thought
Of action or design?

Kal. She rose serene,
And looking pensive on the dead, exclaim'd,
"O in what region now is thy abode!
Haunt'st thou unseen the stage of mortal cares,
Or hold'st companionship with others gone,
Or dwell'st thou solitary, lost in gloom?
Is there no spell, no pharmacy sublime,
To charm a parted spirit back to life?
No art to renovate its earthly cell,
And with sweet incense lure it to return?"

Creon. And did she ever this great art attain?
For fame reports that Jason's father dead
Was by her magic summon'd into life.

Kal. They must believe who saw the miracle.
Creon. We are resolv'd; she shall no longer stay.
We to her dignity, a princess born,
Had given refuge and attendance due,
But thou hast fill'd us with so strange a tale
Of power and passions supernatural,
That we ourself partake our people's fear,
And think we see in her a public foe.
Kal. Jason she never will consent to leave,
Nor live and know him wedded to another.
Creon! beware of her offended power!
O! as you love your daughter, pray the gods
To quench the hope that yet she [illegible] in Jason,
And ere too late the bridal rites suspend.
Creon. He cannot, never could Medea love.
Kal. But all her soul is rivetted on him.
O if you dread her nature, fear her hate!
The ocean's fury and the tempest's force,
Deluge and conflagration, war and storm,
Attend her voice, and execute her will;
The orbs of Heaven grow pale to see her spells,
And Hell's dark gods obey and dread her call.
Creon. Fitter she is to dwell among the fiends
Than deal with mortal men. Our will is fix'd.
Let her no longer than the dawn of day
Be seen in Corinth. Here, if proof be given
That she attempt to ply her horrid arts,
The law shall have its course, and she shall die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Apartment in the Palace.*

MEDEA and JASON.

Med. Why turn you, Jason, from me thus so coldly? —
O would we never had to Corinth come!
Yet, if you love me and your faith be firm,
Why should I grieve to think we came to Corinth;
O wherefore should I question thus your love?
Forgive, forgive the fear of anxious fondness.
Jason. These fitful doubts, this idly chiding mood,
Molests your own repose and troubles mine.
Med. When did I chide thee, cruel man, before?
When did my doating fondness doubt thy truth?
O Jason, Jason, dost thou give me cause?—

If you forsake me, what shall I become;
What home have I, if you deny me yours?
Where shall Medea fly? What wild, what cave,
What woody labyrinth, what trackless waste,
Will then receive the outcast?—All the world
Appall'd have heard what I have done for thee,
And will refuse me succour. Thou alone
Art now, O Jason, the sole tie that links
My wayward feelings to the race of man.

Jason. Strange woman, cease; and with some check of reason
Restrain thy ardent heart.

Med. Tell'st thou me this!
Dost thou desire that I should love thee less?

Jason. Hast thou not children? surely they have claims,
And should partake thy partial bosom's care.

Med. My babes are thine; and as a part of thee
I love them more than ever mother lov'd.—
The parent's instinct and the lover's passion,
Compose the strong, the fervent tie, that binds
My life and heartstrings to our mutual issue.

Jason. And can'st thou not with them awhile forgo
This tender importunity?—

Med. Alas!
What would I not forgo for them and thee—
Ye are my all, and all my soul's desire.
If I alone, O Jason, have thy heart—
Tremendous fate!—if Jason should be false!

Jason. What terrible conceit transports thee thus?
I am but here upon the edge of life,
A soldier and a man: the chance of war,
The touch unseen of pestilence and pain,
May sever us for ever.

Med. Not for ever.
Wert thou in wasteful shock of battle slain,
Or stiffen'd by disease to ghastly clay,
I should in patience wait the coming time
When my fond spirit would rejoin its love.
But, O dear Jason, if thy faith be false,
We are already sever'd, and for ever!
For souls adverse can no communion hold:
In life, their enmity engenders woe;

Beyond the narrow passages of death,
Their ways lie opposite.—Yes, on and on,
Through all eternity, they sund'ring fly—
But wherefore think'st thou death may separate?
Forget'st thou how thy father, by my art,
When all bewail'd him dead,—the hour was nam'd
To fire the funeral pile,—the dirge and hymn
Resounded, and the torches for the rites
Crimson'd each face, and made the midnight black—
Dost thou forget that time? By me conjur'd,
Did not his parted spirit trembling come
And put again its mortal vestment on.
Why should we ever fear that we shall part?—
Stay, Jason, stay; why dost thou leave me thus? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Portico.*—beyond which a view of the Gulf of Corinth is seen.

CREUSA *and* LADIES.

Creüsa. How softly o'er the landscape evening draws
Her shadowy curtain! While the golden light
Yet lingers on Parnassus' hoary head,
The lower mountains and the nearer scene
Are veil'd in hazy shade. 'Tis sweet to breathe
This twilight freshness, and to see the night,
As slowly up the steep of Heav'n she climbs,
Sprinkling with glorious gems her azure path.
The sea appears a downward hemisphere,
Traced with bright meteors, as the fishers' torch
Moves to and fro in that dark nether sky.
Look! on the hills the shepherds' fires begin
To peer like stars, and the bright-window'd town,
From the steep mountain sloping to the shore,
A richly-lighted constellation shines.

[Enter JASON.]

Jason. Creüsa here!
Creüsa. Ha! Jason!—and alone!
Why walk you, Prince, the terrace at this hour?
Jason. To seek Creüsa.
Creüsa. Say Medea rather.
Jason. No, dear Creüsa, I seek only thee:
Her mystic spirit and tremendous art
O'er-awes my soul and turns its love to dread.

But in thy merciful and gentle nature,
A soft companionship attracts my heart.
Creüsa. I must not, Jason, listen to this theme;
Medea's rights forbid— For her thy vows,
A fearful pledge, the hideous furies guard—
Beware their vengeance and the stings that strike
The faithless lover's false and perjur'd heart.
Jason. Ah love, sweet maid, resistless nature proves,
Still sleeps unfelt and latent in the breast,
Till wak'd to freedom by some kindred glow.
'Tis true I told Medea that I lov'd,
(But then I knew not what lay slumbering here)
And thought the wonder that her beauty bred
Was love's delightful charm.
Creüsa. Have you not sworn
Still to be faithful?
Jason. But I knew not then
That what I felt for her was never love:
And when I swore I lov'd, I swore not true:
My heart by admiration was betray'd;
I thought it love, and call'd it what I thought.
Creüsa. Ah, Jason, thus you teach me to beware
The brittle tenure of your proffer'd vows.—
When next again you feel the conscious flame,
And, false to me, some other maid address,
What new device will then your passion serve?
Jason. That never, sweet, can chance to me again;
For different charms I different women woo'd;
But ne'er before did the soft mingled grace
Of all united fix my roving mind.
[Enter MEDEA and KALOS.]
Med. Creon commands, and I must fly from Corinth
With Jason and my children— Be it so:
The world is all before us; and with them
The darkest cave beneath the northern snows
Would yield to me a dear and cheerful home.
Kalos. But Jason and the children stay behind.
Med. What say'st thou? Jason and—
Kalos. Her laugh speaks horror.
Med. 'Twas but a pang in my distracted brain!—
You did not say that Jason stays behind?—
My children, too?—Gods! am not I their mother

Creüsa. It is Medea.
Jason. I must speak to her.
Med. What! Jason here! and with Creüsa too!
Are these not but the phantoms of a dream,
In which this curs'd and melancholy fiend
Tells me that Jason is no longer mine?
(to Jason.) Creon, he says, has banish'd me from Corinth;
Come, Jason, come, let us at once depart.
Jason. Why do you shake and grasp upon me so?
Med. O Jason, Jason, save me from despair!
Thou know'st not yet my power. Though thou hast seen
The mid-day sun eclipsed at my command;
The full-orb'd moon grow bloody by my spell;
Stars headlong quit their spheres; and the dread storm
Upon the clouded promontory sleeping,
Wake at my call, and dash the waves to foam;
Though thou hast witness'd from the murky sky
The bolted fires that give terrific glimpse
Of Jove's Almighty arm, dart when I will'd,
And heard the god in thunder answer me,
Thou hast not seen me jealous of thy love.
Behold, arising in the polar sky,
The kindling spears of my etherial host!
[*An apparition of the Aurora Borealis.*
Creüsa. Horror, horror! the heavens are all in flame!
Med. See how the streaming splendor of my guards
Shoots bright and brighter as their squadrons form!
Stay yet awhile, ye glorious ministers;
Halt in your clouds—Who dare Medea wrong?
Look to Creüsa—Jason I command:
Kalos, do you sustain the frighten'd fair.
[*Exeunt Kalos and Creüsa, &c.*
Turn, Jason, turn: these soft and tender looks,
O false, false, perjur'd man, are due to me.
But art thou false?—Though I am banish'd, Jason,
Thou wilt not stay behind—I wrong thy faith—
For thee I bade my native land adieu;
For thee my home and weeping kindred fled;
For thee, dear Jason, I have done such deeds,
That all the world should hate me, but thyself.
Come, give me proof that thou art true to me;
Our children wait, and we are all prepar'd;

Let us not linger in this fatal town;
Give me thy hand and let us haste away.

Jason. Where, where, rash woman, would you have me fly?

Med. Where I must go—O if indeed you love,
Though with but half the fervor I possess,
Where'er I am, your home shall still be there.—
Gods! gods! he turns away!—he loves me not!
[*Exit Jason.*
'Tis for Creüsa that I must depart—
It is for her then that I am exil'd. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment.*

CREON and CREUSA.

Creüsa. O urge me not; I must not Jason wed—
The dread Medea interdicts his suit
With threats so high, and signals so divine,
So like the prohibition of a god,
That in his love there surely must be sin.

Creon. She shall be hence before the morning dawn.—
Had Jason not petition'd for her life,
We had consented to our people's pray'r,
And burnt her for a trafficker in spells,
That fill the world with guilty prodigies.

Creüsa. Can you disarm her sorc'ry of its power,
Unbind the spell by which she sways the spheres,
And summons agents from the dark abyss
To vindicate her claims?—Scarce an hour since,
As on the terrace I with Jason stood,
She, all infuriate to be so exil'd,
Rais'd her right hand towards the steadfast star,
And presently the region of the pole
Was wrapp'd in fire, and countless must'ring fiends,
Moving in panoply of light and flame,
Obey'd her dread control.

Creon. Has the curs'd witch

Within the bound of Corinth plied her art?
Hence shall she instantly.

Creüsa. Behold she comes.

[Enter MEDEA and JASON.]

Med. In what have I offended you or yours,
That I am banish'd from your haughty gates,
And all I love, a mendicant to die?

Creon. It is the pleasure of our sovereign will—
Who may control the king?

Med. Justice!

Creon. Audacious!

Creüsa. O harm her not!

Medea. Ha! dar'st thou strike Medea?
Fool!—I might fix thy rude unmanly arm
And lifted sword with the strong gorgon spell,
In monumental marble as you threat!

Creon. Hence from our presence, dreadful demon, hence!
The hissing snake, the pitiless hyena,
The staring basilisk, the hungry tyger,
The corpse-untombing wolf—and fouler still,
The horrible and furious cannibal,
That quaffs the reeking blood of slaughter'd men,
Are fitter for society than thou.

Medea. Jason, Jason, strike this dotard dead:
For thee, for thee, I robb'd my father's home,
And stain'd my hands with my dear brother's blood;
All for thy love: —but if you love no more,
Pay me in part with this hoar tyrant's death.

Jason. Medea, art thou by the furies fir'd?—
Come, come, Creüsa; Creon, leave her here.

Medea. They drive me mad; they steep my thoughts in hell:
Stay, perjur'd, stay, I charm ye by my curse.
O Powers of justice and of destiny,
Show'r upon these the fiercest of your hate!
Let terror rule them, and despair attend:
Let them outlive the pity they deny:
Let constant misery burn in their blood:
Let all posterity abhor their names:
Let retribution for their fathers' crimes,
Let vengeance for their mothers' secret sins,

In wrath and horror overtake them here.
And ye, just gods! when death cancels their life,
Let them with everlasting sense of woe
Be made immortal, and for ever learn
The wrongs they did Medea caus'd their doom.
Now, Jason, thou art free—Woo, wed, and weep.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another room in the Palace; in a Manggall with fire burning.*

JASONIDES and the NURSE.

Jasoni. But are there, Nurse, such things as imps and sprites,
And phantoms that can speak, and hurt, and harm,
And yet not suffer when we strike at them?

Nurse. Aye, dear, the air we breathe is full of such;
The water too hath in it powers unseen,
And in the glowing fire bright agents stir,
That ride on flames and plait the wreathy vapor.

Jasoni. But if we see them, Nurse, and feel their touch,
How is't we cannot make them feel us too?

Nurse. The gods betide thee, my courageous boy,
They are not palpable to mortal hand,
Or aught that changes by the force of fire.
See, how this pretty pyramid of flame
Consumes the splinter that divides its form
And reunites again—'Tis so with them,
When things corporeal touch their yielding substance.

Jasoni. How may they, Nurse, be train'd to do our tasks?—
Methinks it were a high and pleasant thing
To have a nimble spirit for a slave;
One that would vault upon the flying winds,
And mounting up to heaven's great cupola,
Peep through the starry chink-holes of the dome,
And tell me what makes all so bright beyond.

Nurse. But come to bed—and when you grow a man,
Your mother will instruct you how to make
The swiftest of them wait upon your will.

Jasoni. True: I have heard that she can bid them come,
And when, last night, I dreamt a dreadful dream,
How I and sister were all gnaw'd by worms,

And raw and bloody like a gashy wound;
You said 'twas bred by a black toad-like elf,
Sent by my mother to disturb my sleep,
Because I thought Creüsa kind and fair.
Why was my mother vext at me for that?
And wept to hear me, and perus'd my face,
And sighing said, that if I lov'd Creüsa,
All that resembled me must love her too.—
What did she mean? and why should she be sad,
Though all the world should call Creüsa fair?

Nurse. Alack, alack! Sweet prattler, if thou liv'st,
Too soon, I ween, thou shalt the reason know.
But hush, I hear your mother's tread approach.

Jasoni. O hide me from her, for she looks so wild.

[Enter MEDEA.]

Medea. He never, never, can be mine again!
The fondness that so long sustain'd my love
This last contempt has curdled into hate,
And clotted thick my thoughts with foul revenge.
What! here still, nurse! here too, Jasonides!
Why still afoot at this untimely hour?

Jasoni. I could not sleep—I am afraid to sleep—
Such fearful things come flocking in my dreams.

Medea. Ill-fated child! and does thy simple mind
See the precursive harbingers of woe
Like brooding guilt? Come, sit thee down,
Sit by me here, that I may warn thee well
Ne'er to desert a fond confiding maid.—
Why dost thou shrink away?—Perfidious boy!
Does Jason's blood already work in thee,
That thou too shunn'st Medea? O ye gods!
What monstrous features are on me impress'd,
To rouse in all this dire antipathy?
Come, Death, just Nature's executioner,
Arrest the horrible and murd'rous thoughts
That urge me on, and stop me in my crimes.
O my sweet boy, do not abandon me;
Come, come, and soothe me with one kind caress,
That I may yet have something dear to me.

[Enter KALOS.]

Kal. Alas! alas!

Medea. What now? pale herald, speak.

Kal. I am indeed a woful messenger—
The King commands that you forthwith depart.
Medea. Is it but that? I will go instantly.
Haste, nurse, and bring the baby from her couch.
[*Exit Nurse.*
Thy hand, my little boy; let us away.
Jasoni. Where, mother, where?
Medea. To beg! to starve! to die!
For this, for this, I left my native land,
Forsook my home, and bared my virgin breast.
What more? Say all.
Kal. You must depart alone.
Med. Go not the children with me? Speak, O speak.
You cannot tell the half of what I fear.
But go, my friend, tell Creon I prepare.
O might I yet the faithless Jason see!
Hasten, Kalos, implore for me the boon,—
Say I am calm—say that I am content,
And but that as an anxious mother feels,
To part so suddenly from her dear young,
No passion moves my breast. Go bid him come;
Tell him that but a few maternal cares
Lie heavy on me, and I fain would bear
Some promise from himself to sooth my grief.—
But Jason's promise I can trust no more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment.*

JASON and CREON.

Jason. Restrain, great sir, your justly kindled ire,
And let her yet remain till break of day.
The night is overcast, the ways are foul,
And she, though temper'd to supernal firmness
In heart and mind, is but in strength a woman.
Creon. I would, but while she stays, her angry power
May work malignantly. How now, Kalos?
[Enter KALOS.]
Kal. Medea, ready to depart, implores,
Before she quits her children—
Jason. Why these tears?
Kal. O, sir, forgive a faithful servant's sorrow,
That ever must his lady's fate bewail
Till she find rest in death.—

Creon. Your message, sir.
Kal. She asks, my lord, to visit here again,
Alas! to hear her last maternal wish.
Creon. (to Jason) You must not go—she meditates some crime.
Kalos can tell her,—and what would she more,—
That, as the offspring of a royal race,
Her children shall have all that suits a king's.
Kal. Ah! gracious Sir, it would appease her pain
To bear some solemn, kind assurance hence,
That tendance, honor, and the dues of birth,
Shall never be withdrawn. Alas! my lord,
She needs the charity of this assurance.
Jason. Nor ought I to refuse. I cannot, Creon,
Forget how fervently she ever lov'd me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment.*

MEDEA, *superbly dressed, and* NURSE.

Medea. Give me the bracelets which I wore that day
When Jason's father by my art reviv'd.
Nurse. Which were they?
Medea. These. Ah me! that necklace too!
I had it on when I forsook my home.
O, tearlike gems! ye in my breast renew
The grief and anguish of that fatal day.—
Will Jason look on you and drive me hence?
Go bring the children. [*Exit Nurse.*
Still, my heart, lie still;
Be rous'd, but calm, in this my last attempt.
Rise, ye recording ministers of vows,
Unfold your volume to false Jason's mind,
And show him, written large with blood and fire,
The oaths of constancy he swore to me.
[Enter JASON.]
Behold the outcast ready to depart.—
But I am used to wandering and exile.
Alas! when first a banish'd wretch I stray'd,
Thy love consol'd me, for I thought it true;
It sooth'd the weary way, and charm'd asleep
The dragon Conscience, that now waking finds
My bosom's innocence purloin'd and gone,
And I for thee my father's treasure stole.

But why should I reproach? What now avail
The tears of mem'ry for a passion dead?
Yes, we must part. O whither shall I go?
Direct me, Jason, how to choose my way.
Shall I return to that polluted shore
Where for thy safety I my brother slew?
Or by the Bosphorus' wild margin roam,
And seek that bowery vale, where first to me
You swore the spousal oath you now deny?
What though no priest nor altar grac'd the rite,
The sun was witness, and the gods were there,
And virgin Nature deck'd the bridal bower.—
The Gods and Nature know I am thy wife,
And will avenge my wrongs when I am gone.
The ever-glorious and all-cheering sun
Will prove thee mine, accuse thee with my woes,
And grow more dreadful than the midnight gloom.

Jason. What is't, Medea, you would say to me?

Medea. Look on these gems. They are enchanted things,
And they will tell thee, Jason, what to do.
This was the robe in which I fled with thee.
Behold this stain! It is my brother's blood.
Alas! alas! the gay Creüsa's smile
Has marr'd the power that should have charm'd in these.

Jason. I need no monitors of gratitude.
When angry Creon sentenc'd thee to die,
Did I not supplicate, and gain thy life?

Medea. Would he had sunk me in some dungeon vault,
Where oft the captive's long-unsandall'd foot
Crushes the cold and squat detested toad,
Ere I had known that Jason could be false.
Had he but chain'd me naked to the stake,
Piled the pitch'd faggot, and applied the brand,
I had not felt this fiery anguish here—
I had not known that Jason loves another.

Jason. O yet be calm, repress this frantic sorrow.

Medea. Forbear, forbear, that soft seducing tone;
O never, never, can it soothe again.

Jason. Restrain these fearful sobs, and be thyself.

Medea. Yes, I will be myself, thou man of ice,
Whom nor my tears, nor pity for my fate,

Nor these memorials of unequall'd love,
Can change or thaw. O had thy thoughts been fram'd
Like other men's, these should have melted thee,
And spite of ten Creusas held thee mine.

Jason. Thou know'st, unhappy, that 'tis fortune rules,
And Creon that commands thee to depart.

Medea. Is he not king? Why is he so unjust?

Jason. Alas! his people murmur at thy stay,
And he himself is tainted with their fear.

Medea. Were not my crimes for thee? My guilt is thine.

Jason. The conscious guilt that heighten'd once our joys,
Now fills my bosom with affright and pain.

Medea. His heart still beats! his hand hath warmth and life!
Thou art not marble, Jason. Canst thou feel?

[Enter NURSE and CHILDREN.]

Ha! see our children! hostages of love!
These are the witnesses that you are mine.
Hither, Jasonides. Why dost thou shrink?

Jasoni. Indeed, indeed, I have not done amiss.

Medea. Art thou afraid of me? I am thy mother.

Jasoni. I ne'er will call Creusa fair again

Jason. Hold, hold, Medea, do not strike the boy.

Medea. My child, my child, I know not what I do.
'Tis true Creusa's fair, alas! so fair,
That thy poor mother seems a haggard witch,
Curs'd with fell knowledge, and besmear'd with blood.
O Jason! since we must for ever part,
Give me my children, and I am content;
Give me but these, and I will think thee true,
Though thou forgett'st me in Creusa's arms,
I'll pray the gods to shed their gifts upon thee.

Jason. It cannot be—they must remain at Corinth.

Medea. To be abandon'd, like their hapless mother,
And by a step-dame blasted as they bloom!

Jason. This grief, Medea, shakes your better reason.
You know how dear they still have been to me.
Part of myself they are. By the great gods,
My own right hand shall perish in the flames,
Ere I stand by and see them suffer wrong.

Medea. Ah, if I thought thou lov'st them as thou say'st.
Jason. O mother, mother, do not look so wild.
Medea. But one word more. My parting time draws on,
And idle sorrow but consumes my strength.
I will be calm. Grant me a farewell boon.
Jason. All but the children you may freely claim.
Medea. Oh! there is nothing thou canst give but them.
I am their mother, purchas'd them with pain,
And from my bosom cherish'd them with life;
And yet I do not call them all my own.
But if this boy will come along with me,
Do not, O Jason! Jason once so kind!
Do not withhold him from his weeping mother.
Jason. O why, dear father, must she go away.
Medea. Because Creusa's fair! Come, wilt thou go?
Jason. O do not weep, let us all stay together.
Jason. He does himself refuse.
Medea. Hence, traitors all!
Unnatural, hence! yes, fly, trembling fly.
[*Exeunt all but Medea.*
My crimes, my crimes have been as twilight haze
To the black midnight guilt that now ensues.
Come, ye dark deities of murky hell,
Hideous avengers of perfidious vows!
Triple abhorr'd Eumenides, arise!
Come Chaos, Nox, and Acheron, and Death!
Hither, ye spirits that delight in woe,
And mix the sorceries of my revenge!

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Antichamber.*

CREON, ALBIADES, and GUARDS.

Creon. Help! help! Albiades. Is the witch gone?
Albia. Not yet, my lord; she goes at break of day.
[*Exeunt Guards.*
Creon. Her spells prevail, and the defenceless sleep
Gives them terrific scope to work on me.—
Methought I walk'd beneath the moon's eclipse,
'Midst tombs, and dead men's bones, and hungry graves,

Yawning for wretches who with impious hands
Had done their last inexpiable sin.
O 'twas a dismal spot! The round red moon
Shed on the sepulchres a bloody hue,
And by her dim and lurid light I saw
Th' accursed robbers of the fest'ring dead
With hideous burglary unsheet a corpse.
Anon methought the fell Medea came,
With frantic steps and visage ghastly wan.
Close following, black, behind her I discern'd
A countless retinue of hideous forms,
The ministers of ill. Surprised I stood,
The trembling witness of her incantation!
When lo, with torches and the long array
Of funeral guests appear'd a royal bier.
Myself, by wicked sorcery constrain'd,
Dug a deep grave, and when the corpse was laid
Medea heap'd the earth. I heard it fall
With hollow rattle on the ark of death.—
As I stood wond'ring who the dead might be,
Again methought I found myself alone,
And heard a heavy and encumber'd noise
Stir in the womb and prison of the grave,
And then Creusa with a feeble cry
Invoke my aid—My child, my child, lay there!
But I was spell-bound, and could give no help.
Struggling to free myself, I burst awake.

Albia. O 'twas a terrible, a boding dream.

Creon. Was it not, think you, by the sorc'ress bred?
Some baleful influence of her dreadful art
Has sway'd the subtile substance of my thoughts—
Would that th' enchantress were away from Corinth.
While she remains, methinks the air we breathe
Is charg'd with strange inscrutable disease,
That taints the health and reason of us all. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *Another Antechamber.*

NURSE.

Nurse. Sleep on, ye pretty images of love,
Nor wake to see your mournful mother's woe.
[*Enter* KALOS.]
Softly, Kalos. How does our lady now?

Kal. In stern despair. She sits upon the tower,
With clasped hands and imprecating eyes,
Nursing vindictive thoughts.
Nurse. Alack, alack!
May Fate restrain her terrible intents.
When does she purpose to depart, Kalos?
Kal. The time is near: already in the east
The morning star shines high above the hills.
(Music heard.)
Hark! how persuasively to happy thoughts
These early flutes symphoniously invite.
Nurse. O would that ye were gone. Make haste away.
Kal. What hath alarm'd you, nurse?
Nurse. O woeful sounds;
More ominous than the prophetic owl.
The rash musicians with untimely song
Have come to usher in the bridal morn
Of Jason and Creüsa.
Kal. Is it so?
Is all so rife to dare Medea's rage?
Nurse. Haste, haste, and hurry her to quit the town.
Kal. Hush, hush! see where she comes, pallid and stern.
[Enter MEDEA.]
Medea. Yes, I will stay and see him pledge to her
The hand that should be mine. I'll witness all.
I'il serve the virgins to adorn the bride;
Bright shall her mantle be—it shall be flame!
Rise, Death and Horror, deck the couch with me.
She shall enjoy the eager clasp of fire.—
How now, Kalos! what woulds't thou here? True, true,
I did forget, Kalos, that we must go.
O my dear innocents, and must we part!
But ye forsook me, like your faithless sire.
Yes, I will quench the mother's fondness here,
And light the gather'd fuel of my hate.
Kalos, attend me—we must now prepare.
Kal. What, my dear lady?
Medea. Only for departure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Chamber of Creüsa.*

CREUSA and LADIES.

Creüsa. Lay out my gems, for see, the morning dawns;
And, hark! the blithe musicians with their songs
Waken the birds to welcome in the day.
O I have had such joy-inspiring dreams,
That my heart dances, flush'd with cheerful hopes.—
I thought that Jason led me to a cliff
That high o'erlook'd the polish'd summer sea;
The white-wing'd sea-birds, flying far below,
Seem'd silver stars, and in the distant scene,
With hills and promontories temple-crown'd,
All in the sunshine, lay the land of Love.

[Enter MEDEA, with the robe.]

Medea! not yet gone! What would you here?

Medea. Be not afraid, I come not to reproach—
I blame not you that heaven has made you fair,
And lov'd by those that I believ'd were mine.
Gentle Creüsa, you have yet to feel
The mother's passion. May you never know
The keen distress, the more than childbed pain,
That mothers suffer in a last farewell.
Soon I must leave my children, and for ever.
When I am gone, forget they were Medea's—
Love them for Jason—they resemble him.

Creüsa. Alas! Medea, I have wept for you,
And pray'd the gods to change my father's will,
And doom me not to Jason.

Medea. Did you so?
Then you did well, then you did well, Creüsa.—
Her conscious spirit has foretaste of woe.

Creüsa. Ha! why this fearful and exulting shout?

Medea. My brain, Creüsa, is not as it was:
Pray thee, forgive me, I am almost mad.—
Ere I depart, I would bestow on you
This precious robe; and for the gift receive
Your solemn promise, ratified with oaths,
To 'tend my hapless children as your own.

Creüsa. I need no gifts to bribe me to do that;
Trust me, Medea, you need ask no vow.

Medea. I know, Creüsa, that thy soul is kind;
And well, alas, my own sad story proves

That a true heart is better than all vows.
But O, indulge a wretched mother's wish;
Grant me the promise, and accept the gift.
Creüsa. I have already promised.
Medea. You must swear—
Swear by the gods, upon your knees, Creüsa.
Creüsa. I yield, Medea. *(she kneels.)*
Medea. (aside) I could pity her.
Creüsa. By all the glorious regents of the sky,
And hell's tremendous tyrant, thron'd below,
I swear to cherish with a mother's love,
Medea's children, trusted to my care.—
Why do you weep and look so sadly on me?
Medea. Why, good Creüsa, have we ever met?
Or why did Jason ever think thee fair?—
Creüsa. Give me the robe; I'll wear it as thy gift.
Medea. (aside) (Would that it had been made for any other.)
It is the richest ever woman wore:
An insect spun the woof in Indian bowers,
And, by the magic influence it holds,
Whoever wears it in her lover's sight,
Shall ne'er behold, nor mourn that lover false:
Had I but worn it when my Jason lov'd,
I had not felt the anguish of this hour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *An Antichamber.*

CREON *enters with Attendants and meets* KALOS.

Creon. Not yet away!—thy mistress tempts my anger.
[Enter MEDEA.]
Still here, mysterious and incarnate fury!
Dost thou provoke us to exert our power!
Medea. Hast thou compell'd me to resort to mine!—
Kalos, attend me—I am ready now.
Creon. Dar'st thou in Corinth thus defy the king?
Medea. There are no kings where I, Medea, am.
Creon. Thou say'st too true; for when I meet thine eye,
A chill and indescribable alarm
Subdues my royalty and awes to fear
The manhood of my breast.—
Medea. Ha! is it so!
Thy dark presentiment is hope to me,

That thou shalt prove the vengeance of my art—
Creon!

Creon. Well, what would you? Ha! why is this?
Why with such solemn and prophetic voice
Dost thou invoke me thus?

Medea. Thou art my foe:
Hast done me irremediable wrong:—
Menaced my life, and trampled on my heart;
Such things in every bosom kindle hate,—
And am not I Medea?

Creon. Hie thee hence;
And, if thou canst, tame thy unholy mind.

Medea. Go where I will, my retribution stays—
Kalos, let us, before the bridal hour,
Before the hymeneal flames arise,
Let us escape from this devoted pile.

[*Exeunt Medea and Kalos.*

Creon. Tremendous demon! would that she were gone;
For though some secret hatred in her presence
Still moves my choler and incites my arm
To punish her outright, an awful dread
As oft controls the impulse of my rage.

[Enter Jason, Albiades, and Attendants.]

Jason. The day's bright harbinger beams in the east—
The priests are ready, and the altar burns;
All wait the bride—

Creon. Medea is still here.

Jason. Not gone!—Does she refuse?—Unhappy woman!

Albi. What dark intent or meditated woe
Inspires such daring contumacious scorn
Of your imperial will? If she remain,
Her art or frenzy may disturb the rites:
She should be quicken'd to make haste away.

Creon. Jason, I fear we have been somewhat rash;
For were the work to do that is begun,
It would be wise to pause—But thus advanc'd,
Our fame and state compel us to proceed.

Jason. Bright as Aurora, lo the bride appears!

[Enter Creusa.]

Creon. Where did'st thou get that gorgeous robe, Creüsa?
'Tis not the tissue, nor, methinks, the fashion,

Which our Corinthian maids are wont to wear.
Creüsa. It is a careful mother's gift, received
As token of a solemn promise made her,
That I would tend her children as my own.
Creon. Medea!
Creüsa. Yes: why look you so aghast?
Creon. Quickly unrobe thyself; there's malice in it.
Creüsa. Are not her children hostages to me?
Jason. It is, Creüsa, an enchanted robe;
And ever when I see you dress'd in it,
I still must worship the kind heart beneath.
Creon. Infatuated! Know ye not Medea?
Think ye her cruel sacrilegious hands
Will spare her infants if her passions crave?
What we have done, such is our nature's law,
We still grow apt and proner to repeat—
The hideous reputation of her name
Should, as an oracle, warn and alarm.
Creüsa. But Jason feels the influence of the robe,
And in my heart, methinks, a new-felt joy
Smiles bright and hopeful since I put it on.
Creon. I hate the giver, and I dread the gift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Court in the palace of Corinth.*

MEDEA and KALOS.

Kalos. Ah me! What mean you by that wild attire?
The fellest hag that lives in caves abhorr'd
Could not assume a more terrific garb.
Medea. The mantle suits the color of my thoughts—
The grimest sibyl, that at midnight brews
Perfidious med'cine in a murd'rer's scull
And makes the fuel of a bastard's bones,
Was never curs'd with thoughts so fell as mine.
Come, show me where the bridal train will pass,
That I may greet the lovers as they go.
Kalos. You cannot, must not, in this dismal garb.
Medea. Dost thou too shrink from me!—thy duty, slave.
But hark!—behold, they come, they come, they come!
[*Music: enter the Procession.*]
Joy, joy, Creüsa, joy—Love, Jason, love:
While she my tissue wears, thou wilt be true.
Creon. What fiend art thou, whose shrill malignant hail,

Has struck the music dumb and quench'd the joy?
Medea. Medea, Creon!
Creon. Drive the demon hence.
(The procession passes, the guards attempt to seize Medea.)
Medea. Presumptuous slaves, avaunt! Protect your king!
Rescue the bride; nor dare lay hands on me.
(The guards retire, and the nurse and children enter)
Approach, ye witnesses of ill-starr'd love;
Ye hapless victims of your father's crimes;
One last embrace—another—yet another—
O cruel nature! dost thou hope by these
To wrench me from my rivetted revenge?
Hence, imps of Jason—weeping crocodiles—
The masque of infancy and innocence
But serves the more to hide the cheating fiend;
That through their eyes, so like false Jason looks.
(shrieks without.)
What shrieks are these?—Ha! 'tis the robe, the robe!
My spell has kindled and Creüsa burns.
Kalos. All fly the temple—
Medea. Creon does not come!
Gods! let him perish too—But I am slack;
For see, the frantic Jason hurries here.
Ha! brats of infamy;—a knife, a knife!
(Exit Medea seizing the children, and the nurse follows. Jason enters from the opposite side and throws himself into the arms of Kalos.)
Jason. O horror, horror! dar'st thou look that way?
Kalos. The temple sinks in the voluminous flame.
Jason. As we before the holy altar knelt,
The magic robe—the curs'd Medea's gift,
Began to smoke and sparkle gems of fire:
Creüsa shriek'd; old Creon caught his child;
And both fell suddenly a heap of ashes.
[Enter Nurse.]
Nurse. Help, help! O help the children! O the children!
Kalos. What did you say?
Nurse. The children! O the children!
Jason Why dost thou hide thy visage with thy hand?
Can'st thou not answer me, Kalos?

Kalos. Alas!—
Jason. Where is Medea? tell me, frantic woman.
Why dost thou point and look distracted there?
Nurse. One by the heels she clutch'd, dash'd out its brains.
Kalos. O horror, horror!
Nurse. But the other lives—
Ha! hark!—he shrieks!—Heard ye the hatchet cleave?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *An Anti-chamber—In the inner room the bodies of the children: Medea enters from it, holding in her hand a hatchet dropping blood.*

MEDEA, JASON, KALOS, NURSE, and others.

Medea. Ha! Jason here!
Jason. Where are my children?
Medea. There!
Ay, look at me, and wonder what I am,
So foul with blood, and in my murd'rous grasp,
This reeking instrument of red despair—
Now dost thou taste the bitter of my hate;
Now dost thou know the dread Medea's power;
Now dost thou feel the spells of my revenge;
Now, Jason, dost thou see how I did love—
O fatal man! there is a faith in sin,
Which, violated, damns the recreant down
Deeper than all the fiends. Were we not pledged
With dreadful rites to be for ever true?
My father's injuries, my brother's blood,
And Pelias's murder bound us fast as one;
But thou hast ravish'd by thy guilt of guilt,
The very honor of iniquity:
And done a sin which overtops the worst,
Making all others mean and subaltern:—
Thrice damning perjury, that defrauds the gods,
And plucks the eyes of awful justice out—
Such, Jason, was thy crime!—and what is mine?—
I gave the world these victims of thy guile,
And I have taken them away again.
If mankind rise and clamor at the deed,

I'll meet them all; and tell how I have prov'd
That the paternal pang is Nature's grudge,
To yield her creatures to this cheating world.

[*Jason attempts to strike her; she retires into the inner room, which presently appears filled with fire, and the scene suddenly changing, may show Medea rising from the flames in a chariot drawn by dragons, if the mechanist should think such an absurdity likely to increase the effect of the sentiment.*]

THE END

REMARKS ON THE SORCERESS.

Although the author of this tragedy has taken the story of Jason and Medea for his fable, and although imitations may be traced of particular passages in the Medea of Seneca, of Corneille, and of La Motte, our readers will perhaps think that he would have done more justice to himself had he given other names to the characters, and allowed the full effect of the manner in which he has managed the subject to appear, free from the disadvantage of a constant comparison with works so well known and so deservedly admired. But still it will be readily admitted that The Sorceress possesses a considerable degree of originality, and that the way in which the author has treated the character of *Medea,* is more agreeable to the existing state of knowledge, and of English sentiment, than the erudite and mythological manner of the classical Glover.—He appears to have undertaken to develope the working of a class of metaphysical associations, on which we are not aware that any other writer has yet professedly touched; and by imbuing the mind of the Sorceress only with ingenuity, and a knowledge of the occult sympathies of human nature, he has attempted to produce a degree of interest, which, at this time of day, any absolute pretension to sorcery could not excite, even with the utmost pomp of spectacle in the power of theatrical machinery to exhibit. In judging, therefore, of this piece, we ought not in justice to compare it with the other dramas founded on the same story; but form our estimate by what the author has himself effected.

In the opening of the play, we are speedily apprised that the Medea which we are to expect is not altogether so horrible a personage as the Colchian witch of antiquity. The first scene, which partakes more of the epic than dramatic style, is occupied with an account of the education of Medea; and some of our readers will probably receive it as an accession to the history of the Argonautic

expedition, while others may find it more interesting as an indirect disquisition concerning the innate peculiarities and endowments of genius. Besides the metaphysical doctrines covertly discussed, the mainspring of the drama is also developed in the first scene; and in the dread which the rash and superstitious Creon entertains of the power of Medea, we see, but in the strongest light, that general horror of her talents which in the end is to provoke her to have recourse to the most terrific means of revenge. In the hatred of Creon, the author appears to have shadowed the operation of that presentiment of injury which often leads those who yield to its influence to adopt such a course of proceeding, towards the objects of their dislike, as never fails to bring on, in the consequences of their own folly, the very wrongs which they unreasonably dreaded. But the most striking incident and novelty in THE SORCERESS is in giving Medea a resentful motive for the murder of her children, by Jasonides preferring to stay with his father, when she had almost persuaded even Jason himself to part with the child. We think that the mortification and grief which such a disappointment was calculated to produce on such a vehement spirit as that of Medea, will be more easily comprehended by our readers than described by us. The author appears to have been fully sensible of the force of his conception; for the previous part of the scene in which he represents Medea as adorning herself with all the ornaments of which she thought the sight calculated to awaken associations of love and gratitude in the mind of Jason, may be regarded only as a prelude, to prepare the mind of his auditors for the full effect of this delicate contrivance to lessen the horror of the catastrophe, and to give it a wild tinge of irregular justice.

But it will perhaps be said, as in the case of THE WITNESS, that whatever may be the merits of such metaphysical developements, they are out of place in the drama, as it is a species of composition addressed to the generality of the world, who do not nicely discriminate the operations of the mind. We are not, however, well satisfied of the justness of this observation; for Shakspeare, the most popular author that ever wrote, and the most admired even by the common people, is the most refined in his metaphysics; and an audience of the present

age is surely not less sensible of the operations of moral passion than the cotemporaries of Shakspeare. The truth in our opinion is, that whenever the ingenuity of passion is correctly conceived and perspicuously expressed, it will always excite sympathy, and that the language and topics of the stage, when the business of the representation is properly dramatic, can never be removed beyond the comprehension even of the vulgar, if the author has the power to awaken the universal feelings of the species. But if he address himself only to the passing prejudices and predilections of any particular class or age, he can expect to be understood only by those to whom he appeals. The drama is the mirror of society, and the stage ought to reflect the effects of the progress of knowledge, not only in the dialogue, but in the management of the subjects which it exhibits. The days are past since the witches and ghosts of Shakspeare were believed to have a real existence, but the feelings which he addressed by introducing them in *propria persona*, are permanent in the human heart; and the poet who would interest those feelings must employ means suitable to the state of knowledge in his own time. Without this, his drama will be but the vehicle of childish spectacle. And if this opinion be incorrect, the mechanical apparition in the CASTLE SPECTRE is a conception superior to the ghost in HAMLET, and Glover's introduction of Hecate on the stage in his MEDEA, is a more awful incident than that of an affectionate mother becoming so terrible as to be deserted by her own child.

A

SEARCH AFTER PERFECTION.

A Comedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS

MR. LESLIE.
ORLANDO LESLIE.
THE GOVERNOR.
MOONBRAIN.
CAUSTIC.
MR. EXACT.
VIOLETTE.
JULIUS CÆSAR BUSTLE.

CLARA.
LADY MARY.
MRS. BUSTLE.
SERENA BUSTLE.
MRS. RATIONAL.
MRS. EXACT.
MRS. MIDWAY.
MA'AMSELLE.
SALLY.
PHEBE, a black girl.

Scene, in London, and the neighbourhood
Time, that of performance.

A SEARCH AFTER PERFECTION.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Moonbrain's House.*

MOONBRAIN *sitting at a large table covered with books, and turning over the leaves of a large folio.*

Moon. Severity, indulgence, indifference:—under which of these heads shall I place my new acquaintance?

[Enter CAUSTIC.]

Caus. Good morrow, Moonbrain: I called to leave a pamphlet, and little expected to find you at home: I imagined that at a much earlier hour than this, you set out on your search after perfection; and faith, a long day is necessary for a long journey.

Moon. What, you think the object of my search at a great distance—none of your sneers, Caustic.

Caus. In passing through your hall, I could scarcely make my way; there was such a crowd of people.

Moon. O this was my morning for receiving petitions from those who wish to be recommended to undertake the education of youth.

Caus. What! are you not yet cured of your recommendations?

Moon. Sir, I hope never to be cured of what I glory in; and let me tell you, the education of youth, is—

Caus. Nay, you need not tell me; every day brings before me melancholy examples of what it is, in these days of folly and affectation.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv Sir, your aunt and cousin are below; and if you are disengaged, will walk up.

Caus. Let me begone—

Moon. You, a searcher after oddities, and run away from two good-natured old ladies!—why they will join you in ridiculing me—Upon my soul you shan't stir: I will go down and bring them up.

Caus. (alone; he looks at some books.) "Morsels of morality, precepts of piety, blessings and benevolence,"— What canting titles! the history of Tom Thumb is worth them all.

[Enter MOONBRAIN, *leading* LADY MARY and MRS. MEDWAY.]

Moon. I am sorry for the accident, though it has procured me this honor.

Mrs. Med. The wheel will soon be mended; we can scarcely magnify what has happened into a fright.

Lady M. Mr. Caustic, your servant; let me introduce my aunt to you.

Moon. But let me introduce Mr. Caustic to my aunt— Behold, Madam, a gentleman as keenly engaged in his pursuit, as I am in mine.

Lady M. I hope with more success; eh, cousin?

Caus. Why in all respects our pursuits are different. I am as sure of constant success, as he is of perpetual disappointment.

Moon. But, at least, my search after perfection, is more laudable, than his after folly.

Lady M. More difficult, it certainly is, at least, in this town.

[Enter SERVANT *with a letter.*]

Moon. From my old acquaintance, Mrs. Tryal—Give me leave—

Lady M. Who would not imagine my cousin a man both of learning and business?

Caus. I wish your Ladyship would ask the use of this huge folio?

Moon. So you are curious, Caustic—but you shall be gratified: I am going to use it directly; and its title is, "Ledger of Characteristic Information." Now, observe; the writer of this letter is a Mrs. Tryal; T—T—Oh here I have her, under the word changeable: shall I read the article, ladies?

Mrs. Med. By all means.

Moon. "Mrs. Tryal, High Wycombe, Bucks."—Nobleman's daughter; country gentleman's wife: time of first application, had four children, three girls and a boy: in six years, have recommended to her eleven governesses and seven tutors.

Caus. The devil! and did she engage them all?

Lady M. Every one: I know her; she is our neighbour in the country; and nothing can equal her readiness in forming engagements, but her facility in breaking them.

Caus. Give this lady up to me, Moonbrain; she belongs to my list.

Moon. Give her up!—no, Mr. Caustic: Mrs. Tryal is one of my best assistants; a variety of experiments is necessary to bring every thing to perfection; I hope to find eleven more governesses for Mrs. Tryal if she wants them.

Caus. How exquisite must be her perceptions of right and wrong!

Lady M. You shall judge, Sir: the first four out of the eleven were ma'amselles, who all gave mortal offence, by refusing to eat solid food and wear stiff stays:—two things, Mrs. Tryal said, which were absolutely necessary to keep the body upright and strengthen the mental faculties.

Moon. A truce, Lady Mary.

Lady M. No, no; I must go on.

Caus. Pray let her Ladyship proceed.

Lady M. For the other seven,—but not to be tedious, you shall only hear the last story, and which, I imagine, that letter will corroborate. You must know that she has tried the French, the Italian, the Swiss; nay, she once engaged a Dutch woman:—you remember her, aunt—and such a piece of rotundity! but she was turned off in three weeks for being too fond of washing the school-room; so having exhausted the whole stock of foreigners, she sent to my cousin Moonbrain for an English governess; but then she must be one positively born and bred in London; that no provincial dialect might corrupt the language of her young people.

Moon. Was not that well designed?

Lady M. But how was that design executed, think you?—why by a green-grocer's daughter from broad St. Giles's!

Moon. Dear Lady Mary, you don't know—

Lady M. But I do know, dear cousin Moonbrain, that Miss Cauliflower had not been half an hour in the house, before she received her dismission; for being asked what she preferred for dinner, replied, some weal cutlets, for she was wastly fond of them.

Caus. Ha, ha, ha!—poor Moonbrain—so the weal and winegar was returned upon your hands. I hope Miss Cauliflower will soon be more worthily employed, selling pease and beans, than in assisting parents to educate, or rather ruin, their children.

Mrs. Med. You talk in strong terms, Sir.

Moon. Don't listen to him; he it is who would ruin the rising generation, by his arguments to persuade parents to trust their offspring, the precious gifts of Heaven, out of their sight.

Lady M. Nay, Mr. Caustic, I must contend, that when parents are capable, they are the fittest instructors of youth.

Caus. I contend for no more.

Lady M. Then let the battle cease.—I hear the carriage.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Your Ladyship's coach is at the door.

Lady M. Madam, I attend you. Gentlemen, if, in your walks, you will both call on me, we may renew the engagement. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in an Hotel, looking towards a garden—a breakfast-table;* CLARA *sings, accompanying herself on the harp;* ORLANDO, *whilst she is singing, looks at her with transport, then with sorrow, sighing deeply.*

Clara. (sings)

Hail to this blest returning day,
My grateful vows to Heaven I pay,
That fix'd Orlando mine:
And may, till death, esteem and love,
O'er both their wonted influence prove,
And heart with heart entwine.

Clara. (surprised.) Orlando! wherefore those looks? —that sigh?

Orlando. Angelic Clara! belov'd, ador'd! but could you read my heart, all professions were needless of my love.

Clara. I want not professions of your love, Orlando, for I doubt it not: 'tis your sorrows I would share; nay, take them from you wholly, were that possible.

Orlando. Resume thy harp, my love, and let us lose in harmony all thoughts of sorrow.

Clara. Then you have thoughts you wish to lose?—Hear me, Orlando; on this day, a twelvemonths since, we received the nuptial benediction; what we then vowed I have never forgotten. Do not you be forgetful, I conjure you, by all our future hopes,—

Orlando. Hopes, did you say?

Clara. Yes: by our hopes on earth and in Heaven! Would you a more affecting adjuration?—by our lovely infant—

Orlando. Hold, Clara; or I shall be driven to distraction.—O for a moment's courage!

Clara. Do you want courage? 'tis I should pray for it in this terrifying moment.

Orlando. It is but one agony.

Clara. Orlando!

Orlando. Fate must be obeyed; yet how begin?—sit down and compose yourself; and when you have heard my story, I hope your pity, if not your pardon, will follow it.

Clara. Pardon and pity!—O hasten to ease the tortures of suspense.

Orlando. This day, as you have said, is the anniversary of that blest triumphant moment, when before the altar I received your hand, in the presence of your mother, in the presence of attesting angels, whose purity can but equal your own—Ah wherefore did they not save it from an alliance with perfidy!

Clara. Perfidy, Orlando!

Orlando. O turn from me those eyes, or my tongue will falter, and you remain ignorant of the horrid truth.

Clara. *(gives him her hand, turning away her head; he kisses it, and she starts up, exclaiming,)* A tear from your eye, Orlando!—I felt it!—I see it!——Alas! 'tis the first drop of the cup of sorrow presented by your hand; and it has reached my heart.—But go on.

Orlando. I must be quick, or power will be wanting to complete my purpose. Clara, 'tis indeed time you should know Orlando for what he is: interrupt me then no more, or——*(he stops a moment, then speaks fast.)* My parents,

you know, were long estranged from yours: foul arts must have been used, or my father would not have neglected to succour a suffering sister. I endeavoured to supply his place; and your mother blessed me. Whilst I pursued my studies in her neighbourhood, during my father's long absence abroad, she gave me a home; I called you sister; but what brother ever loved a sister so well—at length the truth was suspected: in a fit of virtuous resentment, your mother would have separated us: my studies were ended; and I ought to have returned to my paternal dwelling—

Clara. Do you repent staying with your Clara?

Orlando. (*waving his hand to stop her.*) I feigned excuses for delay; till at last, at your mother's feet we confessed our mutual passion: and I promised to solicit my father's consent to our union.

Clara. And you performed your promise, and your generous father granted his consent; and soon I shall pour forth at his feet my vows of rapturous, endless gratitude.

Orlando. Clara! that consent—it ought not to have been received with much pleasure.

Clara. I own it was coolly worded; but long animosity is not at once appeased; it was granted to my mother's daughter, not to me: O when I see him, I will twine me round his heart till he love Orlando's wife as much as I shall love and honor Orlando's father. After so long an absence, how will he rejoice to behold you again; how thank you for the present you have to make him in our darling boy! and with what rapture will his embraces ratify his consent!

Orlando. Clara, Clara! that consent!—

Clara. Heavens! how your looks terrify me!

Orlando. It was forged!——(*Clara clasps her hands but does not speak.*) Dearly have I bought you, Clara: even the possession of your charms, the blessing of your love, failed to silence the torturing voice of conscience. Whilst your mother lived, I had power to conceal my feelings, at least their cause; for the clouded brow she sometimes noticed, I imputed to indisposition; blameless herself, she suspected not others: her latter days were happy; and she smiled in death.

Clara. O did I ever think I should rejoice for a dear parent's death!

Orlando. My father, prolonging his residence abroad, gave the pretext for my continuing in Scotland. That he has travelled, is truth, and is but just returned home.—O that it were also truth I could hope to introduce you to him as his daughter!

Clara. (*calmly.*) Have you told me all?

Orlando. Have I not said enough to make you scorn and detest me! and what remains for your once loved Orlando but despair and death!

Clara. Once loved! despair and death!—What words are those, and spoken to me, Orlando? Surely, you love me still, though 'tis with sorrow? I am too proud to boast of my love for you; my deeds shall prove it. You are unhappy; your Clara will soothe your sorrows. You repent your fault; your Clara honors that repentance.

Orlando. Your Clara!—and may I yet call you mine?

Clara. Let us not waste time in words—tears too; how little worthy of virtue are tears and lamentations: every resource should be sought for, and not till all have failed, should we give up hope. In the first place, my love, we must separate.

Orlando. Fatal necessity!

Clara. The separation may, perhaps, be short: do you repair instantly to Belmont, where your father now is, and confess every thing to him.

Orlando. O that the worthy Mr. Hamilton was now in England, for your mother's sake! he would protect and plead for you: his spirit never was a resentful spirit; and he tried to soften my father's anger, which raged the more, from the disappointed hope of calling Mr. Hamilton brother; and the separation that followed, was imputed as a crime to your mother. Would he were within our reach; but alas! he is far, far distant!

Clara. I have bethought me of an asylum, at the house of a Mrs. Bustle, a relation of my father's.

Orlando. Who is this Mrs. Bustle? can you be sure of a kind reception?

Clara. I will try to deserve one: and as to who Mrs. Bustle is, let not your pride start, when I tell you the humble

sphere she once moved in: she has kept a lodging-house; but a relation has left her a large fortune.

Orlando. Alas! I am mortified out of all my pride; and any one will become an object of envy to me, who bestows kind protection on my Clara and her infant.

Clara. I will instantly write to my cousin: loiter not, Orlando: and may our next meeting be speedy and happy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Mrs. Bustle's House.* JULIUS CÆSAR and SERENA *cross the stage two or three times in chase of one another: they go off; and a great noise is heard behind the scenes.*

Enter MRS. BUSTLE and SALLY.

Mrs. B. O Lord, O Lord, what noise is that? run, run, Sally, and see. O I shall faint! stay, Sally, stay— Why does the girl stand staring? my poor dear children are, perhaps, both killed.

Sally. Dear Ma'am, I am but one poor servant, and you bid me both stay and go.

[Enter MRS. RATIONAL.]

Mrs. R. Bless me, what is the matter?

Mrs. B. I can't tell—mercy on us, my children may be killed! and I ha'nt courage to stir!

Sally. Now I may run and see.

Mrs. R. Pray, Sister, compose yourself.

Mrs. B. Don't talk to me—don't persuade me to any such thing, sister Rational; if you had had the happiness to be married, and the blessings of children, you would have known the misery mothers go through.

[Re-enter SALLY.]

Mrs. R. Well, Sally, what has happened?

Mrs. B. Before you speak, Sally, fetch me my smelling-bottle; for I shall certainly faint if you have any thing dreadful to say.

Sally. 'Tis nothing, Ma'am; indeed 'tis nothing but what happens every day: Miss Serena called Julius Cæsar a coward, and he tore her frock.

Mrs. B. I'm glad it's no worse: but I wonder Ma'amselle don't keep them in better order, when she's hired a purpose—feel how my heart beats, Sally! Ah, no one

knows the trouble I go through since I have taken to educate my children myself.

[Enter SERVANT *who gives Mrs. Bustle a note and goes out.*]

Mrs. B. (*after reading.*) So——there's my fine cousin coming to see me. I suppose she has heard of my accession of fortune, as tis called, and comes a begging.

Sally. What, Miss Fairfax, Ma'am?

Mrs. B. Yes, Clara Fairfax, the poor Scotchman's daughter.

Mrs. R. I remember her a pretty girl when she passed through London with her mother, four years ago.

Mrs. B. Aye, her mother; and what a mother! sent her poor child to a school—but she was always a foolish woman; disobliged her family by marrying; refused to be happy with a rich man of her friends' choosing.

Sally. Dear Ma'am, you know young ladies like to please themselves.

Mrs. B. I know, you fool—Why, did I please myself? did not I give up an ensign in the old Buffs, to marry Mr. Bustle the cheesemonger? and what was worse, who lived in Tooley Street?--but that notion of pleasing oneself, is so like a vile boarding-school notion: now *my* sweet girl, having never left her mother, will always do what her mother chooses.

Sally. To be sure, Ma'am.

[Enter FOOTMAN.]

Foot. Madam, a gentleman in a chaise and four, has brought you letters from the East Indies; and if you are disengaged, will deliver them himself.

Mrs. B. O dear, how unlucky he should come so early! besides, I am such a figure—not fit to be seen by a gentleman who comes in a chaise and four; and you know I never see company before twelve, now I educate my children myself—do, Sister, go down to him. [*Exit Mrs. Rational.* Some rich nabob, I suppose, Sally; well, I should like to get acquainted with him; and then I would have a governess over from the East Indies, to teach my children Persian and Chinese; 'tis my delight to hear foreign languages: plain English sounds so common—aye, aye, English did well enough in Tooley Street, but times are altered——Well, Sister—

[Re-enter MRS. RATIONAL.]

Mrs. R. This is your long expected packet, and the name of the gentleman that brought it is Walsingham; who, understanding your laudable engagements, will call on you in a couple of hours, when he supposes lessons will be over.

Mrs. B. (having opened a letter.) What do I see!—an unmarried man as rich as Crœsus: was just appointed governor to a large province, but obliged to come home on account of his health; and in two hours, you say,—O we shall never be ready! *(she rings violently, and enter Footman.)* Sally!—no, John, go to the house-maid; let there be a fire lighted in every room, to give us a little Indian warmth; and send the butler to me.

Mrs. R. Take care you do not receive your new visitant with too much warmth, Sister.

Mrs. B. None of your malicious sneers, Sister; so like an old maid.

[Enter BUTLER.]

Wilson, let all kinds of refreshment be ready; and ices of every sort; and let the lemonade be made with rosewater—there—O, one word more; bid the black boy put on his new turban, which looks, they say, so Ass-atic.

[*Exit Butler.*

And Sally, send Tom to the milliner for the cap I bespoke; and do you lay out my last six new dresses, that I may choose which is most becoming. [*Exit Sally.*

[Enter a little BLACK GIRL.]

Girl. Mam! Ma'amselle wants you to come and hear repeating—

Mrs. B. Tell Ma'amselle, it must be a holiday.

Mrs. R. I think the children should share the approaching jubilee.

Mrs. B. Aye, larning has never your good word; a pure little does for you; and children would be finely managed, according to your notions—but how should you know the value of children, who never would have any—dear, delightful, tormenting, creatures! aye, you may smile, but I know you envies me my feelings. I hope the governor will think me a prodigious good mother; 'tis unknown the pains I take to make my children good scholars, and well-behaved; and, above all, to speak grammar.—Well, Sister, you must not leave me to-day, for Heaven knows what may happen. [*Exit Mrs. Bustle.*

Mrs. R. (alone) You may depend on my assistance—Poor woman, what a miserable life does she lead, by pretending to do what she is incapable of performing: but extravagant notions always lead to ruin, whether of peace or fortune. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Dressing-room at Mrs. Bustle's, with a Toilette.*

MILLINER goes out with a band-box. MRS. BUSTLE dressing, and SALLY.

Mrs. B. Well, I'm ready at last. You are so slow, Sally—'Tis a shame to be employed about dress, when one's children should take up all one's time. I do wonder, Sally, how some people, mothers too—put more powder in that curl—can give themselves up to dress, and company, and such like frivolous pursuits. *(knocking at the door.)* Come in.

[Enter FOOTMAN, with a card.]

Take and read it, Sally.

Sally. Ma'am, Mrs. Hereandthere sends her compliments, and is very sorry she can't accept your obliging invitation for next Wednesday se'nnight, but Mrs. Candlelight will certainly wait on you.

Mrs. B. Candlelight—Candlelight—who can that be?

Sally. The lady, ma'am, with the dark complexion.

Mrs. B. O, I remember. Well, now give me that book, to fill up a few minutes. *(knocking at the door.)* Come in.

[Enter SERVANT, with cards: SALLY takes and reads them.]

Sally. Ma'am, Colonel and Mrs. Peaceable, and Doctor and Mrs. Wildfire, will wait on you next Monday; and the three Miss Whirligigs will pass the day quietly with you to-morrow. O here is another card—an invitation to supper at the Lord Mayor's to-morrow.

Mrs. B. We'll put off the Whirligigs, for positively I

must go to the Mansion-House. (*knocking again.*) Come in.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Ma'am, Mrs. Whalebone has sent word she can't come to try on your robe coat till next but will send home your frock gown this evening.

Mrs. B. 'Tis a horrid dilatory creature, that Whalebone.

Serv. And Mrs. Furbelow says she will wait on you with the silver crape to-morrow. And these cards have all been sent—

Mrs. B. What are those cards?

Sally. Ma'am, they are excuses for your first great night.

Mrs. B. It can't be helped. But the rooms will be crowded, I dare say. There, Sally, take that charming book, and lay it carefully by. How divinely Rousseau writes in praise of solitude; and I hope my two darlings will be Emilius and Sophia the second. And, now I think on't, I must see how Ma'amselle has dressed the children. [*Exit Mrs. B.*

Sally. O 'tis enough to make one sick; Ma'amselle indeed! she dress the children! she is only fit to dress a monkey, or herself. I hates the very sight of her, and had as lief meet a toad at any time. There's that Violette, too, whom she calls brother. I fecks I knows what I know, and if mistress had eyes—but she was always a little blind, as I well know. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter ORLANDO, CLARA, and a Servant.

Clara. Not a step further, Orlando. At the next turning is Mrs. Bustle's house—we must not be seen together.

Orlando. How can I leave you?

Clara. Have you no reliance on Providence—no dependence on me, Orlando?

Orlando. I have faith in both—but—

Clara. Why hesitate then to prove your words? Hasten back to the inn, and when this honest man returns to it, put the nurse and child under his directions. I have provided a place for them near Mrs. Bustle's. Adieu!

Orlando. Adieu then, since it must be so; and be not my sins visited on thy head. [*Exit Orlando.*

Clara. How fruitless that prayer; for heavily is already laid upon me the hand of retribution—the wife, the mother trembles beneath its pressure. But now to my hard task of soliciting protection from those I dislike.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Court before a magnificent House.*

Enter CLARA and her Attendant.

As she goes towards the door, a smart Servant crosses the stage and knocks loudly; he is followed by the GOVERNOR.

Clara. This will do for me too.

Gov. A most lovely woman.

(*A servant in a rich livery opens the door.*)

Clara. Is Mrs. Bustle at home, pray?

Serv. (*scornfully*) Yes.

Gov. I suppose, madam, we are both on the same errand, so allow me to conduct you. (*they enter the house.*)

SCENE IV. *A handsome Apartment.*

Enter a Servant, showing in CLARA and the GOVERNOR.

Serv. My lady will wait on you presently.

(*Clara seats herself.*)

Gov. (*looks at her earnestly, then walking from her, exclaims*) What a strong resemblance! (*he sits down.*) Mrs. Bustle has been extremely fortunate, madam.

Clara. I am but just arrived in London, from a remote distance, and for some years have heard little of Mrs. Bustle, though she is my relation.

Gov. Then as her relation, madam, you will be glad to hear that she has inherited a large fortune from her husband's brother, who died in India two years ago.

Clara. Now Heaven be praised; and I with more confidence may solicit relief.

Gov. Madam!

Clara. Excuse an involuntary transport; but—

Gov. For whom would you solicit relief? You are not distressed, I hope? You reply not, and perhaps deem me impertinent. No matter; my age gives me the right, and my riches the power, to assist youth and beauty in distress.

Clara. Sir, I hope you find comfort in your riches.

Gov. I might, madam, with your help.

Clara. Sir!

Gov. Nay, look not so alarmed, and I will explain myself. My friends, madam, call me generous, my enemies ridiculous, merely because I am rich, yet not a miser. I spend as much as I possibly can on this old weather-beaten carcase; but all the selfish comforts of life cannot expend ten thousand a-year, and those who have a soul find its demands often very clamorous; nay, mine is of such a voracious nature that it requires half my income to satisfy it: the other half does for the body; so by this management neither have cause of complaint. You smile through your tears; but indulge the garrulity of old age a little farther.

Clara. Sir, you stand not in need of any indulgence.

Gov. That's civilly said; but I wish to tell you that my poor soul is almost famished, during a long voyage, amidst fellow-passengers, all with their pockets stuffed with money; and the crew were a set of jolly fellows, whom a double allowance of grog made as happy as princes; so that I have not been gratified with the sight of a melancholy face till I beheld yours; therefore do indulge me; I am sure you can furnish me with a delicious repast.

Clara. O, Sir!

Gov. Compose yourself; be not in a hurry to speak. Come, I will speak for you; and now you shall say what I please.—"Dear sir, I am poor and friendless."—Do, God love you, do say I am right. What, must I go on? Well then—"O Sir! I have a lover, whom I love, but he is poor and friendless."

Clara. Hold, hold, Sir.

Gov. Tell me, then, what I must do. Does he want to be set up in some business? is he a curate on fifty pounds a-year? or an ensign in some marching regiment, where he must dress in laced clothes, ruffled shirts, and white silk stockings, on three and sixpence a-day? Well, well, preferment may be purchased, both in the military and church militant line. But perhaps he is young in some profession, and cannot yet afford to marry? What of that? I have a year's ghostly income beforehand, and, upon my soul, you are welcome to a quarter.

Clara. Believe me, Sir, from none of the causes you have mentioned, proceeds my distress.

Gov. That's very odd. But don't hope to deceive me. You cannot be past twenty, and are in love, I am certain. However, that I may not deserve ridicule, let me tell you, I require some security for advancing money. I mean such security as a good character always gives. Dare you abide the test of inquiry? Yet surely that modest, ingenuous countenance may be trusted. Come, take time, and perhaps the meaning that works every muscle of that pretty face, may burst into words.

Clara. Sir, I really want words—I am equally surprised and affected—I know not how to express my gratitude for so much benevolence. I hope there is no vanity in saying that I do not feel myself unworthy your esteem and compassion; but circumstances I cannot mention, prevent their being of any use to my particular situation. An asylum for a few days with my cousin is all I wish for at present.

Gov. No doubt you will obtain it. Here, I fancy, she comes.

[Enter MRS. BUSTLE, *full dressed, with much ceremony.*]

Mrs. B. Pray be seated, sir—pray, ma'am, sit still.

Clara. *(aside)* I see she does not recollect me.

Gov. I promised your friends in India, madam, to pay my respects to you.

Mrs. B. *(simpering)* Dear sir—

Gov. I do not ask after your health, for you look quite blooming. This is a happy climate; but the burning suns that have beamed on my head, embrown and shrivel the skin, like old parchment.

Mrs. B. O not at all; you look extremely well, and I am wastly glad to see you. 'Tis a prodigious long voyage you have taken. I suppose you were often out of sight of land?

Gov. Yes, madam, very often. Had it not been for the tubs of earth in which we raised our sallads, we might have forgotten its very color.

[Enter a SERVANT.]

Serv. Mr. Moonbrain, ma'am.

[Enter MOONBRAIN.]

Moon. How's this? Mrs. Bustle seeing company of a morning?

Mrs. B. You are such a rattle, Mr. Moonbrain!

Gov. I do not understand the gentleman's surprise.

Moon. Probably, sir, you do not know that I am engaged in a very arduous undertaking.

Gov. May I ask what it is, sir?

Moon It is no secret, sir, for I proclaim it everywhere. I am in search after a perfect mode of education; that is, a set of rules and precepts, which shall infallibly train up children to reason and virtue; and no diligence ever exceeded mine in this pursuit for the last fifteen years.

Gov. Well, sir, and I hope you have a family to profit by your observations.

Mrs. B. Lord, sir! that is the oddest thing of all; Mr. Moonbrain is not even married.

Moon. No, sir, I am not yet so happy as to have either a wife or children: and till a man has learnt how to manage the one, and breed up the others properly, he should remain single; so I only live in hopes.

Gov. I have heard something of the change that has taken place in the mode of forming youth. This lady, I understand, is laudably engaged in the education of her young people. May I not, madam, be permitted to visit your school-room?

Mrs. B. Sir, I shall be proud to show you all my house; and we will go to the school-room, to oblige you; but it is against rules, for I am loth to disturb the studies of my young people, as that puts a stop to improvement, you know, for company always distracts the dear creatures' attention, and compliments might make Ma'amselle vain, and I chooses to keep her quite submissive to me; yes, yes, I will have my own children educated exactly as I please. This way, ma'am.

Clara. I find, madam, you do not recollect me.

Mrs. B. Indeed, ma'am, I can't say I have that pleasure.

Clara. How shall I explain myself?

Mrs. B. Bless me!

Clara. Madam! ——

Gov. Poor thing! how apt she is to lose her voice; I

must help her. This is a relation of your's, Mrs. Bustle, and did I know her name, I would introduce her according to form.

Clara. I hope, madam, you will allow Clara Fairfax to consider herself as such.

Gov. Fairfax!

Mrs. B. Miss Fairfax! I am so surprised. Why was I not told?

Clara. I am come, madam, if it will be convenient, to pass a few days with you.

Gov. Why, Mrs. Bustle, your surprise has quite overpowered you. I am sure you must be glad to see your relation. She appears to be unhappy. Why, that makes her every body's relation. Come, Miss Fairfax, you must be of our party. *(going out.)* Mrs. Bustle, I hope I shall not be asked any question in grammar.

Mrs. B. No, no. O that fool Thomas, not to tell me this girl was here.

SCENE IV. *A School-room.*

MA'AMSELLE and the two young BUSTLES.

Serena. Now, dear, dear, Ma'amselle, do what I ask.

Ma'am. Vy vat do you take me for, meess?

Serena. Don't tell that we didn't learn our lessons yesterday, or I shall think you as cross as mamma is sometimes.

Julius. (*whistles*) Whew!

Serena. Nay now, Ma'amselle, you are telling stories; for you have said mamma is often very cross to you; and I am sure when she scolds me, I wish you was my mamma instead of she.

Ma'am. What a sweet affectionate creature it is—si tout à fait aimable!—Ah! if votre mamma loved you as I do! Well, for once I will let you be naughty, and tell madame you did all your lessons yesterday. Bring me your writing book: what is your copy to-day? O, "Never tell an untruth;" a pretty sentiment—sit down to your desk. I will return presently. [*Exit.*

Serena. Now let us have a little fun; and hang lessons.

Julius. What shall we do?

[Enter a little BLACK GIRL.]

Girl. Is Ma'amselle here?

Julius. You little black devil, what do you want with her?

Girl. Here be somting nice for her.

Serena. Let's see, what is it?

Girl. Nobody must open it but herself.'

Julius. Give me the basket.

Serena. Aye, give it, I say. 'Tis some of her bun buns, as she calls them. (*She opens the basket, and out jump some frogs.*) O Lord! O Lord!

Julius. (*flings books at them.*) I'll knock them down presently. What do you squall so for? There's one demolish'd—Æsop has done his business.

Girl. O massa, you spoil a your pretty books.

Serena, (*throwing a book*) Let *The good child* kill one And now the cook may dress them.

Julius. I'll be hang'd if Betty Roastbeef will touch the filthy things; ma'amselle must turn cook herself.

Serena. Well, sweep them up in a corner. Don't go away, Phebe. Brother, I'll tell you what we'll do.

Julius. What, sister?

Serena. Why we'll dress up Phebe as we did t'other day. I'll run and fetch the things. [*Exit.*

(*Julius and Phebe pick up the dead frogs.*)

[Re-enter SERENA.]

Here is good luck, a complete suit of mamma's cloaths come home. Run, Julius Cæsar, and fetch some powder.

[*Serena dresses the Black Girl in a gold muslin, when her Brother returns with the powder, &c.*]

Julius. But her gown is too long, she can't walk.

Serena. Very true. O dear—but I have it. (*She takes scissars, and cuts the gown round.*)

Julius. Make haste, make haste, I hear mamma's voice.

Serena. I must finish. What shall I do? O, behind that writing-desk will be a nice place; and do you, brother, sit down with a book in your hand, as if you was reading. (*Serena hauls Phebe behind a high writing-desk, with the materials to finish her dress.*)

[Enter MRS. BUSTLE, MRS. RATIONAL, the GOVERNOR, CLARA, MOONBEAM, and MA'AMSELLE; who looks in the basket, and seems surprised.]

Mrs. B. There's a good boy. But where's your sister, my love?

Serena. Here I am, mamma. *(she sits down with a book in her hand.)*

Mrs. B. Come, come, too much fagging is not good for the health; is it, Governor?

Gov. Certainly not, madam.

Mrs. B. You must give them a holiday, ma'amselle. Kiss me, loves. I suppose you did all your lessons yesterday?

Serena. Yes, mamma.

Mrs. B. You know you ought to be very good. I am sure there cannot be a better mother than I am.

Ma'am. Me always say that Madame be de very best moder in the vorld.

Mrs. B. I never think of any thing but my children.

Julius. Why, mother, folks do say you want to be married again.

Mrs. B. How that boy's vulgarity shocks me; I wish he spoke some other language than English. Don't you find, Mr. Moonbrain, that there is something extremely low and vulgar in plain English?

Moon. O very often, ma'am. 'Tis a pity Master Julius Cæsar can't carry on conversation in French or Italian.

Gov. Now, in my opinion, though plain speaking may sometimes offend, yet, to express the numerous virtues that dwell within an English heart, no language can do it so well as the English language. But, since we are in this sanctuary of science, may I not ask for a specimen of the young folks' abilities? I dare say ma'amselle has brought them forward.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes, but I says health is of more consequence than learning, and I wish they could be oftener joined together than they are.

Moon. I have recommended teaching the alphabet by the play of hop, step, and jump.

Gov. With good practice, they might certainly get from A to Z without stopping.

Mrs. B. Bring forward that writing-desk, and let my dear boy do a lesson in cyphering.

Serena. *(screaming.)* Don't move it—don't move it.

Mrs. R. Stand out of the way, niece.

Julius. What shall we do?

Serena. By jingo I don't care, let them see if they will. (*The desk is lifted up, and the Black Girl appears, powdered and painted.*) What do you stare at? 'Tis brother's sweetheart; isn't she a beauty?

Mrs. B. I can't speak for astonishment!

Mrs. R. This is some folly of your's, Serena.

Serena. Come along, sister Phebe, come and ask a blessing of your mamma. (*She makes Phebe kneel down.*)

Mrs. B. (*calling*) Sally! Sally!

[Enter SALLY.]

Sally. Do you want me, ma'am? O mercy on us, if they have not cut to pieces my mistress's new gold muslin, that was brought home just now.

Serena. (*jumping about*) Why 'twas for a wedding gown.

Gov. These are wild doings, sir.

Mrs. B. Take them out of my sight, ma'amselle, or I shall faint. [*Exeunt Ma'amselle and Children.*

Sally. (*picking up two gallipots*) There is all my mistress's red and white paint used up, as I hope to be saved. [*Exit Sally.*

Gov. Come, come, madam, this was but a childish frolic.

[Enter a SERVANT.]

Serv. There is a woman, with a child, inquiring for Miss Fairfax.

Clara. (*confused*) For me?—O—yes—it is a child under my care. I expected, and will speak to them—they are not come to stay. [*Exit Clara.*

Gov. A woman and a child, and then coming to cause such emotion!

Moon. Who is this new acquaintance of your's, Mrs. Bustle? She is beautiful as an angel; and how her blushes became her!

Mrs. B. O don't ask me.

Gov. I feel surprised and anxious. Poor girl, why should she be obliged to act mysteriously? I begin to have my doubts.

Mrs. B. Doubts! You may doubt, sir, but I am certain, and I'll soon send her a packing.

Gov. One moment, Mrs. Bustle. I understand your virtuous indignation; but do nothing in a hurry. Will you join with me in a little plot, to discover who this child is, and the cause of the young lady's grief?

Mrs. B. Why 'tis all as clear to me as the sun at noon day. Miss Clara is no better than she should be; or why should a nurse and child come tagging after her? Perhaps she means it should stay in my house. Think of that, sir. But I won't suffer it.

Mrs. R. It may be the child of some friend.

Mrs. B. It *may* be. That is so like you, sister Rational, always endeavouring to justify people; which never does any good, you know.

Gov. Well, my dear Mrs. Bustle, listen but to me a moment, and we will find all out. Can you furnish me with pen and ink?

Mrs. B. Let us go then into the library. I declare I sha'nt all day get over the flutter this girl has put me into.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Lady Mary's House.*

Enter LADY MARY, MRS. MEDWAY, MOONBRAIN, and CAUSTIC.

Lady M. Do not talk to me in this strain: my patience is exhausted: I will not listen a moment longer to your absurdities, Mr. Moonbrain.

Moon. Dear Lady Mary, I am sure in your heart you think parents should educate their own children.

Lady M. Yes, parents that are capable. O I am half tempted to break my vows of celibacy, that in due time I may have an opportunity of proving myself wiser than the rest of the world.

Caustic. Your Ladyship's speech is characteristic of the world; to think ourselves wiser than our neighbours is quite the folly of the day.

Lady M. There is no escaping from you, Mr. Caustic. You are a lucky man to exist in these precious times. No

fear your satirical talents should starve, there is more danger of repletion.

Mrs. Med. Is it with the extravagance of our fashions that Mr. Caustic is offended?

Moon. Yes, yes, and he will die of some of our fashions at last. How have I seen him pale with rage at those lovely protuberances, now every-where exposed to view, and turn so sick at the sight of a lady waltzing as to run out of the ball room.

Caustic. Sir, that you should be mistaken does not surprise me. Pray let *me* reply to Lady Mary, who congratulates me on existing at present. 'Tis those who will be alive to observe the rising generation whom I esteem worthy of envy.

Lady M. You are thinking of the grammarians and Platos in petticoats which it will consist of.

Moon. Surely Mr. Caustic, who is so wise himself, should approve wisdom in others.

Lady M. Now you two are going to quarrel, who are so unlike, you ought to be the most amusing companions. But, Mr. Moonbrain, how will you defend yourself when *I* shall quarrel with you?

Moon. What can your ladyship mean?

Lady M. How sick you made me the other day with your extravagant speeches to Mrs. Bustle, quoting Rousseau's nonsense to her, about leaving the natural faculties to their full expansion. No curb upon the passions, no ligatures upon the body; why did you not at once propose a blanket and a skewer, with the Spartan method of procuring food—stealing it, to show their dexterity?

Moon. Dear Madam!

Lady M. Then, at Mrs. Exact's, how you suited yourself to her formalities.

Caustic. So your ladyship neither approves of Mrs. Exact's or Mrs. Bustle's method.

Lady M. You are right, Mr. Caustic; they are both in extremes, and I hate extremes, for I am a reasonable being. *(to Caustic)* You may smile, sir, but let me go on. My dear aunt, did you not observe that fine girl, Louisa Exact, pinioned in and trussed up, like a chicken to be roasted? And then to hear the everlasting precepts! I had nearly laughed out when Mrs. Exact told us that the song

of the Jolly Miller was strictly forbidden in her nursery, because it inculcated selfishness! Then such faults found with the methods of others, and such care that their children should never have any intercourse with other children.

Mrs. Med. That seems impolitic; for of whom else is their future society to consist?

Lady M. How ridiculous too, that the rage of educating at home should now possess all ranks.

Caustic. In spite of so many boards stuck upon the road sides round the metropolis, to say "Young Ladies or Young Gentlemen are educated down this Lane;" and, should the country air be deemed too sharp, in every street, alley, and court, from large, handsome, brick buildings to wooden ones with a door and single window in front, are seminaries for youth, where they are either educated or *edicated*, according to the different capacities of the teachers and capaciousness of the dwellings.

Moon. Thank heaven, those kinds of places are no longer in fashion.

Mrs. Med. But whether the alteration may be an amendment, I have my doubts.

Caustic. I have no doubts on the subject.

[Enter MRS. BRADLEY.]

Brad. Meme, I hope you'll excuse me, but I've a piece of news to tell you.

Lady M. What is it?

Brad. Why you know, your ladyship sent me to Mrs. Bustle's, to speak to Ma'amselle there.

Mrs. M. Yes, to get a direction for me to her brother, the hair-dresser. Have you got it?

Brad. Yes, meme; and while I was there, who should I see but Miss Clara Fairfax, who spent her Christmas holidays once with your ladyship.

Lady M. How, Bradley! and are you sure?

Brad. Quite sure, my lady; and she is more beautiful than ever, only I thought she looked very sad.

Moon. I can corroborate Mrs. Bradley's testimony.

Lady M. Sweet girl! possessed of every amiable quality, how glad I shall be to see her! Bradley, order my coach this moment. You, madam, and these gentlemen, will excuse it; or perhaps my aunt will accompany me?

Mrs. Med. No; I have some letters to write.

Caustic. We wish your ladyship a good morning, and a happy meeting with your friend.

Lady M. I shall long to introduce her to you, Mr. Caustic; and even Mr. Moonbrain need not disdain her acquaintance, though by a most affectionate mother she was bred up at a boarding-school. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Mrs. Bustle's House.*

Enter MRS. BUSTLE.

Mrs. B. This Governor is a prodigious clever man. I have left him writing something which he says will bring this hussy to confession.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Ma'am, the gentleman desires to see you in the library.

Mrs. B. Say I'm coming. I wouldn't make him wait, for the world. (*meets Ma'amselle.*) O, Ma'amselle, where are my sweet children?

Ma'am. In der chamber, dressing to take a walk.

Mrs. B. The dear creatures; they are always uppermost in my thoughts. But how does my cap sit, Ma'amselle—is not all the powder gone?

Ma'am. All is very vell inteed, madame.

Mrs. B. I'm glad of it. But in talking the head is apt to be discomposed. Well, take good care of the children, Ma'amselle. [*Exit Mrs. B.*

Ma'am. Take care of the children—O oui, madame—aye, aye, take care of de children—but vat care is take of me? Mademoiselle Serena ave twenty thousand pounds, and moi forty pounds a-year. Dat is too little for me—Ma'amselle must take care of herself. Where I wonder is Violet? He has carried my proposals to the Duke—I had better vatch for his coming. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Library.*

The GOVERNOR, MRS. BUSTLE, and MRS. RATIONAL.

Gov. Mrs. Rational, be so obliging as to deliver this note to Miss Fairfax, as brought by a servant.

Mrs. R. I hope we shall not find out any thing wrong, for I declare I both love and pity her. [*Exit Mrs. R.*

Gov. Your sister seems a worthy woman, Mrs. Bustle.

Mrs. B. Aye, but what signifies her worthiness now she's an old maid? Had she taken my advice, indeed—

Gov. She would have got a husband, no doubt.

Mrs. B. To be sure; but truly she would not marry a man, let him be ever so rich, unless she liked him. Did you ever hear any thing so foolish?

Gov. Why the sentiment is not very common.

Mrs. B. And so, sir, you think we shall discover Miss Clara, I long to get rid of her and her brat, for I have not the least doubt whose it is. She has taken it up into her room, and you know, sir, it may bring a sad slur upon my house: for a little infant, whose cries are not easily stifled, gives but a disreputable kind of evidence. From the first moment I saw Miss Clara, I thought something was wrong, for I always think blushing a bad sign.

Gov. I should imagine blushes in fashion, did I judge by the ladies' cheeks in London; but it was not the blushes of Miss Fairfax that raised my suspicions, it was the tear that stole silently from each downcast eye. We will now, if you please, follow our messenger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *An Antiroom, poorly furnished.*

Clara. (*speaks as she comes from an inner room*) As soon as the child wakes, nurse, carry it away.

[Enter Mrs. Rational, *who gives Clara a note.*]

A note for me? Yes, it is directed to Miss Fairfax. But who—what—how I tremble?

Mrs. R. You tremble indeed. How pale you grow!

Clara. Gracious powers! what can this mean? (*lets fall the note, and stands in mute astonishment.*)

[Enter Governor and Mrs. Bustle.]

Gov. How I pity her!

Clara. Who will assist me?

Mrs. B. Heyday! this is like a tragedy princess. What paper is this? (*she reads.*) "The parents of the child committed to your care, have sent a trusty person for it, to whom pray deliver it, and you shall hear again from them soon." (*While Mrs. Bustle reads the note, Clara flings herself into a chair, covering her face with her hands.*) Well, Miss Fairfax, what is there in this to distress you?

Clara. (*starting up.*) What shall I do? thou wilt require thy child at my hands, Orlando.

Mrs. B. Come, come, let it be carried down. (*goes towards the chamber door.*)

Clara. (*stopping her*) O hold! a moment's patience.

[Enter SALLY.]

Sally. Lady Mary Villiers is below, inquiring for Miss Fairfax.

Clara. Then Heaven has heard my prayer. Kind Lady Mary, let me fly to her.

Gov. But the child, the child, Miss Fairfax.

Clara. Let it remain but one short moment; I will return instantly. [*Exit Clara.*

Mrs. B. Follow her down, Sally; I'm all astonishment.

Gov. Mrs. Rational, you look melancholy, as if you felt for the situation of this unhappy girl. The child can only be her's.

Mrs. R. You have guess'd my thoughts, sir; and I both long for, yet dread, an explanation.

Mrs. B. O to be sure! you are pretending to fine feelings; you, who I have known to kill three or four innocent wasps, and as many earwigs, in a morning.

Gov. Mrs. Rational reserves, I suppose, all her compassionate feelings for her fellow creatures. But now for it.

[Re-enter CLARA with LADY MARY.]

Clara. No words can speak my thanks.

Lady M. I hope I am come in time. I thought you would not choose to relinquish your sacred charge to a servant.

Mrs. B. Dear, your ladyship! I am so surprised, and so concerned, your ladyship should toil up so many stairs.

Lady M. I suppose, Mrs. Bustle, you do not often walk so high.

Mrs. B. O dear no, my lady; I only comes up as far as the Wilton carpeting; the hair-cloth is for the sarvants.

Gov. We may, I believe, now walk down again.

Mrs. B. There is a little collation prepared below; will your ladyship partake of it?

Lady M. With all my heart, to stay a little longer with my sweet young friend. Come, Clara, your arm.

Gov. (*aside*) I have but one way left. I wish I had known her name sooner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Hall.*

Enter VIOLET.

Violet. Hist! hist!

[Enter MA'AMSELLE.]

Ma'am. O you are come at last. Don't be afraid, the coast is clear.

Violet. Here be de letter.

Ma'am. Dat is vel; to get an answer so soon is a good sign.

Violet. I don't know vat is in de lettre, but de Duke did look very glum ven he gave it me.

Ma'am. (*before she opens the letter.*) Je sais bien son écriture. It is a pretty hand—he learnt to write of my fader. Violette, me do remember this pauvre Duc; le plus brave homme in our proyince; si riche, si genereux, so well made, si tout a fait aimable—un mari fait expres pour notre jeune demoiselle, and the very husband she should have, because he is poor and she is rich. I varrant his heart did go pit a pat when you gave him my letter to offer him a young lady with fifteen tousand pounds.

Violet. Twenty tousand, you mean.

Ma'am. Yes: and dat make fifteen tousand for the Duke, and five for me.

Violet. How!

Ma'am. Aye, for me and for you, my dear child, and then—

Violet. And then ve vill be no longer broder and sister.

Ma'am. No, we vill be someting else, but not man and wife. So now let's read the letter. (*reads*)

" I hesitate not a moment to reject your proposal; my enemies, in taking from me every earthly good, have not despoiled me of my honor. The English nation have generously afforded me an asylum, and no motive of interest can ever influence me to give pain to any of my benefactors. The having dared to make me an infamous proposal, proves that you are wholly unacquainted with the soul of"—

Violet. Are my ears heard right?

Ma'am. Ver preety, to abuse me because I did vish to make a poor man riche. O he has been too long in England; he ave learnt some of dere fine notions, who are

famous for gratitude, and generosity, and honor, and such stuff. Now in France, de intérest govern all.

Violet. Vat is to be done?

Ma'am. (*after thinking*) Me ave a thought. My dear Violette, you must give me up—

Violet. How!

Ma'am. And take Miss Serena. I know how to manage it. Me will tell her you be von grand duke in disguise, and dat you make pomatum for the love you bear to her.

Violet. But must I give you up?

Ma'am. Only for a little while. But come this way vith me, and ve will settle every thing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Parlour.*

A table set out with a magnificent collation; round it, MRS. BUSTLE, MRS. RATIONAL, CLARA, LADY MARY, and the GOVERNOR.

Lady M. Really, Mrs. Bustle, you have treated us superbly.

Gov. But where are the young people? they would have enjoyed some of these nice things.

Mrs. B. O dear sir, they are not fit for children; sweetmeats are bad for the teeth, and hard of digestion, and that spoils the complexion: and they also cause thirst, which promotes drinking, and puffs up and ruins the shape: no, no, an orange, a biscuit, and a glass of water, is all I ever allow my children; there are rules for every thing, and I must be a bad mother indeed if I could not manage the appetites of young people. (*a noise is heard.*)

Lady M. I believe they are coming. O the little Greenlanders.

[Enter MA'AMSELLE and the CHILDREN. *Julius Cæsar and Serena are dressed in the height of the walking fashion, boots, hats tied down, great-coats, and muffs and tippets.*]

Mrs. B. Take off their things, Ma'amselle.

Mrs. R. Is not this one of the last days in April, a clear sky, and a blazing sun?

Mrs. B. Pray, sister, let me manage what belongs to me. To wet the feet is dangerous, and the morning dews

are yet hanging about, which may get into their ears, and give them cold, if their hats are not tied down.

Gov. But, if I may be allowed to give my opinion, Master Julius Cæsar should not wear a muff and tippet.

Lady M. Pray, Mrs. Bustle, who was master called after?

Mrs. B. After his namesake, to be sure, my Lady. Come to me, my loves; kiss me, my darlings. Governor, you can't think what a prodigious likeness this charming boy bears to my poor dear dead husband. Kiss me again, my pretty Julius Cæsar. O I shall never forget how my poor dear dead husband and I quarrelled about naming him.

Serena. Mamma, I must have some of this potted beef.

Mrs. B. My dear girl, don't ask for it; 'tis very nasty, and not good for you.

Serena. Why aunt Rational is eating it; then how can it be nasty? Come, I'll take some. (*she helps herself*)

Ma'am. Fie, Miss Serena.

Mrs. B. My lovely boy, you will be sick if you eat so much cream. How can you let him, sister? (*the children cram themselves.*)

Gov. Miss Fairfax, you have scarcely eaten any thing.

Clara. Pardon me, sir.

Mrs. B. O she's afraid of spoiling her shape, I suppose. But, sir, I was going to tell you how my poor dear dead husband and I quarrelled about naming our eldest son. You must know Mr. Bustle's head was full of vulgar notions; he read nothing but his Ledger and Day-book; but I, as my sister there knows, had read histories, and novels, and play-books, so I resolved to name my children myself, for fear they should be called Johns, and Villiams, and Sarahs, and Bridgets, like his relations in the Borough.

Gov. That would have been a sad business.

Mrs. B. Aye, you are a sensible man, sir; pray take a glass of Tokay; you know that wulgar names are fit for wulgar places, and what does well enough in Tooley-street, sounds shocking in Portman-square; so I christened my first-born Julius Cæsar, a fine bold name, and fit for a general, as I hope my boy will be when all our old generals are dead.

Lady M. And Mr. Bustle did not approve of the name?

Mrs. B. Dear my lady, who can account for people's notions who live in shops and warehouses. But he was out on a journey, so I had the christening before he came back; and so when he heard the name, he asked me how it would sound for Master Julius Cæsar to stand selling firkins of butter? And then I plucked up a little spirit, and said, my son should never stand selling butter, but be a soldier, and a general, as his namesake was, who beat the Golls and Ibberans, and came to England ven ve were sawages and didn't wear cloaths.

Gov. I hope this reconciled him to the name?

Mrs. B. No, but it didn't though. Yet what cared I, so as I got my own way. Pray, Lady Mary, don't you think Serena a sweet pretty name?

Lady M. I have often admired it in a novel or poem.

Mrs. B. I'm wastly glad to hear that; but I had a particlar reason for choosing it. The child, (though a most beautiful girl, as every body told me)—(*Serena sits down to a tambour frame*)—That's a jewel, sit down to your work—some how or other, show'd a monstrous spirit. This was the more odder, because my poor dear dead husband was a quiet, soft soul; so I waited till she was a year old, and called her Serena; for to be sure, thinks I, with such a sweet name, she will be ashamed to put herself in a passion: wasn't that well contrived?

Gov. A happy contrivance, and I hope it answered?

(*As Ma'amselle is teaching Serena to work, she flings down the frame.*)

Serena. I can't, and what's more—I won't.

Mrs. B. Serena, my lovely girl, what's the matter?

Serena. (*crying*) O! O! O!

Mrs. B. Ma'amselle, what have you done to her?

Serena. You nasty thing, you never shall plague me any more. (*Serena kicks the frame about the room till it is broken to pieces.*)

Mrs. R. Fie, fie, niece.

Mrs. B. Lord, sister, how can you snub the poor girl so? she will be sorry for what she has done, when she thinks on it. Kiss me, loves, and kiss one another, and now go with Ma'amselle.

Julius. I will have another cake. (*He crams all he can into his pocket, and they go off; the rest rise, and come forward.*)

Lady M. (*looking at her watch*) 'Tis later than I imagined; I must hurry away. Will you order the nurse to take the child into my carriage? [*Exit Clara.*

Gov. Mrs. Rational, you seem displeased.

Mrs. R. I am thinking that my niece merited punishment, rather than caresses, just now.

Mrs. B. I thought so. She envies me my feelings. Haven't I told you a hundred times that I am too tender-hearted to punish my children?

[Re-enter CLARA.]

Clara. I have obeyed your orders.

Lady M. Adieu, then. No ceremony—I hope soon to see you again. [*Exit Lady M.*

Mrs. B. Let us leave all this mess.

Gov. Miss Fairfax, may I request a few moments' conversation with you in private?

Clara. Sir, I can have no objection, if Mrs. Bustle will permit.

Gov. I can answer for Mrs. Bustle. I know my way into the library; allow me to conduct you.

[*Exeunt the Governor and Clara.*

Mrs. B. Wonderful assurance! desire a private conversation! I believe they had better keep what passes between them private. How these hussies understand their trade of entrapping the unwary!

Mrs. R. Dear sister, do not be so harsh in your constructions; I dare say we shall know the result of the conversation. My idea is, that the Governor thinks Clara in distress, and means to offer her some present, but without witnesses, to save her delicacy.

Mrs. B. Your idears! really, sister, it does so provoke one to hear you run on. A pretty business I have brought on my hands, by taking into my house the Lord knows who, come from the Lord knows where. I wish I could overhear their conversation. I'll try. But the library door opens. Bless me! his arm round her waist! Well, if she submits to that, she will submit to any thing.

[Re-enter GOVERNOR, *leading* CLARA.]

Gov. Mrs. Bustle, I find this lady has a most sacred

claim to my protection; she has agreed to accept it; and a few hours will decide by what right. We have some important affairs to settle, therefore must now take our leaves.

Clara. Ladies, I beg you will both accept my thanks and best wishes. I hope soon to be able to clear up what appears mysterious in my present conduct.

Mrs. B. Miss Clara Fairfax, there is no explanation wanted.

Gov. Come, my dear girl, the carriage waits.

Clara. But the message, sir—

Gov. Aye, I promised once more to speak for you. Mrs. Bustle, if any body calls to ask for Miss Fairfax, tell them she has consented to make an old man happy.

[*Exeunt the Governor and Clara.*

Mrs. B. (*calling after them*) I never desire to hear of any such wretches again. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *At* Mrs. Bustle's.—Orlando *is shown in by a Servant.*

Serv. I will inform my lady, Sir, immediately. *Exit.*

Orlando. Surely some other Mrs. Bustle lives here than the one my Clara mentioned—All, I see, bespeaks the height of opulence——It was agreed I should enquire for Mrs. Bustle, and not Miss Fairfax;—my heart weeps tears of blood for the folly I have committed;—folly, did I say! alas! if I cannot move my father to compassion, I may call it an irreparable crime; and too well I know his inexorable nature. I staid not a moment at Belmont, for my father was from home, but shall return thither directly, only I could not leave my Clara so long in suspense as till to-morrow; yet have I nothing to tell her.——Heavens! what a strange figure!

[Enter Mrs. Bustle *speaking as she enters.*]

Mrs. B. (Don't talk to me of keeping my temper; I am not one of those deceitful people who can keep their temper.) Bless me, what a handsome young man!—I was informed, Sir, you wished to speak to Mrs. Bustle.

Orlando. If it is that lady I have now the pleasure of

seeing—let me first say, I think myself eternally her debtor.

Mrs. B. O dear, Sir, what can I have done to oblige you? pray be seated; I shall be extremely glad of your company.

Orlando. Madam, I am flattered by so kind a reception, which confirms the good opinion I had before entertained of you.

Mrs. B. (aside) (I am all in a flutter! he is much to be preferred to the old governor.) Have you been long in London? your dress bespeaks a traveller.

Orlando. I am lately come to town, and sought your house, having heard much of Mrs. Bustle's goodness, to be informed if—*(aside)* Why does my tongue thus falter?

Mrs. B. (aside) Poor young man, he seems very modest; I'll encourage him a little—am I not a rich widow? and I never saw any body so handsome. Don't scruple Sir, to say what you please.

Orlando. You embolden me to speak, and therefore—

Mrs. B. Lord, Sir, don't misinterpret; this is our first meeting; besides, I have a little engagement.

Orlando. Then, not to trespass further on your time, Miss Fairfax, Madam—

Mrs. B. Sir, I know nothing about her.

Orlando. Then undoubtedly I am mistaken; I beg pardon for this intrusion. *(is going)*

Mrs. B. Stay, Sir, one moment—To be sure, Sir, I hopes you are not a follower of Miss Fairfax!

Orlando. I own I came here to enquire after her.

Mrs. B. Poor young man, he is in her chains perhaps, but I'll snap them short off. If you mean, my dear Sir, a Miss Clara Fairfax, who came to me with a little child, this morning—

Orlando. Then she is here: blessed be that sound! I had begun to fear, I know not what. Kind, good, hospitable, Mrs. Bustle! you were acquainted with her virtues, and have afforded them protection.

Mrs. B. Her virtues!

Orlando. (not attending to Mrs. Bustle.) May I not see her?—allow me, Madam, but three minutes' conversation with Miss Fairfax?

Mrs. B. What! affront upon affront!

Orlando. Give me leave to ring this bell?

Mrs. B. Hold, Sir! or if you do ring, let it be for a servant, to show you out of my house, where you have so shamefully insulted me.

Orlando. How, Madam! insulted you! Miss Fairfax is my cousin; my father's niece: can there be any insult to you, in desiring to speak to her?

Mrs. B. Yes; you have insulted me in a most provoking, unmanly, way; for when I thought you were paying a civil visit to me, it turns out, you only came to inquire after a little worthless hussy.

Orlando. Heavens, Madam! of whom do you speak? and what can you mean?

Mrs. B. I speak, Sir, of Miss Fairfax, your cousin, as you call her, and every body's cousin, I suppose; and what I mean is, that she had the impudence to bring a little bastard into my house.

Orlando. Madam, Madam, this is language I will not bear. *(aside)* What shall I do—I must explain all.

Mrs. B. Ah, poor young man, she has beguiled you, I find: how unhappy, I dare say, have all your friends been!

Orlando. If you would not drive me to desperation, and as you would save yourself from the effects of it, answer me one question.

Mrs. B. O Lord, he's mad—help! help!

Orlando. *(catching hold of her.)* Stir, you shall not: speak, or dread my fury. Was not Miss Fairfax, with a child and its nurse, received into your house this morning?

Mrs. B. They were—more's the—

Orlando. No comments. Are they now here?

Mrs. B. No; thank—

Orlando. Whither are they gone?

Mrs. B. Why she got rid of her child, by giving it to Lady Mary, and then went off with the old Governor, to whom, I suppose, she has given herself by this time.

Orlando. A respite, madness, for one moment! What Lady Mary? what Governor?

Mrs. B. Why Lady Mary Villiers, who lives in Cavendish Square; one very apt to do odd things: and the Governor, with all his riches, had not wit enough to save himself, but was caught at the first glance: he is a poor-looking old man.

Orlando. *(stamping)* O damn your characteristics!

Thou art still the same low wretch my Clara described thee. Thy heart is pourtrayed in thy visage; both equally ugly and detestable. I find I must seek information elsewhere. [*Exit Orlando.*

Mrs. B. So, so, so; ugly and detestable! why what cap have I got on?—O that careless Sally! 'tis not my last new one.

[Enter MRS. RATIONAL.]

Mrs. R. What, is the gentleman gone?

Mrs. B. Gone! why he only came to make a convenience of my house—ay, ay, there is no mystery in Miss Clara's conduct, she only wanted a new gallant—O I could tear her eyes out!

[Enter SERENA *with a book.*]

Serena. Mama, Mama, I have got a new book; let me read you a story. *(reads)* "The faults of others, if they come to our knowledge, should be carefully concealed by us; they may serve as lessons of self-amendment, but ought never to be causelessly, and still less triumphantly, published. One day poor Miss Cecilia"——But, Mama, what's the matter? you don't hear—you know the book: 'tis lessons of Morality and Virtue.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes, a very pretty book. An odious creature! she only came to me, with her brat, because she did not know where else to lay her nasty head.

Serena. La, Mama, what are you talking of?—why do you look so cross—where is cousin Clara? she would like these lessons.

Mrs. B. Don't name the wretch, Serena. I order you never to speak, or even think, of such a creature more.

Mrs. R. Pray, Sister, be careful what you say.

Serena. O, shall I never see dear cousin Clara again?

Mrs. B. Why, how now, Miss! do you dare to like any person I dislike! Why, she will live to walk the streets.

Mrs. R. Fie, fie, Sister.

Mrs. B. Why what are you afraid of? mayn't I say what I please in my own house, and before my own child? I suppose you think she is like other people's children, that tell all they know. Go back to Ma'amselle, and say your aunt and I shall soon be in the school-room.

[*Exeunt Mrs Bustle and Mrs. Rational.*

Serena. O I long to tell Ma'amselle all I have heard;

and by and by I am to know who the duke is that is so much in love with me, and has followed me in disguise ever so many months. I am sure I must be very thankful to him. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Street.*

ORLANDO *comes from Mrs. Bustle's house.*

Orlando. I have enquired amongst the servants, and only find cause for racking doubts.——And dare I doubt my Clara?—yet, who can tell what a change reflections on my perfidy may have caused? I fear I have lost her esteem; and with purity like her's, can love subsist without esteem? This old governor's name is Walsingham; I have a direction to his hotel: him I had best seek first—yet, my child! ——(*he stands musing: a poor Beggar appears.*

Beg. That gentleman seems in distress; he will then pity the distress of others. Sir!—

Orlando. Why did I quit her?—

Beg. Sir, a poor sailor, your honor; lost his limbs in battle—Heaven preserve my master.

Orlando. Poor fellow; misfortunes ought only to follow faults, yet thou hast suffered, doing thy duty—there. (*gives him money.*)

Beg. A shilling! blessings on your worship. I must have slept on straw to-night if I had not met your honor, and that sweet young lady, who came out of the same house.

Orlando. How!

Beg. O she did so smile! and when the old gentleman gave her a crown to give me, she took his hand, and did so kiss it, looking like an angel.

Orlando. Thou art like a devil, torturing its prey! What an image hast thou conjur'd up! O it is too sure that I have lost her—my child then is all that is left me; let me search for that. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Mr. Exact's House.*

Enter MR. and MRS. EXACT.

Mr. E. Madam, I can no longer endure your conduct. I will not even listen to your arguments.

Mrs. E. Who would believe I had married a man that did not choose to hear reason.

Mr. E. What has reason to do with trouble, vexation, torment?—yes, Madam, I must thus express myself; for the torments inflicted by fiends, would less harrow up my soul, than the sorrowful cries of my poor children, which continually reach my ears.

Mrs. E. And pray, Sir, are they not also my children? and if necessary, ought they not to be punished? aye, and they shall be punished. I defy the world to say I spoil my children by indulgence.

Mr. E. Madam, I have told you, argument is at an end. I am going immediately in search of some school, where my children will meet with that tenderness which a mother withholds from them. [*Exit Mr. Exact.*

Mrs. E. Heavens! a school!—send my children to a school! no discipline to be kept up! I will die first.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Mr. Caustic and Mr. Moonbrain.

Mrs. E. Show them up. They may, perhaps, advise me how to act.

[Enter CAUSTIC and MOONBRAIN.]

Gentlemen, just now I am particularly glad to see you.

Moon. You seem disturbed.

Mrs. E. O my children! my poor children! (*she flings herself into a chair.*)

Caus. I hope no accident—

Mrs. E. They may soon be lost to me for ever.

Caus. I hope not. Dear Madam, believe, I sympathise in your sorrows, But can the case so soon be desperate? I heard all your family were well yesterday: has a fever, or the small pox,—

Mrs. E. What is a fever, what is the small pox?—were they all dead in fevers or the small pox, I could bear it better than thus to be deprived of them.

Moon. For heaven's sake, explain yourself.

Mrs. E. Gentlemen, I know not how to speak it, but—Mr. Exact (who is the most cruel man alive) has resolved to take my children from me, and place them at a school.

Moon. How, Madam!

Caus. Nay, if this be all,—

Mrs. E. All, Mr. Caustic! and is it not enough? do I not know what places schools are?—was I not eight years at one to no purpose myself? Eight years did I learn

grammar, without understanding the difference between a noun and a pronoun—eight years did I learn music, without knowing adagios from allegros. Ignorance carried her head aloft in her proper mansion, and we all willingly flocked round her standard.

Caus. But why may not a good school be found? Improvement is the rage of the times, and schools have had their share.

Mrs. E. I have no such hope; and besides, think of the hardships children endure at a school!

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Ma'am, the governess wants to know what she shall do with Miss Caroline, who refuses to submit to her punishment?

Mrs. E. How! does she rebel?—bid Pronoun proceed as usual, make haste. Ah, poor Pronoun, what will she do, and how will Harriet and Louisa and Caroline bear to go amongst strangers, and leave a tender-hearted, indulgent mother?

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Ma'am, Miss Harriet's neck is so bad with wearing her new collar, that the governess begs you will order something for it.

Mrs. E. Let her put on a plaister.

Serv. And Miss Louisa was so strained in the stocks, that she can't walk at all.

Mrs. E. Pray, gentlemen, excuse me, but the maternal duties must take place of every thing. [*Exit Mrs. Exact and Servant.*

Caus. Go thy ways, for a kind, tender-hearted parent: why zounds, man, is this one of your patterns, who was to prove to me the grand progress we had made towards perfection in the education of youth?—Let me get out as fast as I can of this inquisition for infants.

Moon. Lord, Mr. Caustic, you take up things too readily. (*a bell rings.*) 'Tis the summons for the children's dinner. Now the coast is clear, I should like monstrously to show you the school-room.

Caus. Pshaw! no.

Moon. Faith you shall see it; it is near the street door, so we can escape on any alarm. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A large Room, with forms, and desks, and stocks, &c. &c.*

Enter MOONBRAIN and CAUSTIC.

Moon. Don't be afraid, Mr. Caustic. Now tell me, were you ever in such a place before?

Caus. Never: and I feel as if treading on dangerous ground. Should we be caught, I see we may be put in the stocks.

Moon. Ay, and into the pillory too—look, Caustic, is it not a charming contrivance? I gave the drawing by which the carpenter made it.

Caus. Let me look at their books—what trash! books of science, they cannot comprehend, and lessons of morality, they cannot feel. O the good days of Jack the Giant Killer!

Moon. Fie, Mr. Caustic, such a book was only fit for the past illiterate days; the unfortunate days of our youth.

Caus. Sir, I disclaim your epithets; and for my own part, learnt more lessons of compassion and generosity, from reading Cinderella and the Fairy Tales, than can be gained in the new-fangled, puritanical studies, now appropriated to infancy.

Moon. 'Tis a pity you could not see the children as I have seen them; every inch of their bodies in a state of improvement. (*he exhibits various machines.*) This, now, is to keep the chin from poking out;—and these are elbow-nets, and these others, shoulder-weights. O the wonderful refinements of modern times!

Caus. The wonderful folly, rather say:—Damn it, that a man should be taken in by the quackery of education! and who does not get his bread by selling such trinkets. This thing you call a pillory—zounds! what use can be made of it?

Moon. I can show you presently: it will admit necks of all sizes—there,—now turn the screw behind—is it not an admirable contrivance?

Caus. Admirable indeed! Ha, ha, ha! (*as he laughs he steps back and runs against a green bag that hangs on a peg; a violent scream is heard.*)

Moon. Let me out, Caustic.

A small voice. O let me out, let me out!

Caus. The devil!—how!—what! why there's something alive in the bag.

Moon. Make haste, Caustic, or somebody will come.

Caus. I must first see what's in the bag. (*takes it down, and out jumps a little girl.*)

Moon. 'Tis Miss Caroline.

Child. O dear, what shall I do! you must put me in the bag again, or mama will be so angry!

Caus. And why were you thus tied up, my dear?

Child. Because I did not like to drink my camomile-tea, so I was to be hanged for half an hour.

Caus. And this too is a specimen of modern improvements.

[Enter Mr. and Mrs. Exact.]

Mrs. E. (*speaking as she enters.*) Why what should it be—'tis nothing, I tell you.

Mr. E. How! Mr. Caustic and Mr. Moonbrain playing at punishments!

Moon. Poh, damn it, 'twas Caustic's wit. (*he is released.*)

Caus. Mrs. Exact, I beg pardon for having invaded your territories, but I must ask one question of my worthy friend here; whether he has ever before been admitted behind the scenes?

Mr. E. Sir, I understand your question; and my answer is, that I have been admitted, and therefore the catastrophe approaches.

Mrs. E. For pity's sake, hear me but one word.

Mr. E. You, Madam, have no right to ask in that name. (*he rings and enter Servant.*) Order the coach instantly; I will not delay the happiness of my children another hour.——Gentlemen, you look surprised; but Mr. Caustic will, at least, join with me, in allowing that all mothers are not fit to educate their own children. Do you choose, Madam, to bid yours farewell?

Mrs. E. Sir, you have taken them from my management, and I care not what becomes of them: (*she flounces out.*)

Mr. E. Gentlemen, you will excuse me.

Caus. By all means: and I hope a bonfire will soon be made of all this trumpery.

Moon. Ah, what a pity such a complete apparatus should be destroyed! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Lady Mary's House.*

Enter LADY MARY and ORLANDO.

Orlando. A thousand blessings on you, Madam, for the comfort you have afforded me in the sight of my child. As for its unfeeling mother—

Lady M. Remember your promise, to do nothing rashly.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Mr. Moonbrain, Madam.

Lady M. Pshaw—but I will dismiss him in a few moments.

[Enter MOONBRAIN.]

Moon. I don't interrupt business, I hope.

Lady M. Why no; but—

Moon. I understand you; I will be off again, only let me first tell you, that our rich widow is in a terrible taking—

Lady M. Indeed!

Moon. Yes indeed: she had set her cap at a rich old man; and just as she thought herself sure of her prize, another snatched it from her: so now all is in confusion at her house: no lessons, no repeating, except of vows of vengeance; and I believe she is posting hither.

Lady M. What for, I wonder?

Moon. She fears you may receive her rival into your house; and Mrs. Bustle says,—

Orlando. Ah! let me attend.

Moon. That your Ladyship has already been sufficiently imposed on, and you will be lucky, if you get rid of the child left upon your hands.

Lady M. Moonbrain, you have not lately seen my green-house, will you look at it now?

Orlando. Stay, Madam; and the number of this gentleman's auditors being increased, I beg he may not be interrupted. I am prepared to hear all he has to say.

Moon. Sir—Madam—Your Ladyship—

Lady M. Compose yourself, Cousin, and tell us calmly and distinctly all you know of Mrs. Bustle, and the lady who has just left her house.

Moon. Why then, as I hope to be a husband and a

father, and be able to manage my wife, and educate my children, I will tell you all I know about them.

Orlando. Well, Sir?

Moon. I called just now at Mrs. Bustle's,—but, Lady Mary, you must introduce me to this gentleman in my proper character. Does he know—hey? you understand me.

Lady M. Sir, this is Mr. Moonbrain; a Quixote, of a most enterprising spirit; a traveller in search of perfection: and since he has commenced his travels, has endured as many disappointments as ever did the knight of La Mancha.

Orlando. I feel much respect for the gentleman; and if he will but continue his narration—

Moon. Sir, I really have not much to narrate.—Mrs. Bustle (I presume you know Mrs. Bustle, Sir) imagined she had won the heart of a rich old batchelor; but Miss Fairfax soon undeceived her.

Orlando. How, Sir!

Moon. How, Sir? why by the superior strength of youth and beauty. The worn-out charms of fifty-five are sure to be conquered, if they contend with the blooming beauties of eighteen.

Orlando. (*groans.*) Oh!

Lady M. A truce with your wit; you see it gives pain: and tell us, if you can, whither Miss Fairfax is gone.

Moon. Upon my soul, I know no more than I have told you. The widow's rage rendered her both incoherent and inarticulate. I gathered, indeed, that there had been a kind of elopement.

Orlando. This is too much!—yet let me respect the protectress of my child.

Moon. (*to Orlando.*) Upon my word, Sir, I begin to have my doubts.

Orlando. (*fiercely*) Well, Sir, and what are those doubts?

Lady M. For Heaven's sake, Moonbrain, do be rational for a moment.

Moon Upon my soul, I meant no harm, and as to my doubts, (asking pardon beforehand) they respected, whether this gentleman had not been sent, in his early youth, to a school.

Orlando. And what then, Sir?

Lady M. Now am I half tempted to laugh.

Moon. Sir, I thought (again begging pardon) that as impetuosity (an amiable impetuosity I mean) appears to be your characteristic,—I thought, Sir, you could not have been educated by those, to whom the sacred charge of education properly belongs. (*Orlando walks away.*)

Lady M. (*in a low voice.*) Moonbrain, that gentleman is a particular friend, and at present labors under some distress of mind; leave us therefore.

Moon. Well, adieu then—but I must take leave of the gentleman.

Lady M. No, no.

Moon. Do let me give him a word of advice, not to send his children to a school.

Lady M. Provoking creature—begone this instant!

[*Exit Moonbrain.*

And now, my dear Sir, we must set about our search; and I hope we may find happiness, if not perfection.

Orlando. Will you accompany me to Belmont, that I may leave my child with my father?

Lady M. Willingly. But we must first call at the hotel to which you have a direction: and clear up your countenance. I could pawn my life on your Clara's good conduct. A meeting will explain all; and to our satisfaction, I am sure; therefore, though I allow anxiety, I positively forbid despair.

Orlando. I follow you, as I would my guardian angel.

[*Exeunt.*

***

ACT V.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in an Hotel.*

CLARA, *alone.*

Clara. How will my heart find strength to perform my promise to this worthy old man, if what Orlando will hear at Mrs. Bustle's should provoke him too far?

[Enter GOVERNOR.]

Gov. What! soliloquising, my fair friend? But come, (*he takes her hand, and kisses it*) a chaise and four fleet

horses are ready to carry you to the end of your troubles. Nay, shrink not back.

Clara. Pardon me, sir, if I cannot help wishing we could acquaint Orlando immediately.

Gov. So you are for cutting short his penance. Now I will not abate him a moment. Is he not within two hours of being happy? and will not that content you? Indulge an old man's whim, by committing the next two hours of your life to his management, and ever after be you mistress.

Clara. Well, my dear sir, I am obedient.

Gov. That's right. And away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Hall of the Hotel.*

Enter WAITERS and CHAMBERMAID.

Waiter. A generous old gentleman; I never was so well paid before.

Betty. I say so too. He slept here but one night, and has given me a guinea. I hope he'll sleep here again soon. Another carriage—more such company I pray.

(*They go out; and re-enter with* LADY MARY and ORLANDO.)

Orlando. But just set off? Distraction!

Lady M. Are any of the servants left behind?

Waiter. No, my lady.

Orlando. I shall grow desperate! (*to the Waiter.*) You can tell which way they are gone?

Waiter. The St. Alban's road.

Lady M. On that road lies your father's house.

Orlando. It does. But let us pursue the wretches to the end of the world.

Lady M. Agreed; first leaving the child at your father's. (*to the Waiter.*) Order leaders to be put to my carriage. And this is the chambermaid, I suppose?

Betty. Yes, my lady, at your service.

Lady M. The gentleman's name was Walsingham?

Betty. Yes, my lady; and the young gentlewoman's name was Leslie; Mrs. Leslie he called her.

Lady M. Did she seem melancholy?

Betty. When she was alone she did seem a little dumpish, and sighed, and spoke something about a Mr. Or-

lando; but when the old gentleman was with her, she smiled, and cried; only she said it was for joy.

Orlando. Heavens! and am I forced to hear all this!

Lady M. Be patient; you frighten the girl.

Betty. Another lover of young madam's, mayhap. 'Tis a pity he is too late: they would have made a sweet match.

[Re-enter WAITER.]

Waiter. The horses are ready.

Lady M. One question more. Did they happen to mention before you, Mrs. Chambermaid, whither they were going?

Betty. Dear me, no—O dear, yes—now I recollect, I was passing by the door just as the old gentleman kissed the lady's hand, and said four fleet horses would soon carry her out of all her trouble.

Orlando. Furies part them! I will not hear another word.

Lady M. Well then, to the world's end, Orlando, if we do not overtake the runaways sooner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Moonbrain's Apartments. He is sitting in a disconsolate attitude.*

Moon. Every day brings me some new disappointment. Yet what can I do? To desist from a laudable pursuit would be cowardice

[Enter a SERVANT.]

Serv. A lady, sir, in great distress, wishes to see you.

[Enter a LADY.]

Lady. O, Mr. Moonbrain!

(*The Servant places a chair, and exit. The Lady has a handkerchief at her eyes.*)

Moon. Dear madam, what is the matter?

Lady. O that vile wretch! O that ungrateful girl! I never shall know peace again.

Moon. I hope—I profess—

Lady. What mother ever lov'd a daughter as I did? She was never contradicted, she learned what she pleased, and from thence springs my misery. Could I have imagined that in going through the Greek Grammar with her brother's tutor, love would have entered her head? and in solving Euclid's problems together, could it be supposed

they would have been tempted to dissolve the most solemn obligations? He looked so good, so handsome, his manners so gentle, so refined—O, Mr. Moonbrain, how could you recommend such a wretch to me?

Moon. Heaven be my witness, madam, I thought him all excellence.

Lady. So much the worse! so much the worse! O that he had been hideous, deformed, clownish! then had my dear deluded girl never thought of liking him, never in a cold frosty morning have eloped with him out of a garret window.

Moon. And could Miss Harriet so far forget herself?

Lady. Yes, she could forget every thing—her lessons in music, her rules of perspective, her problems in Euclid, her elements of languages, her systems of philosophy, all were not sufficient to occupy her mind.

A voice on the stairs. I know he is at home.

[Enter another LADY.]

2 *Lady.* Aye, there he is, a base man. O I shall choke with indignation!

1 *Lady.* Ah, madam, I have heard of your misfortune.

2 *Lady.* I condole with you, dear madam, on the loss of your daughter. But there stands the vile author of all. O I could tear his eyes out.

Moon. Dear ladies, be patient.

[Enter CAUSTIC.]

Caustic. Heyday! a scolding match! Ah, poor Moonbrain, I wish you well out of the hands of the ladies.

2 *Lady.* Don't talk of patience, when my son, my only son, and heir to immense estates, has run away with the fine lady governess you recommended me for my niece. Did I not charge you that she should be good, as well as handsome? But they shall be pursued, and she shall be torn from him.

Caustic. In common charity I must interfere. Ladies, I have heard the cause of your violent attack upon my friend here. The town rung of the foolish plans you both adopted; and now it is not surprised at natural consequences. Ye have both been the proper seducers of your own children, and have no one to blame but yourselves.

Both Ladies. How, sir!

Caustic. Yes, you, Mrs. Careless, might have sent your

son to a public school; and then the youth, beauty, and elegance of his tutor would not always have been before your daughter's eyes; and had you contented yourself with female accomplishments, she had not so soon learned a love lesson. As for you, Mrs. Warbler, who insisted on so many perfections in a governess, how could you expect that your son would be blind to them? Let forgiveness be the first wise action in you both. Begone; and I hope you will serve at least as warnings to other parents.

(*They would speak; Caustic pushes them out of the room.*)

Moon. My valiant deliverer, how shall I thank thee?

Caustic. Why by following my advice. Prithee give up thy foolish search; it is fruitless, be assured, except of mortification. Get out of that confounded bye-path in which you have so long delighted to wander, and where every day you are liable to be scratched, torn, and bespattered. If you will scamper, take Reason to run by the side of your imagination, and then you may hope to repose quietly, after a pleasant journey.

Moon. Well, well, Caustic; I begin to fear you advise rightly: but give me time to turn about. You say I am in a narrow path, so I must go a little further. The young Bustles are my last hope; but their mother tells me she takes prodigious pains with them. I own she is rather too perfect in the vulgar tongue.

Caustic. Poh, damn it! you are, I verily believe, incorrigible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A large Hall in Mr. Leslie's House.*

Enter an old BUTLER and HOUSEKEEPER.

But. I hope all your preparations are in forwardness. An hour ago we had a messenger, to say the long-expected visitor was on the road. (*looking in a memorandum book.*)

House. What are you looking at, Mr. Benjamin?

But. 'Tis as I thought;—just nineteen years ago our young lady left this house, to be married to the handsome Mr. Fairfax. He was a worthy young man, though not rich, and they lived very happy, I heard. What a pity it was our master should never forgive a sister he once loved so well.

House. She was the sweetest creature, so kind, and so

charitable. I wish my master had never gone to the wars. Perhaps that hardened his heart.

But. No, no; a soldier's heart is ever soft and compassionate. Think of our brave youth, of our gallant princes, who have exchanged their repose, and the splendors of a court, for the toils and dangers of war! O glorious sons of a glorious country! Old as I am, my heart swells with pride and pleasure, when it contemplates a race of princes, an illustrious nobility, a free and generous people, united in one cause, to right the injured, and control oppressors.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. A chaise and four is driving up the lawn. (*the door-bell rings*)

House. Now, then, Mr. Benjamin.

But. Away, away. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter with the GOVERNOR and CLARA.]

But. Your honor is a thousand times welcome. My master is but stepped out for a minute, to see a sick tenant.

Gov. Thank you, old friend Benjamin. Mrs. Wisely, I am glad to see you: pray oblige me by taking care of this young lady; we have driven so fast, her spirits are quite overcome.

Clara. You are ever kind and considerate, sir. A few minutes will, I hope, restore my composure.

[*Exit with the Housekeeper.*

Gov. And so, Mr. Benjamin, your master writes me word that he has re-established his health, and is come to spend the rest of his days in Old England.

But. It is the only place in the whole world to live happy in, your honor; and my master's happiness will be much increased to meet you once more.

Gov. (*looking at a picture*) That picture is hung up again, I see.

But. I ventured to do it on the poor lady's death: and when my master came home, he was not much displeased.

Gov. I am told she lamented to her last hour her brother's displeasure. The colors have kept well, Mr. Benjamin. Just such was her soft bloom, her enchanting smile; they are indelibly impressed here! (*puts his hand on his breast.*) You remember her, old friend, don't you?

But. Indeed I do, sir; nor have I ever beheld her fellow, unless just now, if I may be bold enough to say so.

Gov. (*aside*) The likeness has struck him too.

But. Pray has your honor seen my young master?

Gov. No.

But. He was here to-day, for a moment only. He has not yet seen his father, who was riding out; and he returned instantly to London, only leaving word he should sleep here. He did not alight, and spoke only to the porter at the park gate, who told me he looked poorly. I believe he did not know we expected your honor. Surely I hear his voice.

Gov. Then oblige me by not mentioning my name to him. Keep him in this hall a moment; I will be with you again presently. [*Exit Governor.*

[Enter ORLANDO and LADY MARY.]

Orlando. (*speaking as he enters*) Conduct this woman and child, good Robert, to the Housekeeper. And now, madam, welcome to Belmont. Benjamin, where is my father?

But. He is not in the house at present.

Orlando. But there are others in this house, whom I must see: a gentleman, sir, who brought a lady here. Conduct me to them this moment.

Lady M. For heaven's sake be calm. To find your Clara here, ought surely to be taken as a favorable omen. Why else should she come to your father's house?

But. A lady is arrived here, sir.

Orlando. I know it, sir; and I will see her, sir. We have traced them on the road; and she shall no longer be kept from me. Old man, dally not with my fury.

Lady M. Let me see your Clara first; you are too violent.

Orlando. No: death only could stop me now.* (*is going out, but starts back.*)

[Enter the GOVERNOR *leading* CLARA.]

Gov. I hear the voice of this young madman: be not terrified, my beloved girl.

Lady M. Clara!

Gov. (*to Clara.*) Speak to him; I will support thy trembling frame.

Clara. Orlando!

Orlando. (*appears greatly agitated*) Words are at last lent me—cruel—perfidious—ungrateful Clara!

Gov. Quite theatrical, I protest.

Lady M. I entreat for some explanation.

Gov. Let that gentleman tell his story first; he believes he has made wonderful discoveries.

Orlando. For you, sir, I know you not, and not yet shall I reply to you; but let me adjure you, Clara, by our past happiness, (though by you it is forgotten); by the fear of what may be your future feelings, when you contemplate the cold grave—into which your cruelty will plunge Orlando!—by—

Clara. O proceed not with your affecting adjurations! I have been compelled to my past conduct by irresistible motives, and, would this gentleman allow me to explain them—

Gov. No, my sweet girl, I will not allow it; you are unable to contend with this impetuous youth, who has scarcely deigned to give you a hearing; but he shall listen to me.

Orlando. Sir!

Gov. Nay, no fierce looks. I shall cause, or I am mistaken, that countenance to fall quickly. Young man, young man, listen with respect to the voice of age. Behold this lovely flower; blooming in innocence, till your indiscretion (to use a gentle word) raised a storm that sunk it to the earth: and will you dare to use the sacred name of love to palliate your conduct?

Clara. O spare him, in pity to me, spare him!

Gov. What reparation can be offered for being obliged to seek protection from the hard-hearted? for a mother being forced to separate herself from her helpless infant? for virtue compelled to endure the harsh language of misconstruction? Where, impetuous, imprudent boy, can be found a recompence for all this? You are not ignorant of your father's unforgiving spirit; he comes; and then—

Orlando. O heavens! he comes indeed!

[Enter MR. LESLIE.]

Mr. Les. (*embracing the Governor*) Thou best of men and friends.

Gov. Time has not shrunk my heart, though it has withered my countenance. Eighteen years of absence have

had no power to diminish my friendship; it still exists for you, Leslie, in all its former force.

Mr. Les. The sight of my friend renovates my youth. My son, too! welcome to my arms. Let me introduce to each other the two beings most dear to me. Orlando, this is the Mr. Hamilton you have so often heard of. (*Orlando starts. Mr. Leslie goes on, without perceiving his son's surprise*) Receive my son to your arms, Hamilton: he was young when last you saw him, yet you loved him then; and he can now only continue to himself my love and esteem by deserving yours.

Gov. O he will deserve them, I have no doubt.

Mr. Les. Nor have I any. But I must ask, who are these fair visitors? How! is my question difficult to answer?

Gov. Leslie, you have opened your heart to receive your friend and your son; I have to present to you a third claimant—behold another child—behold, and bestow your benediction on, the wife of your son.

Mr. Les. What do I hear!

Gov. Rejoice in the occasion now given you to bless and be blessed; from this moment paternal delights are doubled to you. She is young and beautiful, good and wise; your son adores her, and she brings him a fortune of fifty thousand pounds.

Orlando. Will my father forgive the indiscretion of his son?

Mr. Les. I am all amazement. How! my son married? clandestinely! Was that right?

Gov. Ask no questions, unless you doubt any part of what I have asserted. Bless then both your children; they only want your blessing to complete their happiness.

Mr. Les. Well then, Heaven bless you, my children; but allow for the agitation of surprise; and may not a parent's curiosity demand gratification?

Gov. Yes, yes: and to-morrow you shall hear "the story of their loves."

Clara. (*looking up*) O sir! delay not a moment to disclose the whole truth; further suspense would quite overcome me.

(*Till this speech, Clara had kept her eyes bent on the ground, and Mr. Leslie, in his hurry and surprise, had not much observed her.*)

Mr. L. Ah! that voice!—and methinks the features resemble!—

Gov. (*after a pause, during which every face bespeaks agitation.*) That voice!—that look!——It is from the dark recesses of the tomb, that an injured spirit seems to rise, to reproach us both for allowing merit to sink into it—Unsuccoured in distress, unthought of, unlamented!

Mr. L. Whither does your speech tend?—I fear—I fear—

Gov. Fear nothing; but be grateful for the opportunity now given you to repair past wrongs; for you see in your son's wife, the daughter of your unhappy sister.

Lady M. Now how I tremble!

Mr. L. My suspicions are confirmed, nor will I be the dupe of mean contrivances; the enmity I have sworn, I will abide by; and never shall the detested offspring of—

Gov. Hold! nor multiply rash vows. Will you adopt only my resentments?—but if thy heart can resist the moving image of a once-lov'd sister, who broken-hearted, sends you from her death-bed, her helpless, innocent, child—yet the claims of honor, you dare not refuse.

Mr. L. I understand you not.

Gov. 'Tis rage, clouds your understanding; but surely you will perform a solemn promise to do good, as well as evil. On that fatal day which deprived me of an adored mistress, did you not bid me ask your fortune—nay, your life, if either would prove a compensation for my loss; binding your soul, by every thing divine and human, to perform whatever I should demand?

Mr. L. I own it; I own it.

Gov. Bear witness, all!—then I demand, that you receive from my hands as your son's wife, this charming creature:—open but your heart to her, and she will make it all her own;—nor comes she a beggar to Orlando—I give but a part to the daughter, of what might have been wholly her mother's; and if pecuniary motives weigh with you,—

Mr. L. I scorn the paltry motives: my bosom yields to the claim of justice only.

Gov. He yields, he yields! no matter from what motive—Go to him, my children, embrace his knees, secure the hold you have taken on his heart: the voice of reason,

of justice, of nature, plead for you. (*Orlando and Clara kneel to his father.*) Bravo! Bravo!— Victory!—— Hatred and revenge have taken their flight; and all to come is peace and happiness.

Orlando. Our future conduct—

Gov. No promises: we have had too many of those. (*addressing Lady Mary, who appears much affected.*) Why Madam, you withstood our sorrow?

Lady M. At the triumph of benevolence, what heart but must be melted?—Accept my sincere congratulations.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. A carriage has been overset at the park-gate, and some of the company are hurt.

Lady M. Let us hasten to give all possible assistance.

Gov. Why it may not be amiss to change the scene. Orlando, you will not be jealous of me again.

Orlando. O Sir, had I known who you really were,—

Gov. But that was what I choose you should not know, you rogue.

SCENE IV. *A Hall, opening into a Lawn.*

[Enter MA'AMSELLE, SERENA, and JULIUS CÆSAR, *dirty and cut—Servants assisting.*

Ma'am. O it be so unlucky!

Serena.(*looking round.*) Lord, where is the duke gone?

Julius. Ecod, he scampered across the fields like a lamplighter.

Serena, O I shall never be a duchess!

Julius. O the bottle of cherry-brandy is broke—and the plum-cake is crumbled all to pieces—and a great dog has run away with the pigeon pie!

[Enter *the Company.*]

Lady M. Heavens! the young Bustles, and Ma'amselle!

Clara. Serena, where is your mother?

Serena. Why you must know, I have run away from mama.

Gov. (*Ma'amselle is slinking away.*) You stir not, my fine instructress of youth, till we have some explanation.

Ma'am. You have no right to detain me.

Mrs. B. (*Within.*) Where are the vile runaways?

[Enter MRS. BUSTLE, *leaning upon* MOONBRAIN.]

Julius. Why here we all be, Mother, if your eyes can see—But I say, where is our nice pigeon pie which this gentleman's dog run away with?—by my namesake, if I can catch him—

Mrs. B. Hold your vulgar tongue. Serena, do you tell me where you were going.

Serena. Why, Mamma, I'll speak the truth—I was going to Gretna Green, to be married by a blacksmith to a duke. Now you're answered.

Mrs. B. What duke, you unnatural serpent?

Julius. Why he that used to sell us pomatum, and dress your hair—Violet.

Mr. L. A pretty history!

Mrs. B. O I shall faint!—I shall die!—

Julius. Ah he did'nt look at all like a hair-dresser in his fine clothes; and he told me I should have nothing but holidays, and need'nt mind mother a bit.

Mrs. B. (*cuffing him.*) But you shall mind her, sirrah.

Mr. L. Fie, fie, Madam.

[Enter CAUSTIC.]

Caus. Save you—save you, good folks,—the runaways are overtaken, I see.

Lady M. You are still engaged in the pursuit of folly, Mr. Caustic.

Caus. But I own I am surprised to find folly has stopp'd short her career.

Lady M. So your road to perfection, is the road to Gretna Green, hey, cousin Moonbrain?

Moon. I know not what to say—

Caus. Have mercy, Madam, on a losing gamester. This was Mr. Moonbrain's last stake, and it is lost.

Mrs. B. I wish, instead of being overturned, they had all been killed, every soul of them—To have taken all the pains I have taken to educate my children—so many careful moments, and watchful hours!—every day did they learn grammar, drawing, and music, by the best masters—a language-master for all languages: masters for reading, writing, and dancing: a master for mathematics: a philosopher to teach them philosophy: and above all, a corporal from the Coldstream regiment of foot guards, to teach

them to walk. Ladies and gentlemen, I appeals to you, if there could be a better mother?

Gov. Since you have asked the question, I may be allowed to inform you, Madam, that you have entirely mistaken the character of a good mother, which is—

Caus. You may spare yourself the trouble, Sir, of describing a good mother: in these days, when novelty is thought improvement,—you would not be understood.

Lady M. Nay, Mr. Caustic, that is being too severe: there are certainly good mothers in the world; I am sure I have now many in my eye, and who does not allow, that the first female personage in this kingdom, has afforded a bright example, even to her lowest subject?

Gov. (*to Moonbrain.*) Sir, I suspect your pursuit is somewhat retarded.

Moon. Why faith, a vain pursuit, is tiresome—

Caus. Turn to the right then, Moonbrain, and endeavour to take those with you whom you have assisted to go wrong.

Moon. What can I do?

Caustic. Why unsay those romantic sayings you have been dealing forth so plentifully, and proclaim aloud through those mansions of folly you frequent, that patience, prudence, and good-sense, should ever be the assistants of those, who undertake the instruction of youth.

Mrs. B. Well, for my part, having found my children, I shall take them home with me—Go, go, ye ungrateful vermin.

Gov. One moment, Mrs. Bustle: I must present to you, Mrs. Leslie; she was this gentleman's wife, when she came to you for protection—she is this gentleman's niece and daughter, and she will inherit all my fortune:—yours, I can tell you, is considerably diminished; a numerous and worthy family, are come to the knowledge of your cousin's executors, equally related with yourself, but you will still have enough to settle your children comfortably, though not to continue all their masters.

Mrs. B. I don't believe a word you say—Come along; why don't you walk faster, Miss Bustle!

Serena. Lord, I walk as fast as I can.

Julius. I am resolved our cook shall make me another pigeon pie. [*Exeunt.*

Clara. Orlando, happiness will be heightened to us, by having experienced its reverse.

Orlando. My Clara, I hope I shall never forget, that deep and bitter repentance is always the punishment of faults.

Mr. L. And let all those who nourish long resentments, be assured, they become inevitably self-tormentors.

Gov. We must henceforth remember only what gives us pleasure. What has passed to-day, might produce, if well worked up, what is called, stage-effect :—my change of name was a good help. Clara, you have two fathers now ; behave well to her's, young man, or I will give her another fifty-thousand pounds to come and live with me.

Lady M. Being a woman, I must have the last word, and it shall be a word of advice.——Ye, Mrs. Bustles, (if any such there are) reform your criminal indulgence—ye, Mrs. Exacts, (of whom I hope there are very few) renounce your wanton severity—ye, who by deceit would gain your purpose—ye, who indulge violent resentments—take warning : whilst those who wish to enjoy the triumph of benevolence, (which are, I am sure, the greatest part of those I now behold) let them take example : and, by their generous approbation, render happy the creatures of their bounty.

THE END.

REMARKS ON

A SEARCH AFTER PERFECTION.

From the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, till the accession of his present Majesty, the court of England has always considered theatrical performance, as an essential part of the recreation which it was bound to provide for the courtiers and foreign ministers resident in London. During the usurpation of Cromwell, it is true that, along with all the other elegance appropriate to royalty, the amusements of the stage were suspended; but it is no less certain, that the suppression of what was alleged to foster the sensual vices, did not prevent an increase of moral depravity; and it will not be denied that of the two, the latter is by far the most dangerous and detestable. But what is more to our present purpose is, the historical fact, that since the court has neglected to exercise any influence over the stage, the dramatic genius of the country has appeared to decline; and that during the reign of George III., although the actors have been equal, if not in some instances greatly superior, to those of any former age, the original dramas, performed since his Majesty's accession, have been collectively much inferior in merit to those produced in any equal portion of time, including even the usurpation, since the accession of Queen Elizabeth.—To what cause ought we to attribute the neglect of the theatre by the court?—During the youth of his Majesty, Prince Frederick his father, was particularly anxious to imbue him with a proper degree of consideration for the political importance of the stage, and allowed him even to take a part in the private theatricals of Cliefden House; and it is well known, that few women of fashion have evinced a more correct literary taste than her Majesty: or enjoys the perusal of the drama with more unaffected satisfaction.

The cause may, perhaps, not be owing so much to any alteration of disposition in the court, as to a change in the general economy of the country, with respect to amusements. Formerly, it was thought expedient to encourage the people to seek recreation and pastime, for the multitude is never more loyal and harmless than when in good-humor, but during the greater part of his Majesty's reign, a different opinion became prevalent, and it was generally thought that there was a greater necessity to enforce a stricter course of manners, than what the court had exhibited in the preceding reign; at least, among all the various topics of popular accusation against the court, the neglect of the stage, we believe, has never been considered as deserving of any censure; nor is it adverted to here for the purpose of animadversion, but only to draw the public attention to the expediency of the court taking the lead in matters of amusement, in order to prevent them from degenerating. It is, in our opinion, an essential part of the duty of the crown, if not to regulate, at least, to influence the public amusements. We, indeed, think, that it would be difficult to assign any other solid reason for granting so large a sum of money for the maintenance of the splendor of the court, than the expectation to see it employed on entertainments which could not otherwise be produced It has therefore been with particular satisfaction, that we have of late had occasion to observe the court interesting itself in the amusements of the public, and turning its attention to those circumstances of pomp which the opulence and greatness of the country impose upon it to assume. And we trust that, in the construction of the new palace, and the accommodation which it is rumoured the Regent intends to provide for the cultivation of the arts, a theatre, expressly for the court, will not be omitted. This is now perhaps the more necessary, as the public play-houses have been so long left to the management of the patentees, that any attempt of the Lord Chamberlain to re-assume his antient authority over them, would be felt as ungracious, and might, as such, have the effect of inducing the public to take a part with the patentees; and yet without some interference on the part of of the court, to encourage the regular drama, we see no hope of effectually redeeming the British

stage from the contempt in which it is held by all foreigners of taste.

We have been led to make these observations in consequence of understanding that the MS. of the cheerful comedy of A SEARCH AFTER PERFECTION, has been upwards of twenty years in circulation among such a class of the fashionable world, that if the theatres were not now entirely independant of the court, it would have had some chance of being represented. And how far the advantages of the scene and personation improve the effect of a drama, our readers will easily comprehend, by only comparing the chaste and natural dialogue of this piece, with the obstreperous rant of many that have sunk into oblivion after having been performed for weeks together, "*with the most unbounded applause!*"

"A SEARCH AFTER PERFECTION," is by the author of "Villario," and "Theodora," and will, we think, add to the reputation which these two dramas have established. The follies of that domestic education which are ridiculed in this piece, have gone by; and the system of pains and pénalties, being succeeded by that of sports and pleasures, the Search after Perfection, may now be said to lie in a flowery path. As a pleasant comment, however, on the absurdity of the torture system, this comedy will probably be perused with satisfaction by many of those who remember how much they themselves endured from it. Perhaps the memory of their sufferings has contributed to induce them to adopt the opposite kind of follies, now quite as much in vogue, patronized with as little real utility, and no less deserving of ridicule.

In the conception of the character of Mrs. Bustle, we think there is a good deal of originality and humor. We are confident that many of our readers will find traces of it among their acquaintance: nor will the merit of discovering and applying the characteristics of which it consists, be lessened by the consideration that they are so frequently to be met with in private life. It is the legitimate satire of comedy, to embody general follies, and to bring them home to the recollections and associations in the mind, with a distinct and describable form; and in such a manner as to render them ridiculous. For the most part, modern dramatists have lost sight of this rule,

and have substituted the oddities and caricatures of individual humor, for those general exhibitions which are much more agreeable to the tact of good taste. It requires the genius of a Moliere to delineate with true effect the extravagances of individuals; and perhaps after they are delineated even by such an artist, they are still not exactly fitted for producing a genuine comic impression in representation. We have seen some of Moliere's best pieces performed by the best actors on the Parisian stage, and the audience remaining for the greater part of the time as seriously interested as if the spectacle had been tragedy. And yet when the entertainment was over, their spirits seemed to leap as it were with elasticity into the full enjoyment of the lovely effects which *a priori* we might have thought the performance was calculated to produce. This curious phenomenon seems to be explainable only by supposing that the traits and features of the characters which Moliere has depicted, are not common; and the serious attention which we have observed, may have been owing to the endeavours of the spectators to recollect similar traits and features among their acquaintance; for, unquestionably, no small share of the pleasure which is enjoyed in attending to theatrical entertainments, arises from an unconscious effect of the mind, to apply the actions and sentiments of the characters on the stage, to characters in common life. The great popularity of "The School for Scandal," is owing, we think, to the commonness of the character. In that admirable production, the author appears to have caught the comic outline of a great variety of classes; and although the coloring is perhaps a little excessive, still the general effect is so well preserved throughout, that most people regard the *dramatis personæ* of the piece with the same sort of feelings as if they were real characters, which were made up but of the selected eccentricities of all their own ordinary acquaintance.

GONZANGA.

A Drama.

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Duke di Casino.
Count Gonzanga.
Count Ulrick.
Rozzario.
Belamour
Stephano.
Theodore.
Warosa.
Ben, an English Sailor.
Michael Aganski, Captain of the Banditti.
Maurice.
Gregory.
Orlando, Captain of the Guards.
Palantro.
1 Robber.
2 Robber.
Priest.
1 Masque.
2 Masque

Rosalinda.
Selima.
Balsora
Lavenia.
Grimalkin.
Matilda.
Celisa.

Knights, Guards, Robbers, Lords, Ladies, Sailors, Attendants, &c. &c.

Scene—*The Coast of the Adriatic.*

GONZANGA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Hall in the Castle of Gonzanga.*

PALANTRO *and several Domestics discovered placing furniture, &c., others crossing the Stage with luggage.*

Enter MATILDA.

Matilda. Mercy on me! I am fatigued to death already, and only six o'clock! What a day of business! Carry that trunk into my room.

Palan. Well, Matilda, how do you like the hall now? will it do?

Matilda. Tolerably. But have you scoured the old swords in the armoury, furbished the spears, hung the helmets in their places, mended the ragged banners, and placed the picture of my lord's drowned brother and his little boy (that gruff Warosa wanted me to burn the other day) in a conspicuous situation?

Palan. All done, Matilda, as you ordered.

Matilda. Well, who should have thought of Count Gonzanga's returning hither in such a fuss, after an absence of nearly eighteen years! First our quiet solitude was disturbed by his sending the Turkish lady, Rosalinda, to the Castle, whom he took captive in the wars of Hungary; then comes his son Rozzario and another strange gentleman; and to-day he comes himself from Venice, accompanied by the Duke di Casino, his daughter, the Princess Lavenia, and I know not who besides: so bestir yourselves; grand preparations must be made to celebrate a marriage, now on foot between the duke's daughter and our lord's son; and they do say Gonzanga is going to be married himself to the lady Rosalinda.

Palan. Indeed! I never heard of that.

Matilda. Perhaps not; but let me alone for finding out secrets. Mercy on me! here comes the lord Rozzario. Fly all of you to the saloon, and set every thing in order there against my coming. [*Exeunt Palantro and Servants.*

Well, what can possess this young lord to be out of his bed at this hour? Ah! well do I remember, when I was first in love, that I could neither sleep morning, noon, or night.

[Enter ROZZARIO.]

Roz. Matilda stirring already? Go send Stephano to me.

Matilda. Nor ever heeded what any body said to me.—

Roz. Matilda! dost thou hear me?

Matilda. No, nor looked at any one else while he was by—

Roz. Matilda!

Matilda. Oh he was a sweet young man!

Roz. Matilda, I say!

Matilda. I beg a thousand pardons, my lord, but I am so full of business that I can attend to nothing—up to my elbows in work, and not a soul to help me. Your noble father, Count Gonzanga, the Duke di Casino, the Princess Lavenia, and half Venice, for aught I know, are coming to the Castle to-day! I haven't been in such a bustle since the death of your uncle, Count Ulrick. Ah! 'tis now nineteen years ago. We have had but a sorry melancholy time of it ever since.

Roz. And his son, my cousin Ferdinand.

Matilda. Oh dear! I haven't a moment to spare, or I could tell you how I cried and sobbed, ready to break my heart, when your father sent the pretty little cherub from the Castle to be brought up at Venice; where, alas! sweet infant, he died in a few weeks. Ah, well! we must all die sooner or later.

Roz. You forget yourself, Matilda; I thought you were in haste.

Matilda. Mercy on me, I am so hurried I can remember nothing.

Roz. But to talk. Go and bid my man find out Stephano, and send him to me instantly.

Matilda. I will, my lord. Oh dear! I'm tired to death already—I shall never live through the day! [*Exit.*

Roz. My father brings Lavenia here to-day,
The gay and beauteous daughter of a duke,
To be my bride. But no, that cannot be!
My love, my plighted faith, my honor pledg'd,

All, all forbid it! Lovely, beauteous flower!
Ethereal plant of heaven! that blooms so sweetly
On the bleak shady bank of penury,
I'll move thee thence into eternal sunshine,
No more to feel the chilling blasts of want.

[Enter STEPHANO.]

Roz. Thou much-lov'd partner of my joys and cares!
Not the white cliffs around his native land,
Which the returning exile's hope-cheer'd eye
In distant prospect greet, from the green waves
Dim rising as the vessel homeward glides,
Can conjure up in his enraptur'd soul
Emotions dear as those this bosom feels
At sight of thee. For since that night of triumph,
When on the plains of Zara thou didst fly
The Pagan tents, and join'd the Christian arms,
And me from foul assassination sav'd,
Thy merits in my breast have lighted up
Friendship's pure flame, that every day burns brighter.

Steph. It is, and will be aye a mutual warmth,
Since you with one so lowly can vouchsafe
The heart-consoling interchange of friendship.

Roz. The life you sav'd I swear is wholly thine.

Steph. Then by that life which Heav'n through me preserv'd,
By sacred friendship, by thy fame, I charge thee,
Tell me the cause of that mysterious sadness
Which has of late embitter'd all thy hours.
Ah! is it love? who with his golden shaft
Stabs keener than the iron knife of murder!

Roz. Since our arrival at this stately castle,
Some weeks ago, I chanc'd, in pensive mood,
Alone to wander westward of its tow'rs,
Through a sequester'd vale.
There, on a mossy bank with cowslips deck'd
That in a lake their painted image kiss'd,
I saw a nymph, whose beauty, though array'd
In humble garb, shone with celestial charms,
Like heav'n's bright sunbeams gilding a dark cloud.
A snow-white flock she tended, which by her side,
Beneath the verdant shade, on violets couch'd.
But, O ye Pow'rs! when from the willow boughs

Her lute she took, and to some plaintive air
Tun'd the sweet strings, the minstrels of the grove,
Who to the setting sun's mild drowsy eye
Their gaudy plumage spread, sat mute to listen.
The sleeping zephyrs woke to fan her bosom,
And wanton'd sportive with her golden tresses;
While Echo murmur'd at th' harmonious notes
She could not mimic with her utmost skill.
Steph. Humph! ha! I foresee what's coming.
Roz. Oh! her lovely fingers
The tuneful chords touch'd with so soft a cadence,
As evening winds breathe on th' Eolian harp
When swan-like on the strings they die in music.
Steph. Indeed, my lord, a very pretty story.
Roz. What though proud honor and disdainful fortune
Would bid me scorn that flowret of the wild—
Steph. Pray leave these high-flown metaphors and tropes,
And tell us in plain language what you mean.
Roz. To marry her, my friend.
Steph. 'Sdeath! are you mad?
What! you, in whom all Hungary triumphs! you,
The bulwark of your country, who so oft
The Sultan vanquish'd and the Prince restor'd
Of Transylvania to his father's throne,
Dread of the Turks, a second Scandeberg,
And of a race illustrious the sole heir,
In love with a poor cottage shepherd-girl!
Roz. Oh! my Stephano, couldst thou but behold her,
When seated pensive by her bleating flock,
Woodbine-embowered, and catch but one bright glance
Of her love-beaming eye; couldst taste her breath,
That like a balmy zephyr steals between
Two kindred rose-buds kissing on one bough;
Hear nature's accents dropping from her tongue,
In music sweeter than a seraph's lyre
Soothing a dying saint; thou too wouldst love,
But not like me, for I adore to madness!
Steph. By all my hopes, I do believe thee now.
Yet, ere it be too late, I do beseech thee
Think that the blood which proudly swells thy veins
Has flow'd through a long line of ancestry.
And would you then, my lord, in your own person,

Minion of victory and pride of conquest,
Confer these honors on a mean plebeian?

Roz. 'Tis well thou art my friend; and hast not seen her.

Steph. Well, but in serious mood, I do beseech thee,
This ludicrous romantic passion banish;
And cherish in thy breast a nobler flame.

Roz. Impossible! thou mightst as well attempt
With thy weak arm to grasp Jove's thunderbolt!
With thy impotent voice, stand on the beach
And bid the roaring tide, storm-lash'd, recede,
And sleep in quiet!—Oh, thou mightst as well
Think with thy breath to blow out night's bright lamp,
And leave its eastern worshippers in darkness!
Or with thy hand the fulgent star eclipse,
That blazes on the noontide brow of day,
As think to quench this bosom's deathless flame.

Steph. Foolery! lymphatic frenzy! worse than death!
Think how your father, whose ambitious soul
No wish can know but of extended power,
Would madden at the thought of—Hark!—those sounds
(*discharges of cannon at a distance.*)
Proclaim the Count Gonzanga drawing near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Castle Gardens.*

Enter ROSALINDA and SELIMA.

Ros. Ye spiteful stars that rule my destiny,
Where will your malice end?—Oh, fatal night!
In which the proud Gonzanga's arms o'erthrew
The good old Sultan! when at midnight watch
He fired our slumbering camp, and, steep'd in blood,
Enter'd the royal tents just as the din,
The frightful din of battle reach'd my ears,
And rous'd me from my couch to be his captive;
Sent hither by him to this hated castle,
And kept a prisoner here till he arrives—
(Oh how I dread that hour!) arrives from Venice—
For what intent?—oh horrid, horrid thought!
To lead me to the altar as his bride.

Seli. Oh, dear my lady, do not talk so! Ah, I wish we were but once more in sight of the domes of Constantinople.

Ros. Ay, any where, my faithful girl, but here.

Yet 'tis not for the eastern capital
Nor the Seraglio's sumptuous walls I sigh.
Oh, Belamour! when will thy bark arrive?
In vain I on Gonzanga's turrets watch,
No vessel comes to these unhappy towers.
Oh, I do fear the mischief-pregnant tempests
Have cast him shipwreck'd on some barbarous coast.

Seli. Dear lady, be of comfort: Belamour will, no doubt, be here before long; and look how pleasant the morning smiles on you, bidding you, as it were, to be cheerful. Oh! these gardens put me so much in mind of Constantinople!—

Ros. Ah what avails it me that I have leave
To range these cloister'd bow'rs and vocal groves?
The gaudy sun's proud beams cannot illume
The dungeon of my heart. The lark that sails
Upon the blue-rob'd vapor, the soft winds
That die in music on the listening ear,
And the deep chiming of the hoarse cascade,
No longer please, though once so dearly lov'd.

Seli. Oh that we were at Constantinople!

Ros. The growling storm that stalks along the shore,
In night's black mantle wrapt, suits well the gloom
Of my sad soul. Oft in the sweeping gale,
When voices more than mortal greet my ear,
Upon my cheek my father's spirit sighs,
And seems to whisper "Fear not, Rosalinda,
No tyrant e'er shall harm thee, for thy sire
Will be thy guardian angel." But oh! when
The forked lightning shoots a dismal gleam,
And to mine eyes some hapless bark reveals
Shipwreck'd, and sinking in the billowy deep;
I shriek with fear, and fancy that I see
Wash'd from the deck half swallow'd by the waves
My dear lov'd Belamour, that aid imploring
Which man cannot afford, and Heav'n denies.

Seli. Oh madam! I had nearly forgot to tell you that, walking last night with old Matilda, through the armoury, I saw the picture of Belamour; and he looked just as he did when he was brought a prisoner into our camp at Buda.

Ros. The picture of my Belamour, did'st say?

What! in this castle?—Oh impossible!

Seli. Indeed, my lady, 'tis as great a likeness as ever painter drew—He must have sat for it. It has his fine dark eyes and beautiful hair to a miracle! ay, and the very dimple of his chin.

Ros. Strange!

Seli. But old Matilda told me, in a kind of fearful whisper, it was one Count Ulrick's, who some years ago was lord of this castle.

Ros. Indeed! thy fancy sure assumes the painter's shades.

[Enter STEPHANO.]

Steph. Lady, I come a most unwelcome messenger:
The Count Gonzanga is return'd——

Ros. Return'd!
Oh Heav'ns!—Gonzanga, did'st thou say, return'd?
Stephano, thou hast with a brother's eye
Watch'd me from infancy: captives we were
Together in the Turkish court. Stephano,
Aid us this night from the castle to escape.

Steph. Lady, be calm, and hear me.
'Twas I who to the royal tent conducted
The proud Gonzanga when he made you prisoner;
That you might to your country and your friends
Through him be soon restor'd; not dreaming he
Would play the tyrant, and the pow'r abuse,
Which fortune that dire night on him bestow'd:
And I am he who will as truly place you
Beyond his power, as I have plac'd you in it.

Ros. Grant Heav'n you may. But you, Stephano,
Cannot be ignorant of my fond attachment
To the young christian hero Belamour!

Steph. Nor am I ignorant, lady, of his merits.
The valiant youth by the Janizaries ta'en
In a brave sally from the gates of Buda,
Was by the Sultan deem'd a noble prize.

Ros. Oh when I first beheld the gallant youth
Before the haughty Sultan dragg'd in chains,
I felt a more than usual pity seize
My trembling heart, and thought I could have given
My own life to have ransom'd his: but when
His noble magnanimity I saw,
That to his beauty added manly grace,

Heard how he brav'd the Sultan, saw him look
Defiance to his fury, as the eagle
High tow'ring eyes the storm that roars beneath her;
Love sprang from pity's tears, and to him won
My virgin heart: I vow'd to set him free,
Though at the risk of honor, fame, and life.

(*Florish of trumpets.*)

Steph. These sprightly notes proclaim the hero near.
Come, smooth your brow, and wear a face of joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A view of the Castle of Gonzanga; on the shores of the Adriatic Sea.—Splendid gondolas, with colors flying, &c. are discovered drawn up to the shore.*

Enter a procession of Soldiers, bearing banners and trophies from the gondolas—Enter from the castle, over the drawbridge, ROZZARIO leading ROSALINDA, followed by STEPHANO, WAROSA, attended by women, strewing flowers, &c.—Enter GONZANGA from the principal gondola, leading LAVENIA, followed by DUKE DI CASINO and train, Knights, Guards, &c.—Gonzanga presents the Princess to Rozzario, who receives her with a dejected, but respectful air, and resigns Rosalinda to his father.

Gonz. (*to Rosalinda.*) Thou fairest flow'r that decks my well-earn'd laurels!
Thou brightest trophy of victorious conquest
My sword e'er won on Hungary's bloody plains!
Why droops thy beauteous head in pensive sadness,
When I, thy lord, thy lover, to these tow'rs
Return'd triumphant, in the arms of joy
Delighted meet thee, and to the bridal shrine
Long to conduct thee, empress of my soul?
Why dost thou let a cloud of grief obscure
The sun-shine of thy fortunes, when from the face
Of all thy friends who throng thy presence, smiles
Of bright congratulation on thee beam?

Ros. On me your bounty has already laid
Too many obligations, noble Count.
But let me go hence, as I came, Gonzanga,
A poor, heart-broken, unprotected, orphan!

Gonz. My Rosalinda,—

Ros. Hear me, good my lord:
Act still the hero, still be nobly great
In mercy as in arms. Humanity
With double lustre gilds th' unfading laurel
That blooms upon the conqueror's awful brow.

Gonz. That night which crown'd the Christian arms with conquest
On Zara's plains, I waded to the knee
In Turkish blood; and with my sword hew'd out
A gore-mark'd passage through the Vizier's guards,
To where thou stood'st amid the war's harsh thunder,
Like the moon's partial beam gilding the side
Of a rough storm-heav'd billow.
This selfsame arm which through th' ensanguin'd field
So proudly bore thee o'er the prostrate necks
Of chiefs blood-stiffen'd and expiring warriors,
Shall to love's altar lead thee.

Ros. Ah forbear!—
Thou smil'st derisive—Hast thou never heard
What deeds of valor the weak arm of woman
In virtue's cause 'gainst tyrants has achiev'd?
How heroines have on the dagger's point
Bled nobly for their country and their honor?

Gonz. That sounds like spirit; and it charms me more
Than all the softness that the softest maid
Of thy soft sex could whisper in mine ear.
Thou art thyself again! and from thine eye
Flashes love's lightning! 'Twas with such a glance
Thou first, sweet maid, didst set my heart on fire,
When I thy hand reluctant
Seiz'd in the battle, as some drops of blood
Fell from my sword, crimsoning its lily whiteness.
Let the shrill trumpet, and the full-brac'd drum,
Proclaim my union and the brave Rozzario's
To these fair ladies: let my castle halls
Echo with songs and high festivity.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Interior of a Mill.*

GREGORY and GRIMALKIN.

Greg. And so you say, wife, that this mighty grand scheme, which has set your cunning brains agog, is to be the making of us all?

Grim. Certainly I do; for whenever I complot a scheme, you may take it for granted it is of no small impotence. I have now a scheme in my head, which, when (ripened by time) its mysteries come to light, will envelope you all in a mizmaze of glory. I intend to make our Maurice a gentleman.

Greg. How? Grimalkin, how?

Grim. How? why by marriage.

Greg. Pshaw! a young fellow is seldom the richer for marrying: what between scolding wives, squalling brats, extravagant nurses—

Grim. Hold your tongue, and don't talk nonsense to me.

Greg. I don't see how you can mend his condition by marriage.

Grim. No, I'll answer for it you don't; your purblind eyes can never see an inch beyond your nose in any notable concern; but mine, like two killingscopes, can explore regions of which you never had a glimpse. Oh you have a fine head for a polihetian.

Greg. Ah likely, likely. But who is it Maurice is to marry, Grimalkin?

Grim. I'll tell you. Now prepare for rapturation. 'Tis that most beautiful of girls, Balsora, talked of so much in the village yonder. She lives with old Theodore and his daughter, and tends their sheep in the vale of Istria.

Greg. *She* is it, Mistress Cunningpate? And so after brooding all this while, you have hatched this mighty fine scheme at last, have you? Never be broody again, old woman, as long as you live, if you can bring to light no better plan than to make Maurice a gentleman. Let all such schemes die in their shells, or, by the mass, they'll

fly off as soon as hatched, and leave you to cluck after them. She make Maurice a gentleman! he! he! he! why, oons, thou simpleton, she's as poor as a church-mouse. She, indeed, a good-for-nothing minx! that nobody can tell who or what she is. Why some folks believe she is a witch, or a spy: some think her a swindling gypsey, others a wizzard in petticoats, but—

Grim. Out on thy magpie tongue, thou stupid fool! O' my conscience, you talk just like what you are—a nizy, a noodle! Why every person that knows what is what, declares she is some great baron's daughter in disguise. Yes, yes, Gregory, she is certainly a runaway.

Greg. A fiddlestick's end! suppose she is; can she grind corn, carry grists to the village, lead horses to water, feed pigs and poultry, nurse bawling brats, and the devil knows what besides? No, no, rot my wheel-cogs, if Maurice marries such a wench as her, if I don't turn him out of doors a beggar.

Grim. Gadzooks! why 'twill be the making of us all, you nincompoop.

Greg. So you said before.

Grim. And so I say again; for when the baron, her father, comes to know that she is married, why—why—then 'twill be too late to storm about it, and so, without any more ado, he pays us a visit; I receive him in due form at the gate, he bows, I drop him one of my best curtsies, and with the air of a queen conduct him into our best parlour. He hints a few objections to the match, while I smooth him down as calm as our mill-pond, and strike him with astonishment at my parts. Then will I present before him his son-in-law; and when he sees what a handsome, clever, bright young man our Maurice is, my stars! he'll give us thousands, Gregory. You and I shall be translated into My Lord and my Lady; we'll turn the old mill into a mansion, keep servants and coaches, and live like the sons and daughters of a king. Then when the old baron dies, Maurice will become a magnifico, and perhaps, (as there's no knowing what will betide,) he may be elected doge, and live in a palace!

Greg. What a clapper my wife has got! I can never hear the clack o' the mill while the clack of her tongue is going.

Grim. Now what do you think of my new-hatched scheme?

Greg. Why, by the Virgin! if you rear it up to perfection as well as you have hatched it, I think 'twill do. But how do you intend to bring it about, Grimalkin, hey?

Grim. Why the boy must go and pay his redresses to Balsora, and——Oh here he comes; we'll send him directly.

[Enter MAURICE.

Maur. I have carried round all the grists, father, and ground two sacks of wheat this morning; but I was thinking all the time so much about that pretty maid who lives at old Theodore's cottage, that I forgot to take toll.

Greg. Oh, you dog, I shall be ruined!

Maur. Never mind, father, don't be obstroperous about it; I'll take double the next grist.

Grim. Tush, boy! don't make a fuss about a little corn when you have such weighty matters to attend to. You must immediately make love to that pretty shepherdess, Maurice.

Maur. Must I, mother? I'm glad of that; I should like her hugely well. I met her crossing the vale with her flock one evening, and got behind a large tree, to take a peep at her—I had half a mind to pop out and speak to her, but my heart went pit-a-pat at such a rate, that I verily thought I was going to die.

Grim. Your fortune is made, Maurice, if you can win her heart. But you mustn't stand shilly-shally about it, nor look sheepish and shamefaced when you go to see her.

Maur. Don't you fright yourself about that, mother. Dang my buttons, if I was ever shamefaced in my life, except once at harvest-home, when the reapers told me to kiss Farmer Crop's daughter for saying I was a fine lad.

Grim. And so thou art, as ever sun shone on. I don't wonder that all the maidens in the village are dying for thee—Oh! thou hast thy mother's bewitching eye and rosy lip to a tittle.

Maur. Yes, I know I am prettyish, but not a bit more like you, mother, than Gonzanga's courser is like our old mare Dobbin. But what am I to say first to the shepherdess, mother?

Grim. Say, child! Why, in the first place, tell her on

your knees, throwing yourself into a graceless attitude, that you love her better—than—

Maur. Aye, better than I do roast ducks and plum-pudding.

Greg. Love her! aye, and chuck her under the chin, kiss her, hug her, and call her my honey, my duck, my cowslip, and a hundred such pretty names as I called thy mother formerly, when she was a bonny young maiden.

Grim. Young, indeed! I am sure if you had the smallest spark of gallivantry left, you would still with rapture compliment these unfading charms. But you are worse than a Calmuck Tartar, unworthy the notice of a woman of my superior understanding and beauty. But come, Maurice, 'tis high time you paid a visit to the beautiful shepherdess. Your father and I will attend to the business of the mill while you are absent. Come, old noodle.

Maur. I'll be off in a twinkling. But hadn't I better array myself in my fine holiday suit before I go?

Grim. Certainly, child; and on this occasion you shall wear your father's wedding double-buttoned jerkin of sky-blue stuff, his crimson hose, white hat and black feather, with your own saffron-colored doublet.

Maur. O the virgin! I think she can't refuse me then.

Grim. Refuse, indeed! nonsense—impossible she can resist that enchanting face, or coldly turn from that killing eye of Medusa, that bewitching smile which sits in the arch corner of these sweet lips—Oh the exact copy of me, softened into the masculine ginger.

[*Exeunt Grimalkin and Gregory.*

Maur. Oh lud! if I can but get her in the mind to have me, what a rantipole merry-making we'll have at the mill.

SONG.

Oh! I'm all of a twitter to fly,
  And tell her I'm neck-deep in love;
To hug her, and kiss her, and sigh,
  My cowslip, my honey, my dove!

I'll tell her I've a nice dappled cow,
  A fine filly, and two sacks of wheat,
Will make her as fat as a sow,
  And deck her in ribbands most neat.

Then oh! when we the nuptial knot tie,
What a clever spruce bridegroom I'll be.
Oh! how I will hug her, and sigh,
My love! as she sits on my knee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Romantic Vale. On one side a grotesque cottage in a grove, on the other a bower and waterfall. In the back ground groves and mountains, between which the towers of the Castle of Gonzanga are remotely seen, and beyond them the sea, which terminates the view.*

Enter BALSORA, *from the Cottage, with a lute.*

Bal. Hail to the morn that paints my path with flow'rs!
Hail to each tuneful bird that warbles nigh!
Welcome, thou humble vale, my safe retreat,
Where, still unknown, I teach my plaintive lute
In dulcet strains to echo to my heart.

[Enter MAURICE, *dressed.*]

Maur. My stars! what a sweet voice! Oh the mass! but I think she is an angel, or one of the virgin saints come again. I'll go and tell her I am come—I—hem!—Let me see—hem!—I—I—rot the old meal-bags, if I know what to say to her now—I—hem!—I—egad, I wish mother was here, to speak about it first a little. How d'ye do, madam? (*at a distance, and not venturing to look at her*) Oh dear, dear! how my heart thumps and bumps, just as if 'twould gallop through my ribs! She looks blessed smiling on me. Well, she can't eat me, if she won't have me—I'll take courage, and tell her my business—Softly—I must fall on my marrow-bones—there! (*falling on his knees*). Now for a graceless latitude. Beautiful madam! (*throwing himself into a ridiculous posture*) I am come to—to—Perhaps you don't know what I am come for?

Bal. No, sir. Heavens! what a figure!

Maur. Why then—but don't you please to be angry about it—you must know—you must know—

Bal. Well, sir?

Maur. It sticks in my throat.

Bal. Sir?

Maur. You must know then, that I do love you.

Bal. What can this mean?

Maur. Mean? why that father and mother have sent me here to court you to be my wife; that's the meaning on't. So if you be agreeable, I am very willing.

Bal. In sooth, thou art a most accomplished gallant!

Maur. That's just what mother says. Oh, there are twenty of our village maidens whose mouths water at me every time I ride by their doors on our Dobbin; and mother says they would jump out of their skins for joy if they could have me. But I'll have nobody but you, if you please.

Bal. Oh delightful! ha! ha! ha!

Maur. You must know, father, and mother, and I, live down at the mill yonder; and father has got plenty o' money by pinching the measure and heaping the toll-dish; so if you will be so pleased as to have me, we'll make up the bargain directly, and live all together at the mill, as happy as pigeons.

Bal. Indeed!

Maur. Oh you will be in a blessed plight at our house, for mother makes rare puddings and pies out of the village grists. Then on holidays we have always nice roasted fowls and boiled ham. Oh! you shall never want for any thing if you will be my wife.

Bal. You are wonderous good, Mr. Miller.

Maur. When I am not at home, mother will be noble company for you—such a tongue! Then the click-clack of the mill all day will be such pretty cheerful music when you are melancholy; and when the old cock crows us up in the morning, you'll have nothing to do but to feed the poultry and hogs, get breakfast, wait upon mother, darn my hose, patch my shirts, make my nightcaps, carry the grists round the village, milk the cows, and walk five miles to market with the eggs and butter.

Bal. Out on thee, man! thou hast no conscience.

Maur. Oh, but I'll buy you such gay, new-fangled necklaces, stomacher-knots, and scarlet ribbands, when we are married! Then on Sundays and holidays, how you and I shall strut to church in all our finery! How the maidens will swell with envy to see what a handsome figure I cut in these particolored cloaths; and the men with anger, to think what a pretty wife I have got! Oh,

we shall be the handsomest, finest, enviedest couple in all Morlachia.

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Maur. By my fackins! I feel so much courage, that I'll give her a kiss, however. (*offers to embrace her.*)

Bal. O the hideous oaf! leave me—begone I say.

Maur. (*endeavouring still to embrace her*) I wish we were married, my cowslip.

Bal. Audacious impudence! (*in the struggle Balsora drops a letter.*)

Maur. I must have one smack.

Bal. Then take that, clod-pated fool, (*slapping him on the face*) as a reward for thy presumption.

[*Exit into the cottage.*

Maur. Damn her! what does she mean by that, I wonder? If these be the tricks of your fine ladies, Old Nick may marry the whole bunch of them for me.

[Enter GRIMALKIN.]

Grim. Well, my darling boy, have you and the young lady made up the match? I couldn't stay at home any longer, I was so anxious to know how my scheme succeeded. Ah! you coaxing rogue! I warrant me you have been toying and smacking as fondly as if you had begun your honey-moon.

Maur. Yes, yes, she has smacked me with a vengeance. I tell you what, mother, you may have all the ladies yourself for me, I'll have Moll Brazen; she knows better manners than to serve me such a trick.

Grim. What trick?

Maur. Why after telling her what muckle good cheer she should have if she would marry me, and what gew-gaw finery I would buy for her, I told her I must have a smack at her pretty lips, that pouted like the head of a red cabbage. Wasn't that right, mother?

Grim. Certainly.

Maur. Well then, I no sooner tried to give her a hug and a buss, than she bid me begone about my business, called me a clod-hopping clown, gave me the devil of a slap on the face, and walked off as haughty as a queen of trumps.

Grim. Odd rot her! what does the wench mean by such airs, I wonder? Out on the vixen! where were her

eyes, to call such an accomplished genteel youth a clown, whose figure is sympathy itself? O the ignorant baggage! But I'll bring her a button-hole lower before I've done with her, I warrant me. What letter is this, Maurice?

Maur. One that Balsora dropped, I suppose, when she wheeled her majesty off.

Grim. Aye, aye, from some favorite lover, no doubt. I'll examine it anon. Here comes Theodore.

[Enter THEODORE.]

Theo. Good morning, Grimalkin.

Grim. Theodore, I am glad to see you. I want to have a little conversation with you. You must know, my son is violently in love with that strange beauty that lives at your cottage. Now you are not ignorant, Theodore, how deeply you are sunk in debt to us; but, however, if you will force Balsora—

Theo. Force her! to what?

Grim. To marry my son, or turn out of doors, you shall have all your old arrears immediately wiped off, and be for ever put out of the fear of being attested. Not that I think her a match equal to what my son might expect; but 'tis in pure pity to the dear boy's passion that I consent.

Theo. Silly woman! think not to tempt me to such an act of injustice, by meanly concealing the hook of cruelty beneath the alluring bait of false charity—I will not gorge it; nor will I expose that lovely flower, which shelters itself beneath my humble shade, to the chilling blasts of adversity, or suffer some brutish hand, unconscious of half its sweets, to rudely crop it.—I'll perish first.

Grim. A pestilence light on you for a fool, an ass, a brute!

Theo. Not brute enough to act the unfeeling tyrant.

Grim. Don't talk to me, you old, hard-hearted Hottentot! Remember, if you don't comply with what I have purposed, you shall perish, and that in a prison, be assured.

Theo. A prison! no matter, I am content.

Grim. Well then, be content to starve, die, and rot in a prison. I have renounced your doom, and none shall dare to provoke it. [*Exit.*

Maur. There's bliss in reversion for you, old codger. [*Exit.*

Theo. Good heavens! what abrupt barbarity. 'Tis true I am sunk deep in arrears to these unfeeling wretches. Oh adverse fortune! how hast thou sunk me! But shall I basely attempt to force the gentle Balsora into the arms of a rude, uncivilized clown! No, sweet fugitive! still she remains beneath my humble roof, that ever looks gayer when she smiles. Never, while she deigns to bless it, shall its doors be closed against her: never shall the tears of innocence draw down vengeance on my grey hairs, while this arm can lift itself to wipe them. [*Exit.*

[BALSORA *enters from the Cottage, and meets* ROZZARIO.]

Roz. Not the wild native, on the icy coast
Of dreary Zembla, leaves his darksome cave
To meet upon the snow-capt mountain's top
The long-desir'd return of Sol's warm beam,
Gilding the rude cold scene, with half the joy .
I fled yon tow'rs of state, my sweet Balsora,
To catch the lustre of thy sparkling eye,
Love's emanation! cheering my sad heart.

Bal. Sad, my dear lord! alas! dost thou know sadness?
I would be sad too, but in thy lov'd presence
Joy thrusts out grief, and all my soul is rapture.
Rapture not felt by Indian pilgrim, when
His weary feet the happy spot attain
That gives him sight where Ganges' sacred waves
Roll sparkling to the sun o'er golden sands,
Sole object of his toilsome pilgrimage.

[Enter GRIMALKIN.]

Grim. Ho! ho! madam prude! I have caught you, have I? Vastly well, I declare. By the Virgin! you don't mind being hugged and squeezed to death, meseems, in a lord's arms, though you couldn't suffer my son to give you an innocent kiss without giving yourself the airs of a duchess. So, madam! (*advancing.*)

Bal. Oh heavens! discovered! Instantly, my lord,
Retire, I do beseech you.

Roz. Ha! what demon
To this sequester'd dale led that curs'd witch?

Bal. Away, Rozzario, fly.

Roz. One fond adieu.

Grim. What, more squeezing and hugging? There! there's abomination! Gramercy! I am quite putrified with shame to behold such doings.

Bal. Adieu, my lord!

Roz. My life, my soul, adieu! [*Exit.*

Grim. (*looking after him*) Ah, 'tis too late to run now, you gormondizing wretch. A murrain light on you! All the ladies in the country aren't enough, I suppose, to satisfy your lordship, you must have shepherdesses too, must you? Not content with taking what grists you please, you must want the little handful of toll that I designed for my dear boy, monoperizing wretch! And as for you, impudent hussy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, to suffer a man of his rank to come within a yard's length of you. Why I wouldn't endure him, if he attempted to offer any violence to me.

Bal. Hear me, I entreat you.

Grim. Aye, aye, ruination is coming, I foresee plain enough.

Bal. Retract your invidious calumny.

Grim. I retract my words indeed! no, no. My son wasn't grand enough for your Royal Highness-ship! nothing less than a lord will suit your dignified Majesty. But I am resolved Gonzanga shall know it.

Bal. Alas! on my knees I entreat—if pity can persuade—

Grim. Pity, indeed! I shouldn't have thought of such a thing. Where was your pity to my tender boy? unfeeling baggage! You want an emperor, or his holiness, for a husband, I suppose. Depend on't, madam, you shall rue the hour when your pride led you to despise my son.

Bal. Stay, stay, relentless and obdurate woman!
Alas! she heeds me not, but flies the vale,
And angel Hope her golden pinions spreads
To follow her, and leave me to despair. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A magnificent Armoury in the Castle of Gonzanga; marble statues of victory arranged on each side, holding emblazoned shields and trophies of war, interspersed with suits of armour, Turkish banners, sabres, &c.: in the middle scene, a grand entrance, over which is placed a full-length portrait of Count Ulrick, holding an infant in his arms.*

Enter GONZANGA, WAROSA, and MATILDA.

Matilda. I hope, my lord, you approve the style in which I have fitted up the Castle for your august lordship's reception. 'Tis all done according to my orders, and work enough I have had of it ever since I was informed of your lordship's intended return Ah, 'tis now nearly eighteen years ago that you gave us poor old domestics the honor of your presence.

Gon. I do commend thy care, though not thy taste.

Mat. Now only cast your eyes, my lord, round this magnificent armoury. It must do your heart good to see how bright I have made the old rusty helmets and spears: why the shields and dagger handles glitter like the best warming-pan in the kitchen. The shot-holes in the flags are all nicely darned and patched; and that sword, hanging up yonder, with which the noble Count Ulrick always fought, I scoured with my own hands as bright as the moon.

Gon Ha! with that very sword he sav'd my life
In battle twice.

Mat. And see, my lord, I have placed the portrait of your late brother, with his dear little infant in his arms, (bless his pretty eyes,) directly over the grand entrance to the saloon. Warosa wanted to burn it the other day, but I wouldn't suffer him to do it. I knew you were always too fond of your brother not to wish to see his picture again. My lord, how pretty the sweet innocent looks on his fond father! just as he did on you, my lord, when you sent him to Venice.

Gon. Garrulous old fool! out of my sight.

Mat. Holy St. Anthony! what's the matter now? Fool,

indeed! yes, forsooth, to take so much trouble without a thank for my pains. Fool, indeed! [*Exit.*

Gon. Warosa, while I've yet a moment's leisure,
Come near and tell me—oh! I dread to ask it—
Does he, whose portrait yonder blasts my sight,
Speak, does he still exist?

War. He does: and what's more, I think will never die, for he bears his age in that dungeon with a better grace than many who enjoy free liberty, and walk in sunshine.

Gon. How strange are thy decrees, O fate Supreme!
Thou lengthen'st out the hoary wretch's years,
Though want, grief, and despair tread on his heels.

War. I am grown quite weary of waiting on him so many years—obliged to carry him his food at midnight, when all the family are in bed.

Gon. Would he were dead.

War. I wish he was.

Gon. Aye, and in heaven, Warosa, hey?

War. Yes, where you sent, eighteen years ago, his—

Gon. Soft! name not the deed; 'tis buried in oblivion.
The tomb has cradled that detested brat,
Sent by capricious fortune to oppose
My passage to the up-hill seat of power.
Yet, while Count Ulrick lives—Oh, my Warosa!
Thou must become, ere long, in these dark scenes
A better actor. I have yet to try
Thy zeal and courage. Oh! there is an act
Thou couldst perform, and by the dread performance
Claim my soul's warmest gratitude.

War. What! would you have me dispatch him? I don't much like to have a hand in murder: I can do any thing but that.

Gon. Murder! I did not bid thee murder him.
When Brutus in th' imperial Cæsar's heart
Planted his fatal steel, the patriot deed
Stood to the world confess'd; in story shines
His fame immortal as the poet's lays!
But 'twas ambition nerv'd his arm to stab
A father; and strict justice must acknowledge
The crime was murder! worse, 'twas parricide!
And do we stand on danger's frightful brink,

Yet fear to strike him who would push us in?

War. Humph! I'll think on't.

Gon. Think on't! no, good Warosa, cool reflection
Comes soon enough when the dark deed is done.

War. Ah, but then 'twill never come alone, for after-thoughts are always sure to bring with them that troublesome rascal conscience, who worries one like a bull-dog!

Gon. 'Tis fear that rouses conscience from his slumbers,
Or he would sleep in murder's gory lap,
Like innocence upon a bed of roses.

War. To be sure nobody dares to say you are not the rightful heir to these estates.

Gon. So great's my power, so much I'm dreaded here,
None dares to breathe a whisper of suspicion.
Duke Casino, the noblest lord in Venice,
Has brought Lavenia here, his only child,
(For Adeline has not been heard of since
She fled the palace,) brought her here to be
Rozzario's beauteous bride. That's policy
Worthy e'en Machiavel himself. Ye gods!
Let me but gain that point—let me but see
My son conduct the Princess to the altar,
Hear him pronounc'd her husband, and the heir
To a rich dukedom, and my anxious heart
No more shall taste of sorrow, care or fear.

War. Why then Count Ulrick—

Gon. Softly! I see, crossing the portico,
His highness. Leave me now. Anon, Warosa,
We'll talk of that again. [*Exit Warosa.*

[Enter DUKE and Train.]

Behold the splendid trophies, noble Duke,
Rozzario's arms and mine have from the Turk
In Hungary and Transylvania gain'd.

Duke. Oh I should glory in the field once more
To meet him breast to breast! revenge would nerve
This arm, though old, with tenfold fury;
Revenge for my lov'd wife, who with her infant,
But newly born, follow'd me to the wars.

Gon. They were surpris'd when on their way to Buda,
And prisoners taken by a Turkish troop.
Your lady died of grief in Osman's camp.

Duke. My Adeline, too, I do fear, is lost

To me for ever! My messengers
Have all return'd, without the smallest clue
To her concealment.

[Enter PALANTRO.]

Palan. My lord Gonzanga, a person without, who calls himself a miller, begs to have admittance to your presence.

Gon. A miller dost thou say, Palantro?

Palan. Yes, my lord; and he says his mother has sent him to communicate something of importance to your lordship.

Gon. Indeed! Go bid him enter. [*Exit Palantro.*

Duke. Good my lord,
Were not those ensigns which with mournful air
Droop o'er your brother's sword-hack'd shield and helm,
As 'twere in pity of his hapless fate—

Gon. His hapless fate!

Duke. Were they not by him ta'en?
What ails my lord?

Gon. 'Twas fancy—something—nothing now, your highness;
A slight alarm, lest some disastrous tale
This uncouth messenger should bring to me.

(*Here* MAURICE *steals in behind, as afraid to enter.*)

Maur. (*after staring round the armoury, now starts at the sight of a complete suit of armour, hung against one of the pillars, and exclaims in a low trepid voice*) A skeleton! murder! murder!

Gon. (*starting in a fit of fury*) Ha! what infernal voice was that?

(*Turns furiously round, and discovers Maurice, who during his speech steals with a sheepish air down opposite him.*)

How now, fellow!
What is thy business here with me?

[*Exeunt Duke and train.*

Maur. Holy saints! how terribly his eyes do glare! And here is a grand place! I am so frightened, that, by my mother's blessing, I have forgot what she told me to say. How d'ye do, an' please your majesty?

Gon. Well, what important tale hast thou to tell me?

Maur. Pray don't look so grand and frightful, sir; if you do, I shan't recollect a word on't.

Gon. Who has sent thee hither?

Mau. Why mother, please your holiness; and 'twas she who sent me to—to court that pretty shepherdess, who—who lives down in the valley yonder, to be my wife; and so, please your majesty,—but don't you be angry about it, I attempted to—to—kiss her; when, if you'll believe me, she gave me such a dowse o'the chops as made my mouth water, and eyes too!

Gon. Babbler! answer me to the purpose.

[Enter GRIMALKIN *hastily.*]

Grim. I will deform you, good my lord, of the whole affair.

Maur. Saints be praised, that mother's come!

Gon. Hey-day! what, no ceremony, woman?

Grim. Believe me, my lord, I was in such haste to let your mightiness know the shameful tricks of your son, that I quite forgot my elegant manners.

Gon. My son!

Grim. Yes, my lord; and I think he should have a care how he meddles with shepherdesses.

Gon. What is it you mean?

Grim. Why the long and the short of the story is this: Rozzario, your son, is over head and ears in love with Balsora, the handsome shepherdess of the vale; and you may depend on't will convoy her off in a short time and marry her if—

Mau. (*falling on his knees with Grimalkin.*) Oh! please your holiness not to kill us this time, and we will never come again.

Grim. Mercy, mercy! only please to hear me: I assure you by my troth I came out of pure good-will to let you know the ruination coming on your highmightiness's family; though, to be sure, 'twas no business of mine, nor do I ever concern myself with other people's affairs, yet I couldn't help watching your son and his fair shepherdess sometimes in their evening rambles. There, my lord, is a letter, which will convince you in a moment that what I have said is true. We scorn reception, my lord.

Gon. It is Rozzario's own hand writing!

Maur. I wish I was but in our old mill again, up to the eyes in barley-meal—I see how 'twill be; we shall be

both murdered and hung up here against the wall for a couple of skeletons.

Gon. (*having read the letter.*) To honor lost, wretch! how hast thou abus'd
Thy credulous fond father, vile ingrate!
Your inauspicious tale, my honest friends,
I now perceive was from the lips of truth;
And for your kind fidelity to me,
Ye shall be well repaid. At this, my castle,
Long as it may please you, ye may both remain.

Grim. There!—there, my boy!

Maur. Bravo, mother!—Long life to your majesty! Huzza! we shall be nobility folks in good earnest now. By the mass! but I'll be as fine as the Pope at the jubilee.

Grim. And I, as the Queen of Sheba, when she first made her appearance before King Solomon.

[*Exeunt Grimalkin and Maurice.*

Gon. Within, there! (*Enter Servants.*)
Send the Lord Rozzario here.
Have I with kindred blood my hand distain'd,
Stabb'd my soul's peace, and from my pillow frighted
Sweet sleep, save when she comes dogg'd by the fiends
Of hell, making my dreams more horrible
Than e'en my waking thoughts!—
To have my glorious purpose thus defeated!

[Enter ROZZARIO.]

Roz. My good lord, would you aught with me?

Gon. False boy!
How canst thou stand with that audacious front
And calm composure in thy father's presence?

Roz. The purport of your speech I cannot guess;
It does amaze, my lord, but not alarm me.

Gon. I'm not to learn thou lov'st a cottage maid:
Hast e'en resolv'd to wed the reptile wench,
And quit for her thy country, friends, and honor!

Roz. Almighty Powers! and is my love betray'd?

Gon. Dost thou know that? (*giving the letter.*)

Roz. Curse on my spiteful stars!—

Gon. Canst thou deny?

Roz. Since 'tis in vain that passion to conceal,
That I do love, adore, a cottage maid,

Is true: but she is one that far outshines
In ev'ry female excellence and charm.

Gon. Hell! hell!—must I bear this! Dar'st thou avow
Thy passion, doating maniac, to my face
In terms like these? Oh! I will place the wretch
Upon the farmost shore of a dark stream,
So wide and boist'rous, should'st thou venture for her,
Death must alone be thy grim ferryman. (*aside.*)

Roz. Rather than lose her,
I would to the green earth's remotest verge
Be banish'd, e'en where nameless rivers flow,
And ever-wintry suns light unknown skies!
These scenes of pomp my soul will ne'er regret,
Though chang'd for the rude Indian's dunnest hut;
So that at eve, when from the savage chace
Return'd, she at the door with eyes of love
Meets my embrace, and to our rushy couch,
Sweet smiling like the new-born morning, leads me.

Gon. Romantic fool! think'st thou I will give up
Those favorite plans which I've so long pursu'd,
To make thee heir to titles and to dukedoms,
That thou a boyish passion mayst indulge?
Answer me truly, as thou hop'st at last
For Heaven's eternal joys, what I now question.
Say, is that life which first to thine gave being,
Which by thy godlike aid Heav'n did preserve
In battle on Bulgaria's sanguin'd plains,
Is it by thee, my only son, held sacred?

Ros. Bear witness for me, all ye pow'rs above!
Ye guardian saints who led our warriors on
To plant on Pagan tow'rs the blessed cross!
Bear witness to the sacred love that fills
This filial breast for th' author of my being,
For whom my heart its last life-drop would shed,
And to shield whom from every lurking ill,
No frightful form that danger's self can wear,
Shall e'er deter me!

Gon. Then prove that love;
And save thy wretched father from a deed,
That Nature shudders with affright to name.
For from the wild despairful suicide,

E'en pity tearless turns, and the sad wretch,
Who on himself the robbery of life
Dareful commits, sinks to th' unhallow'd grave,
Unwept and unlamented. And wilt thou
From such a deed of guilt thy father save?
Roz. My life, to save him from a crime so foul.
Gon. Then on this sword, swear by that dreadful oath,
Which to hear nam'd would freeze thy blood to ice,
And shake thee palsied with expressless horror,
By which I swore at the illumin'd shrine
Of our bless'd lady, on the eve before
I took the field against th' insulting Turk,
In full assembly of all Hungary's barons,
That I was clear of any accusation,
Which in my absence might be brought against me,
Concerning your late cousin's and uncle's deaths.
Roz. What ails my dearest father?—Speak, oh speak
Your dread commands, and I'll to th' height obey.
Gon. (*falls on his neck.*) Now, now then swear
Balsora to renounce—
Renounce for ever; and to wed Lavenia!
For by that oath, once more on bended knees
In solemn dread I swear, never the shame
Of such a base alliance to survive! (*Rozzario staggers back some paces and leans against a pillar speechless with horror. A pause.*)
Come my brave boy, and nobly from thy heart
Drive out a passion so inglorious.
Outvie in magnanimity of soul
All antecedent chiefs, as thou hast risen
In arms above them, like a peerless sun
In whose full blaze their starry fame is lost.
Arise from such low love; conquer thyself:
Oh 'tis a glorious struggle, boy! be victor!
And see, striding renown's bright rainbow,
How Honor like a smiling cherub eyes thee,
And to that bower of Paradise now points,
Where in the beauteous person of Lavenia
Sits rightful love, and hails thee to her arms.—
What! art thou silent, base, unfilial monster?—
Quit then my sight, thou bastard to my blood!
My resolution's fix'd!—Ingrate! remember

The oath, the dreadful oath has past my lips,
From which no priest on earth can e'er absolve. [*Exit.*

Roz. Where, God of mercy, shall I look for hope?
Yet Heav'n's just laws sanction not tyranny—
Paternal pow'r, when by injustice arm'd,
Threatens in vain.. No, my Balsora, no;
They shall not tear thee from these faithful arms—
And yet to be a parricide!—Oh Heav'n!
To steep my bridal bed in blood—Oh God!
A parent's blood!—Shield me, ye pow'rs, oh shield
My fainting soul from such a horrid thought,
Or desperation sure will turn my brain.
Why then to save him, I will lose myself!
To give him peace, will give myself despair.—
I'll yield her up: resign the beauteous maid
To happier arms, myself to hopeless woe.

[Enter BALSORA.]

Bal. Unkind Rozzario! canst thou, wilt thou leave me?

Roz. No: if I do, perdition on me fall.
Oh! who that looks on thy angelic face
Could living bear to lose thee?

Bal. I fear'd thy father might prevail on thee.

Roz. Oh! he hath sworn an oath so terrible,
That my soul sicken'd at it: swore, he'd not survive
The day that saw me wed a shepherdess:
Which for a moment stagger'd my firm purpose.

Bal. (*aside*) I'm glad on't; this will my Rozzario's love
Prove to the utmost; and I now will be,
Till I am his, the humble maid he thinks me.

Roz. Hark! I hear footsteps! Should my sire return
And find me here,—Quick! let me lead thee hence!
Of this assured, that let what will betide,
Mis'ry or bliss, we'll live and die together. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter GONZANGA.]

Gon. What! is the hot-brain'd lover fled!
If the young hotspur will espouse her,
Like furious Tarquin's throne-aspiring dame,
Who in her father's gore her chariot-wheels
Deep-dyed to grasp his crown, my disobedient
Shall o'er my bleeding corse self-butcher'd lead
His plebeian bride.
One victim must at love's red altar bleed—

Then her it shall be!—Yes, it must be so. (*going*)

[Enter WAROSA.]

War. My lord, there is one below, an old acquaintance, who has not seen you, he says, since you left the castle.

Gon. Who is't, Warosa?

War. Michael Aganski.

Gon. What, the bold captain of that fierce banditti,
Who in the forest-circled ruins liv'd
Of St. Augustine's abbey?

War. The same. They have been routed out therefrom once, but they all escaped except two, who were taken and hung at the entrance of the forest till the bold crew returned again and buried their bones. They are more than ever the terror of all the country.

Gon. Oh he could not have tim'd his visit better.
Send him up. [*Exit Warosa.*
This is the very fellow to my wish:
One who will make no conscience of the deed,
Be what it may, so he for the performance
Be well rewarded.

[Enter MICHAEL AGANSKI.]

Welcome, captain, welcome!

Mich. Thank you, noble count. Hearing of your lordship's arrival at the castle, I took the earliest opportunity of waiting on your lordship to congratulate you on your victories in Hungary, and to learn if your lordship had any commands in my way—any piques, jealousies, martial rivalships, private or public insults to settle. I and my little gallant troop are ready to assist you in whatever way you may need our services.

Gon. Thou could'st not, friend, have come more opportunely.
Thy courage and thy faithfulness I've tried,
Therefore I'll trust thee. Michael, dost thou know
A shepherd girl who lives not far from hence,
Much talk'd of for her beauty?

Mich. What, Balsora?

Gon. A toad that would into my bosom creep,
And poison all its joys—I'd have her die!

Mich. Certainly, my lord, whenever you will it, it shall be done.

Gon. Then take her to your haunt this very evening.

I charge thee be not prodigal of time:
Do it, and thy reward shall far exceed
The utmost limit of thy wishes.

Mich. I do not doubt your lordship.

Gon. At what time?

Mich. At vesper hour the bell of the monastery of St. Francis shall toll her funeral knell.

Gon. Why then to-morrow's rising sun—

Mich. Shall shine, victorious count, upon her grave.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Castle Gardens.*

LAVENIA *is discovered reading.*

Lav. 'Twas naught around but scenes of rural rest,
Sleep-soothing groves, and bow'rs with roses dress'd,
Green lawns with violets shower'd, where through the glade
The streamlet wand'ring cheer'd the myrtle shade.
Sweet Philomel there warbled all the day,
To fan her breast the zephyrs left their play;
While bleating flocks were softly heard to wail,
And shepherds piping in the flow'ry dale,
There carol'd sweet of love the blushing maid,
Till vesper's star-illum'd—

Heigho! (*shutting the book*) I may carol of love till doomsday before my sweet swain will come to ask me a simple question.—A pretty sort of a gallant my father has brought me here to marry: a hero turned shepherd!—ha! ha! ha! I hope he carefully tends the Arcadian flocks of his cottage Venus. I must confess I should like to take a peep at her sun-burnt charms, that dare to rival a princess.

[Enter GRIMALKIN *in a whimsical gaudy dress, viewing herself in a glass.*]

Grim. Oh St. Catherine, and all the saints to boot! my head is surely turned!—Why I was never so handsome in all my life. These robes have made me twenty years younger than I was when I came to the castle. Oh! if my old man could but see me now, he'd fall down and worship me.

Lav. Well, by my honor, it is quite provoking
To come so far for a husband, one so fam'd,
So talk'd of, so admir'd, that all the world
Envied the bliss which fortune had design'd me,
And to return a poor forsaken maid.

Grim. Ah, you have none of my spirit, madam.

Lav. I'll wed the first that offers if he's rich,
Let him be uglier in his shape and gait
Than thunder-forging Vulcan or his Cyclopes,
Decrepid with old age, a wither'd trunk,
With scarcely a hair left on his bald pate
To tremble in the wind, and let him have
But one eye in his head to see my faults,
And be as dire to look on as the Gorgon's,
Yet will I think him handsome as the youth
Who pin'd himself to death for his own shadow,
And be his faithful, loving, tender, spouse.

Grim. I do think this would be a better match for our Maurice than the shepherdess. Every body knows who and what this lady is—Why, as you say, madam, it must be very mortifying to come so far for nothing. Now I can recommend to your highness a husband that will suit you to a T! a smart, clever—and, by my fackins, here he comes

[Enter MAURICE *extravagantly dressed, and drunk.*]

There, madam, there's a husband for you! there's a figure, face, and air!—Maurice, come here, my dear—Bless me, what ails the boy? why dont you stand upright? You must know that this lady is a princess; the daughter of a duke; and Rozzario having refused her, she is resolved to marry the first man who makes her an offer. Now, my dear boy, offer thyself to her in marriage, and we are all made for ever. Oh! who could have thought my son would have married a princess!

Maur. I say, mother, won't she give me another dowse in the chops if I—

Grim. Fish! go along! (*pushing him towards Lavenia.*)

Maur. Do you want a husband, and please your princess-ship? mother says you do; and so if that be the case, you may have me to supply all your wants—I be a cruel fine gamesome lad in these robes, (*hickups*) see if I ben't.

Lav. And what would'st do to gain my love?

Maur. Oh, my lady, I know how to please you: let me alone for that—I am the boy for pleasing the maidens!

Grim. None like him in all the country, your highness.

Lav. Art thou of noble family, and rich?

Grim. Though I say it myself, madam, I can boast as good blood as any body. My grandfather was promoted to the rank of corporal in the army, and my father was drum-major at the siege of Belgrade!

Maur. And as for riches, my lady, why I have got a fine filly for you to ride on; she isn't above twenty years old, and though as blind as a beetle, knows all the roads in the neighbourhood as well as I do. Then I've got three pigs, two sacks of wheat, a cow, three tarriers, four cats, nine kittens, and—

Grim. (*stopping his mouth.*) Oh you fool!—Why he is as rich as a jew, madam, and his father can give him—

Maur. The old tumble-down mill, to set up for myself, but the cross Turk is so plaguy stingy—But never mind, we'll have a mill of our own, and I have got a fine pair of mill-stones to begin business with when we are married.

Lav. Ha! ha! ha! Positively you are such an all-accomplished youth that if I stay any longer I shall absolutely fall a victim to—love? no, laughter! Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Grim. There! as I live, she's gone!

Maur. Well, and there let her go, what care I? I wouldn't give a fig for a bushel of your ladies; when they are married, one half o'em are always a crim-coning it—Here's plenty o' maids without going out of doors for'em, plumper and rosier by half than your fine ladies.

Grim. Oh you drunken dunderhead! I shall never make any thing of you. [*Exit.*

Maur. What a paradise this castle is to live in! such eating and drinking! such dressing and strutting! (*reeling about the stage.*) no female heart can withstand me—But I had forgot, I'm a gentleman now without being plagued with a wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A thick Grove.—The sun is seen setting behind the trees.*

Enter BALSORA.

SONG.

Farewell, thou setting sun! to Indian climes
Thy chariot speeds; while their adieu
The woodland songsters hymn, thy last beam shines
In the tall grove,
Where wails the dove,
And where the proud cliff checks the view.

With sober step and dew-bespangled hair,
The dim-eyed Eve forsakes her cave,
Where morn and noon she sleeps, and winds repair
From Sol's bright ray,
With her to play,
Lull'd by the murmur of the gentle wave.

The shepherds and the damsels of the vale
Prepare this evening in this cloister'd grove
A rustic fete, in honor of the victories
Rozzario's arms achiev'd in Transylvania.
He promis'd to be here ere they began—
Hark! they are coming! Oh where does he tarry?

[*Rural music: enter a train of village girls scattering flowers; then a procession of shepherds bearing Rozzario, dressed as a shepherd, in a car, covered with laurels and hung with festoons; others playing on flutes, &c.*]

CHORUS.

Sweetly sound the mellow flute,
Shepherds sing our hero's praise,
Virgins strike the warbling lute,
And crown him with immortal bays.

[*The girls and shepherds join in a general dance: the bell of the monastery of St. Francis tolls, and the action of the scene suddenly ceases:* MICHAEL AGANSKI *and several robbers enter: the girls shriek and run off with the shepherds: Michael motions to the robbers, who seize Balsora; Rozzario rushes forward to rescue her, but is prevented by Michael and two of the robbers, who struggle with him.*]

Mich. (*to the robbers who hold Balsora.*) Away with her instantly! you know your orders.

[*Balsora is borne off by the robbers.*

Roz. Villains! unhand me!

Mich. (*In the struggle, as Michael is about to stab him,*

he tears open part of his disguise and discovers the star, ribbon, &c. on his breast.) Ha! 'tis Rozzario, as I live! —Renauldo, Godolph, follow me instantly. (*to Rozzario.*) Go tell thy father he may now sleep in quiet.

[*Exeunt Michael and robbers.*

Roz. What can this mean?—A light breaks in upon me. This is my father's work.—

[Enter WAROZA and Guards.]

Oh, ten thousand welcomes!
My worthy fellows, Heav'n has heard my prayers
Ere they could scarce be breath'd and sent you hither
To rescue heav'nly virtue in distress.

War. Our business, my lord, at present is not knight-errantry, but to obey your father's orders, who suspecting you were in the neighbourhood, sent us to take you to the castle.

Roz. I am your lord, and if you value life,
Obey my orders!

War. (*to the guards.*) Hearken not to a word he says, he is as mad as a Bedlamite. Bear him to the castle, as Gonzanga commanded.

Roz. Oh for the strength of Hercules!
Off, villains!—fiends, forbear!

[*Rozzario struggles with the guards who force him off.*

SCENE III. *Another Grove opening on the sea. The scene gradually darkens to the close.*

Enter BELAMOUR and BEN.

Ben. Run me foul of a rock in a storm! if I think we shall ever fall in with this old hulk of a castle which your honor is in chace of.

Bel. We cannot surely be far from it now.

Ben. Shiver my timbers! if we can but once come up with her, we'll blow her to the devil. Our gallant admiral has promised to lay his squadron alongside her walls, and by my grannum's squint eye, a few broadsides from our fleet will soon tumble the old towers on the heads of the lubberly crew.

Bel. I trust, my brave fellow, we soon shall reach the palace of Gonzanga. Soon as he left the wars in Hungary and Transylvania, he retired with my Rosalinda to the shores of the Adriatic; I followed him to Venice, where

I became the friend of your brave admiral, whose fleet was lying in the gulph. I imparted to him my design of surprising the castle and carrying off the lady Rosalinda; he promised to aid my enterprize with his fleet, and to that end,—

Ben. Is now cruising off the coast yonder, and will be as good as his word. An English sailor will never desert his friend, like half your lubberly fair-weather sparks, when he most wants his assistance. Don't your honor think we are a set o' brave hearty fellows? Oh, by old Davy's locker, we love to kiss the pretty girls, to empty the flowing can, and drink the jovial toast, to tip the joke that launches the jolly laugh from the bottom of the heart, and sing and smoke away all care, then put to sea again to drub the rascally Frenchmen:—Oh they love to show their backs to the muzzle of an English cannon, that spits fire and smoke like old Etna!

Bel. I've heard thy nation is the dread of all her foes.

Ben. And envy too, your honor, by reason she's not to be matched or conquered: with such brave, gallant armies on shore, and so many burning mountains floating round her at sea, ready to singe the fingers of those who would be after overhauling her lockers.

Bel. A British sailor is the friend of liberty and the glory of his country: when, noble Ben, she sinks, down goes the liberty of Europe with her; and where is the hero who to the bottom of oppression's dangerous sea will bravely dive and bring the drowned goddess up again!

Ben. Blood and thunder! she never will sink, your honor! Let it blow a hurricane, Britannia spreads her canvas to the same tempest that would shipwreck half her enemies. Part my cable in a storm, if I don't fight for her as long as she wants my service, though I should have only a timber to stand on.

Bel. My gallant Briton, I trust your country, should you return to it, will reward your valor.

Ben. Return to it, your honor! if—(*storm heard at a distance.*) Yeo ho! your honor, we must heave a head, for I foresee foul weather coming, we shall have a thunder-storm presently—oddsfish! and wet jackets too if we dont bear a hand.

Bel. Come let us forward then through yonder forest;

perchance some friendly woodman may direct our steps, or his hut afford us an hospitable shelter from the threatening tempests of approaching night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A wild Forest.—The stage quite dark: A tempest with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Two ROBBERS, dragging BALSORA, who appears in a swoon.

1 *Rob.* I'll carry her no further.

2 *Rob.* I don't half like this job—and such a dreadful night too! every thunder-clap seems to bawl in our ears, "'Tis a villainous act!"

1 *Rob.* Pshaw! never talk of honor again, and stick at obeying our brave captain's orders.

2 *Rob.* True, I had forgot that:—come then to business. (*drawing his poinard.*)

1 *Rob.* Stay; we'll tie her to this tree, and fire at her by the glimpses of the lightning. I'll bet you, comrade, what you like, that I hit her at ten paces the first shot.

2 *Rob.* Done! for my share of the next night's booty.

1 *Rob.* Agreed.

Bal. (*reviving and falling on her knees.*) Oh! mercy, mercy!
Spare, oh spare my life!

1 *Rob.* Thy prayers are vain—Our captain commanded us to dispatch thee in this forest; and we never dispute his orders.

Bal. Oh say, what have I done, or whom offended,
That I should merit death at your fell hands?

1 *Rob.* That's not our business: when we are set to work, we never concern ourselves about the cause; reward is all we have to look to. (*Thunder.*)

Bal. Oh! think on the reward which at the seat
Of Heav'n's almighty justice is dispens'd
To the relentless murderer! Hear ye not
His voice, who made the world and all its creatures,
Encompassing the lowliest worm with safety?
Mark how in dreadful thunder it forbids
Th' inhuman deed! while every vivid flash
That to mine eyes your forms terrific show,
Reminds you of that awful vengeance which
Pursues at last the blood-stain'd guilty soul!

1 *Rob.* Comrade, listen not to her, but help me to bind her fast—Here, hold her hands.

Bal. Oh spare me, spare me: mercy, God of Heav'n!

(*They fasten her to a tree in the centre of the stage, she appears nearly fainting.*)

[Enter GONZANGA and MICHAEL AGANSKI *through the trees from the top of the stage. Thunder.*]

Mich. What! still alive? Come, come, dispatch!—This way, my lord, and you may now witness the execution of your orders.

Gon. My son has from the guards escap'd,
And much I fear'd he might prevent the deed
And rescue her. Now let him come, he'll come too late.

Bal Ha! another voice!—
Help, stranger, help! for mercy's sake!

1 *Rob.* Now, comrade, remember ten paces is the bet.

(*The robbers draw their pistols, retreat on each side, make ready and present: Gonzanga is on the side of the 1st robber, Michael on that of the 2nd: Balsora shrieks violently; and at the moment the robbers present their pistols, Ben enters hastily on the 1st robber's side: a vivid flash of lightning at the same time discovers to him the situation of the characters on the stage, he instantly seizes the pistol of the robber next him and shoots him dead. rapid flashes of lightning: 2d robber fires at Ben, but misses his aim. Ben instantly springs forward and fells him to the ground with his club: Gonzanga and Michael draw their daggers and advance towards Ben, on each side of him; the lightning now discovers to him his situation, he rushes on Michael with whom he grapples; as Gonzanga is about to stab him behind, Belamour enters from the top of the stage and advances between Gonzanga and Ben; a violent flash of lightning that illumines the whole scene, discovers to Gonzanga the figure and face of Belamour, his dagger drops from his loosened grasp, and uttering a cry of horror, he rushes off, followed by Michael. Rozzario enters, flies to Balsora and releases her; they embrace: Balsora leads Rozzario to Ben, whose hands they press to their lips in transport, then kneel and return thanks to Heaven. The whole passes in a rapid and mysterious manner. The characters form a picture as the scene closes them in.*)

SCENE V. *The inside of Theodore's Cottage.*

Enter CELISA. (*The storm continues.*)

Cel. Balsora nor my father yet returned! Two tedious hours have past since he went in search of her, and still the tempest rages fearfully! Oh, if any ill should betide either, I'm sure my heart will break. (*the rain is heard to beat against the casement.*) Hark! I hear a footstep!—no—'tis only the patter of the furious storm. (*knocking at the door.*) The Virgin be praised! that is my father's knock.

[Enter THEODORE followed by BELAMOUR and BEN.]

Thrice welcome, my dearest father!—But where is Balsora? Oh tell me, has any ill befallen her?

Theo. Thanks to Heaven and these valiant men! she's well: enquire no further—anon, my child, I will tell thee all.

Cel. Oh, my father, how damp you are!

Theo. Yes, yes, we are drenched to the skin, but never mind—In the next room where the crackling fagot blazes, a flask of Tockay will soon restore our spirits—Come, gallant friends, and partake of the homely repast my little humble mansion affords; never was its wicket shut against the houseless and distressed: doubly welcome are ye, brave men, whose professional hardships alone entitle you to the rights of hospitality.

Ben. Well said: you have a true English heart in a foreign hulk! Now safely moored in your snug little cabin from the squally tempest, we'll quaff success to the poor sailor who weathers out the stormy night at the helm, nor forget the brave soldier to his firelock braced, who guards with steady step his sleeping messmate's tent.

[*Exeunt Theodore, Belamour, and Celisa.*

Manet Ben. SONG.

Now lightnings flash and thunders roar,
High beat the waves on yonder shore,
While the bold tar smiles at the gales
That whistle through his tatter'd sails;
Such was the eve when from the arms
Of Sall I rush'd to war's alarms,
Kiss'd from her cheek the falling tear,
And then embark'd without a fear.

Pale on the beach amid the storm,
Stood tearful Sall's dejected form;

The storm was calm'd, we anchor weigh'd,
And I was borne from the lov'd maid.
Her hand she wav'd, the wind blew fair,
And swell'd our sails proud France to dare,
Again I sigh'd, saw her no more,
And lost in distance Britain's shore. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A Hall in the Castle.—A large gothic window in the centre, which appears occasionally illumined by the lightning—The storm continues.*

Enter WAROSA, meeting GONZANGA, who rushes in as if pursued.

Gon. Distraction! still the infernal fiend pursues me!
Shield me! Oh save me from the horrid apparition!
(*Sinks into Warosa's arms.*)

War. Be calm, my lord:
What mean these wild alarms?

Gon. Vision of hell! I see thee still before me,
Mantled in the red lightning's forked flame!
Oh how he frown'd, Warosa, as my poniard
Was rais'd to end Balsora's damn'd deliverer!

War. Whom do you mean, my lord?

Gon. My brother's form it was; such as he look'd
When at the signal given by me, my bloodhounds
Seiz'd on him and convey'd him to that dungeon!—
I'll think no more on't, or I shall go mad!

War. Is that fair shepherdess brought to the castle?

Gon. No, no, she's sav'd—escap'd; but by the pow'rs
Of darkness, I will have her yet! I'll send
The robbers to her cottage ere the morn:
I'll not be fool'd by shadows and hobgoblins.

War. Better to let her live—

Gon. And tamely suffer my rebellious son
To marry her?—Fool! dolt!—never, no never
Shall she be made the young Rozzario's bride. (*Thunder*)
Blaze on, ye streamy flames of vivid glare!
And light my bark o'er that red sea of death,
Where to recede is sure perdition!
Demons of Homicide! on whose breath rides
The blasting mildew and foul pestilence,
Swell all my sails! let furies steer my helm!
Till I in safety reach that shore, where guilt

Triumphant laughs white-liver'd fear to scorn!
To make all sure, before the midnight clock
Shall strike the knell of this departing day,
Another victim on thy knife must bleed!

War. Whom mean you, Count?

Gon. Here, take this dagger.

War. For what purpose?

Gon. In Ulrick's——(*Furious thunder and lightning: Gonzanga starts, draws back the dagger and seems to hesitate: a pause.*)

I—no, I will not fear,
Nor longer be the fool of dastard conscience—
Sheath it to th' hilt in hated Ulrick's heart!

(*giving the dagger. Thunder.*)

Let the sulphureous lightnings to mankind
Display a dismal prototype of doomsday,
Shrouding in one vast sheeted blaze
The wide terraqueous globe! Let thunders crack
The vaulted arch of Heav'n, till earth convuls'd
Trembles to her foundations! till her steeples,
Her moss-grown tow'rs, and sumptuous palaces,
Tumble in ruins, and the falling rocks
Dash'd on the troubled ocean far outroar
The warring elements!—these move not me!
I'd have it so: it speaks me great, and lifts
My daring soul to acts which weaker minds
With horror chill, to enterprises full of fate,
That make nature herself turn pale with fear!—
Yes, I will onward stride with my design,
Whilst the red flamè-rob'd bolt of angry Jove
Precedes my steps and awes the frighted world!—
Thy cheek is blanch'd; fear trembles on thy lip;
And pity through thine eyes looks out in tears!—
What! from the pledge that will secure us both
Beyond the reach of danger shrink? What lack the courage
To steal life's grief-worn shred, its last sad remnant,
From a poor wretch whom thou so long hast robb'd
Of ev'ry gleam of joy to wear it out in?
Fool! driveller!—why to him the blade of death
Is mercy's sweetest boon—Give back the dagger!
And my own hand—

War. Suppose, my lord, you were to restore him once

more to liberty; and as he has no son, you must in time become possessor of his estates honorably, and so ease your conscience.

Gon. Forbear, forbear! what, coward! dost thou think
When the dup'd world believes his fleshless bones
In some dark cavern of the ocean sleep
Sea-weed entomb'd, that I as with the pow'r
Of magic, will his ghastly skeleton
Reanimate, give him once more to life,
And on his long-benighted eye-balls pour
The golden balm of Heav'n's reviving day-light?
Could I endure his woe-begotten plaints?
Endure to hear his feeble voice exclaim,
"Restore, thou cruel brother, to these arms,
My son; my only son by thee torn from me!"
Eternal racks! in such a frantic moment
I should my dagger bury in his heart!
Should curse his fleeting soul, and raving tell him,
I murder'd—(*Thunder.*) Yes, oh God! I murder'd
That lovely, much-wrong'd babe!——
Oh, my Warosa! not this sumptuous castle
With all its rich domains, not all the triumphs
My arms victorious o'er the Turk have gain'd,
Which oft in festive halls and sylvan bow'rs
The bards to list'ning nymphs and warriors sing,
As they the harp's soft chords in rapture sweep,
Nor all the homage which my vassals pay,
Can ease the pangs of this guilt-poison'd soul!

War. Then let Count Ulrick live.

Gon. Not three hours longer for an empire!
Soft squeamish fool! I have already barter'd
My everlasting peace for wealth and pow'r,
And shall I live another day in fear
To lose it all? to lose all fame and glory,
And on a public scaffold, midst the groans
And curses of that rabble who now tremble
To meet my slightest frown, make my last exit?
No, no; he dies ere midnight!—
Mark me! when in this castle's glittering halls
The splendid banquet waits my numerous guests,
As from the shrine of love I lead my bride,
Return that weapon with his life-stream reeking.

War. As soon will I return it reeking with my own, thou merciless devil. (*aside.*)

Gon. This is a night clad in the Stygian woof
Of hell, when witchcraft and her fierce-eyed hags
Ride on the whirlwind's lightning-plumed wing.
But love, at midnight, like a new-orb'd sun,
Shall rise to light me to my Rosalinda's arms,
And with his golden beams dispel the gloom,
That dismal gloom of jarring passions,
Which in my tempest-beaten bosom brood,
And lead me, ere the rose-lipp'd morn awakes,
To pleasure's seat, secure of peace and joy! [*Exit.*

War. Savage! monster! devil! this last design of thy vengeful cruelty has made a sincere repentant of me. Too long has thy power bound me a villain to thy interest. I'll break the bonds, and once more pray to Heaven for mercy. What if I murder Count Ulrick? The dread secret will then rest with me; and to seal up my mouth, fear will tell the monster it must be done with the cold impression of death. Awake, Ulrick! revive! live once more to hope! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A Room in Theodore's Cottage.*

THEODORE, BELAMOUR, BEN, and CELISA, *discovered at a frugal supper.*

Bel. Now then, my good old friend, I'll give you a toast. Here's sweet Rosalinda. (*drinks.*)

Ben. And here's my sweet Sal.

Theo. Here's the heroic deliverer of Balsora. Permit me, noble youth, ere you proceed to reconnoitre the castle, to entreat a narration of your history.

Bel. My generous host, it is not worthy your attention. I have been brought up in camps, and nursed in the rude lap of war. By my valor in the field against our Pagan foes, I obtained the favor and esteem of my commanders.

Theo. O gallant youth, say what illustrious ancestors claim the honor of calling thee son?

Bel. Alas! it is my misfortune to be ignorant of my birth, ignorant of what lineage I am descended; yet oft I fancy 'tis no vulgar blood that circles in these veins, and lifts my soul to deeds of bright renown; and since no earthly parent vouchsafes to own me, and to the bosom of

my lost family restore an orphan, I would aspire to be the founder of a truly noble one. A Venetian soldier, reared me up and trained my youth to arms, taught my infant lips to call him father; but when languishing with a mortal wound on his dying pillow, he confessed with deep remorse, that landing on these shores, in his passage to the battle of Lepanto, he and some of his comrades tore me from the arms of a peasant, regardless of his prayers and tears.

Theo. (*rising in an ecstasy of joy*) Propitious Powers! and have ye heard at last my hourly orisons, and restored once more to these transported arms the long lost, long despaired of, Ferdinand, the son of all my hopes, my noble boy! (*falling on his neck.*)

Bel. Mysterious Providence! art thou my father?

Theo. Unsleave thy arm, that I may kiss a mark, stamped there indelible by nature's finger.

Bel. Here, here behold it. Yes, now I know thou art indeed my father! Thy warm embrace, thy tears convince me—Oh, my father! (*embracing him.*) Nay, do not weep, since your Belamour lives, and is returned to crown the bright evening of your days with happiness and honor.

Theo. Thou art indeed. Long did I retain the languid hope thou mightest yet one day return, till worn out with time, it sunk a victim to despair. How oft the live-long day have I watched from my cottage door, with tearful eye, each traveller that passed this valley's road, in the anxious hope I might discover in some one's form my orphan boy. But no more indulgence to melancholy—these tears flow from the fountain of delight, my Ferdinand; with them grief cannot mingle now one bitter drop, since thou dost still survive, and I have found thee! But I must tell thee I am not so blest as to be thy father.

Bel. Indeed! Oh tell me then who are my parents.

Theo. Listen to my story. Wandering, (now some eighteen years ago,) through a silent vale, two leagues from the castle, overhung with embowering woods, between whose trembling leaves the moonbeam shot a faint and checquered light, I saw thee, a little cherub, smiling in the arms of a devil, whose uplifted poniard gleamed against thy throat. Urged by compassion, I rushed on the ruffian, wrenched from his gripe the murderous weapon, and

buried it to the hilt in his own heart. His last breath exclaimed, "thou hast saved me from a damning office, imposed on me by the tyrant Gonzanga—that babe—(pointing to thee, Ferdinand, as thou clungest, screaming with affright, around my neck)—is the only son of the deceased Count Ulrick, Gonzanga's brother, and heir to yonder castle and its rich demesnes;" then with a groan, closing his eyes in blood and dust, he expired.

Bel. Almighty Powers! then I'm Count Ulrick's son!

Theo. Thou art indeed. Struck with astonishment and horror, I plunged the cut-throat into a neighbouring stream, then bore thee home to my cottage, and cherished thee with paternal tenderness, hoping one day to see thee lord of the Castle of Gonzanga. But scarce twelve months had passed, when that furious soldier, impelled by wanton cruelty, (for other motive he had none,) and aided by his brutal comrades, tore thee from me, fled to the sea, and raised the swelling sails to catch the winds, that soon in triumph far beyond my sight wafted the opening bud of all my hopes.

Bel. You shall be my father still. (*embracing him.*) Tale of mystery and delight! My Rosalinda shall now, in her poor soldier of fortune, find the nobly-descended heir of the illustrious Count Ulrick. Ere midnight, we will surprise and enter the castle, when this good sword shall do me ample justice.

Theo. Ah! dost thou consider the power of Gonzanga, and the strength of his castle?

Bel. Fear not, my father; I have in a neighbouring wood a troop of trusty soldiers, and off the coast rides an English fleet, both ready to aid my enterprize. They are to be drawn up before the castle; and were the towers built of stuff impregnable to all beside, an English fleet would level them. But come, we must hence. Go you, my brave Briton, and bid my soldiers lie in ambush near the castle. I must again on board the fleet, to form our plans of attack, from thence, disguised, return to the castle, (for 'twere not fit in this attire that I should enter it,) to learn what is doing within its walls, and obtain an interview with my Rosalinda. An hour hence, meet me on the shore, a little west of the old Pharos, whose shadowy light by this time gleams on the rocks below.

Ben. I will, my lord. [*Exit Ben.*

Bel. Adieu, my father, for a while. When next we meet, I shall be lord of yon proud towers. [*Exit.*

Theo. Heaven's blessing and protection follow thee, brave youth! Now, Gonzaga, thy reign of tyranny draws to a final close. Soon will the far-sounding thunder of Britain blast thy laurels; soon from thy back tear off the ill-got robe of splendid power, and bare thee naked to the eye of public scorn!

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Castle Terrace. The Moon rising from the Sea.*

Enter ROSALINDA.

Ros. The storms are past, the winds retir'd to rest,
While its soft lullaby the halcyon sings,
On yonder gently-swelling billow's bosom,
Where now the venturous bark its white wings spreads.
And see, how on the magic mirror bright
Of the smooth sea the full moon calmly looks,
To view her radiant face reflected there.
But ah! with anxious eye in vain I watch
To hail the bark that hither wafts my lord.
Ah me! perhaps
The tempests have entomb'd him in the deep!
Methought but now his ghost roll'd on the tide,
Where round yon rock its blue waves loudly roar'd.
" Weep not for Belamour!" it seem'd to say,
" For he must never more to thee return."

[Enter LAVENIA.]

Lav. Oh my dear Lady Rosalinda, I am so glad to find you. Do you know, I have prevailed on your gay spark to have a grand masquerade before he squires you to the bridal altar. I have been studying this half hour in what character to appear; have determined at last on that of a shepherdess, with a garland and crook in my hand; then let me catch my runaway sylphid of the woods by the leg, what a delightful scene of raillery I'll have with him. (*the Castle windows appear gradually to be illuminated.*) Well,

I declare the Castle assumes a gayer aspect already than it has worn of late. The saloons of state are lighting up, and see how the torches blaze from the windows, shedding so bright a day around, that poor Signora Luna seems ready to hide her face in a cloud for envy.

Ros. Would I were disencumber'd from dull clay,
And sailing on the bosom of yon cloud,
Behind whose fleecy folds the winking moon
At bo-peep with her watery image plays.

Lav. Till within this half hour I have been absolutely dying with *ennui*, for this castle's sombre appearance made me fancy myself in one of the old enchanted palaces of romance, and the opening of a door threw me into hysterics. But what ails you, fair Lady of the Crescent? You look as if you were going to your grandmother's funeral, instead of your own wedding.

Ros. Alas! these scenes of gay luxurious riot
Can raise no glow of joy on my pale cheek.
Torn from the arms of my first love, a youth
Endow'd with every manly grace and virtue,
I now, ere two swift-passing hours are fled,
Must, they say, at the altar plight my faith,
To one whose touch to me is far more loathsome
Than the dire basilisk's death-giving kiss,
Or meet the dark tomb's welcomer embrace.

Lav. Perhaps your first lover, lady, was superior in power and riches to Gonzanga, some three-tailed bashaw or vizier.

Roz. He boasted, madam, nor of wealth nor power.
Brave youth, his sword was all his portion,
With which he through a thousand hostile ranks
Hew'd out a road to never-fading honor.

Lav. Oh, bless me! turn where I will, the extravagant and high-painted features of romance present themselves. One is dying for a girl that keeps sheep, because she happens to have a tolerable face; another for a man who wears a brave sword by his side. What folly to love a man for no other reason than his being a man. Love is the least substantial blessing on earth, and man's inconstancy gives it the wings of a swallow, for ever flying with the summer of prosperity. Oh! I should expire at the idea of running after it.

Ros. Love, virtuous love, in this sublunar state,
Is heav'n's best image, and its sweetest foretaste.

Lav. Charming rhodomontade, upon my word. But permit me to say, madam, that, in my humble opinion, your present lover is as preferable to your former one, as a diamond to a street pebble: not that I pretend to say he is perfect. To be sure, he has an eye that darts fire like a raging dog-star, under a scowling brow, as dark as a thunder-cloud, and a face not altogether of the softest cast; and then he strides along as if he thought the world with all its pigmy race too contemptible for his highness's great toe to tread on. Yet what of that? Can your pretty, smooth-faced deary cut you out with his sword a splendid equipage, blazing amid a thousand attendants, or a road to place, precedence, and power; pay your debts of honor, unless he cuts off the head of your creditor; or present you at court as the bride of a conqueror, at whose name all Hungary trembles; and make you mistress of a castle, equal to the residence of royalty itself?

Ros. Oh happier far would be to me the cottage,
If that my Belamour was its lov'd tenant;
For then the sunshine of unclouded peace
Would through its lattic'd casement ever smile.

Lav. O deliver me from such Gothic heroism! I should as soon be prevailed on to take a flying leap from the Leucadian rock, as to starve in a cottage with the handsomest beau that ever worshipped himself at a looking-glass.

[Enter GONZANGA.]

Gon. I come your humble messenger, fair ladies;
All things are ready for the masquerade.

Lav. Thanks, my good lord, I must fly *sans compliment* to get ready. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now, Rosalinda, let me lead you where
A thousand sparkling females swim around
In mazy circles, shining in thy absence
The radiant galaxies of this gay night.
Come then, thou beauty's sunbeam, come and reign
The peerless goddess of the glittering scene.

Ben. (*without*) Tow him along, my boys—this way—yeo ho! steady there.

[Enter BEN *from the sea-shore, followed by two other Sailors, carrying* BELAMOUR *as drowned.*]

Gon. Ha! who art thou that at an hour like this
Hast dared so boldly to intrude?

Ben. Can't your honor see who I am by the colors I carry? I am a British sailor, who fears neither wind nor tide, and always ready to give the enemy a peppering, and serve my friend in distress. Strolling along the shore just now, I saw his honor here, whose boat was capsized by a squall, flouncing about in the waves, and calling for help; I plunged in, swam forward, but before I could reach his bowsprit, down he pops like a plumb-line; I dived after like a salmon, caught him by the hair, brought him to land, and towed him in here, the first port I could make, in hopes a good dram and a little attention might bring him about again. Lay him down, my hearties, and call for some brandy—quick. I'm sure the gentleman won't be angry, if he has a bit of the same stuff in him that an Englishman's built of, but be happy to have it in his power to pump fresh life into any poor drowned fellow-sailor he meets with on the stormy ocean of life.

Gon. Hence, insolent! and babble to thine equals.
How dar'st thou thy unbidden face obtrude?

Ben. Intrude! damme if an Englishman was ever ashamed to show his face yet, in any quarter of the globe.

Gon. Audacious!

Ros. (*advancing towards Belamour*) Ill-fated youth!
Whoe'er thou art,
I pity thee. The eye of thy sad love
Will oft be dimm'd with sorrow's hopeless tear,
As on the beach in vain she waits to hail
Thy long wish'd-for return to her fond arms.

Ben. Why don't somebody bring him some grog?

(*Ben half raises Belamour from the ground. Rosalinda approaching him, throws off his hat, discovers his features, shrieks, and falls lifeless on him.*)

Gon. Slave! wretch! whom hast thou hither brought? what means
That piercing shriek? this horrid pause in life?
Revive, my Rosalinda! Help! within there!

[Enter SELIMA, *who raises* ROSALINDA.]

Reptile! I'll have thee burnt alive—impaled—

Ros. (*reviving*) Here, cruel tyrant, plant thy vengeful dagger
Deep in my breast; but spare, Oh! spare my Belamour.
Gon. Spare whom! Revive, or thou wilt drive me mad!
Ros. (*shrieking*) Ha! there he lies! so pale, so cold in death!
O hide me from the killing sight!
Gon. Distraction!
Why who lies there? Bear hence that drowned wretch,
And to the bottom of the ocean plunge him.

Ben. Avast there! you may be a first-rate three-decker in this country, for aught I know; but if any body dares to touch him till I am sure he's as dead as my grandmother in Holbeach church-yard, they shall taste what an Englishman's fist is made on.

Gon. Plagues blister on thy tongue!

Ben. Yes, and if I had you on board, a few round dozens at the gang-way would plague you with blisters on the back, but never thump humanity into your heart!

Gon. (*drawing his dagger*) Am I to be the sport of slaves!

Ben. Not at present; for, burn my shirt, if a free-born Briton will ever be a slave to foreign or home-bred power!

Ros. (*catching Gonzanga's arm*) Oh! hold, my lord, alas! for pity.

Bel. (*reviving*) Ye guardian Pow'rs above! where am I?

Ros. He lives! he breathes! he speaks! it was his voice!

Gon. Madness! whose voice?

Ros. O mercy, Heaven!
If Belamour beholds me, we are lost!
If I go hence, what will become of him?
Bel. And have I reach'd the heavenly shores of peace?
This the Elysium of the happy?
Ha! is my Rosalinda here before me,
And come the first of heav'n's cherubic train
Her Belamour to welcome? Bliss transporting!
Bless'd be the hour in which the waves entomb'd me.
Come, lovely spirit, to these out-stretch'd arms.

(*As Belamour rushes forward to embrace Rosalinda, Gonzanga comes between them to stab him: but the*

moment he catches the eye of Belamour, he starts, and staggers back, convulsed with horror and confusion.)

Gon. From thy dark gulf, O hell! what fiend has risen
To ape a second time my brother's form?
Oh! that blood-freezing face, eye, shape, and air,
Unnerve my arm, unman me quite!
The fear of the poor whining babe is now
To mine the vaunt and top of courage!

Ros. My lord, the noble youth has not recover'd
His perfect senses with returning life.
You are mistaken, sir; (*significantly to Belamour*) I'm not the lady
You take me for. Heav'n grant he comprehends me.
Come, let me lead thee hence into the castle,
And with some cordial draught restore thy reason.

Gon. He shall not hence! There's treason lurking near me!
What ho! my guards! my guards!

(*goes towards the Castle.*)

Ben. Oh, fire and smoke! in my haste to save your honor's life, I've towed you into an enemy's port, I see now. We are within gun-shot of that devil, your uncle; but I'll stand by you to the last drop in my veins.

Gon. What ho! a guard! quick, hither send a guard!

Bel. I see it too, brave man; but heed not me.
Speed for thy life on board the English fleet,
And bid your admiral hasten to my rescue.

Ben. We'll rescue you, and make black whiskers yonder shake in his shoes. [*Exit.*

[Enter GUARDS.]

Gon. Seize on that traitor instantly.

Ros. Oh heavens!

Gon. Now tell me, villain, who thou art.

Bel. Villain, proud man, I'm not; but well I know
That title thy demerits justly claim.
Frown on, bold tyrant, I defy thee,
E'en to the teeth! and though thy prisoner, now
Outdare thy proudest daring.

Gon. Fool! madman!
Thou canst not, vain bravado, me affright.

Bel. Soon, base assassin, will the fire-wing'd shaft

Of the long patient Heav'ns transfix thy soul
With dire astonishment and wild affright!
Soon shalt thou tremble 'neath that very arm,
Which long ago thou think'st to dust has crumbled!
Yes, man of blood! that arm which, once to thee
Lifted its little hand in supplication,
And begg'd in vain for mercy, ere the morn
Shall in loud thunder on thy helmet clash,
And cleave thee to the chine.

Gon. Furies seize on thee!
Hence with the miscreant, guards—load him with chains,
And drag him to the castle's deepest dungeon!

(*Belamour is dragged into the Castle by the Guards.*)

Ros. Oh! who will save thee now, my Belamour?
Ill fortune light on him who brought thee here!
Yet he preserv'd thy life—I will not curse him.

Gon. (*in a profound reverie*) And can it be?—the worm
I thought my heel
Had crush'd, grown to a hydra, full swell'd with venom.
I'll tread it out—scotch him to atoms!—
I'll not be gull'd a second time by fate.—
It cannot be—and yet it must be so—
His looks, his words, were daggers in my heart!
Why then has Heav'n inverted nature's laws,
And death given life to its own image!
No—if it be him—and he it must be—
The damned villain then was false, and spar'd him.

Ros. In mercy look, Gonzanga, on a wretch
Driven to the very brink of fell despair.
If ever thou didst know what 'tis to love,
Snatch me from madness, save my Belamour.

Gon. In one dire night my brother and my nephew
Both murder'd! and by him who should protect them!—
Horror not to be thought on!—how then done?
Yet done it must be—aye, and quickly too!
Come then, ambition, and thy fiends of darkness,
Possess my inmost soul,
Stop up my ears from pity's pleading voice,
Steep every sense and passion but revenge
In Lethe's wave, till the sad tragedy
Be ended, that remorse, like a spectator,
May not intrude to damn the death-chok'd scene,

And vengeance leave the act unfinish'd,
Ere the green curtain of the grave shuts out
All observation.

Ros. Wake from thought profound.
Plan not the death of Belamour, if thou
For mercy hopest from Heav'n at thy last hour.
Hear me! I do command thee, hear me.

Gon. Who talk'd of hearing? I can nothing hear
But dying groans smother'd in gushing blood!
Hark! who scream'd murder! Ha! off, sorceress, off!
Thou hast betray'd me, traitress! brought him here
To sink me deeper in damnation!
Come to the altar. Ha! what's here? blood! blood!

[Enter Attendants. GONZANGA *sinks into their arms, and is borne into the Castle.*]

Ros. His conscience makes him mad. Such ever be
The fearful pangs of tyrants. What brings thee here?

[Enter BEN.]

Ben. My feet, madam, that mistook their right course to steer just now, in my hurry to sheer out of gun-shot, and so brought me into the Castle, where I've been lost between decks till I lost all my breath, running up ladders, and down ladders, from stem to stern, and here I am arrived at the very port I sailed from. I was shy of asking my way, for fear of being seized by some of the enemy's cruizers.

Ros. Did not my Belamour send thee for aid?
Oh say, has it the pow'r to save him?

Ben. Power, my lady! Has old Neptune, when he's in a passion, any power to lash the rough sides of the rocks? or the sun to melt snow under the line? The aid he expects, and shall have, is no less than the aid of the English fleet. That aid under which half the globe are glad to moor for shelter from the sweeping tempests of oppression and slavery. Half a dozen broadsides, madam, will shiver these old towers to atoms.

Ros. Hark, I hear footsteps. Should it be Gonzanga,
Thy death is certain; and with thee must perish
Ev'ry remaining hope. I will conduct thee
Over the draw-bridge to the shore below.
Thou'lt not be noted now; for in the castle
Reigns naught but masquerade and revelry,

Come, follow me; and may thy country's genius,
Who still protects the brave, spread her bright shield,
That guards pale Europe's bosom, o'er our heads.

SCENE II. *A Room of State.*

Enter ROZZARIO, and BALSORA *in the habit of a Page.*

Roz. Why dost thou tremble, sweet? no robbers lurk
Within these castle walls to harm thee, love,
Nor will suspicion's prying eye discover,
Dazzled with glittering pageantry and pomp,
Thy sex beneath that page's gay attire.

Bal. I shudder at the past, and fear the future.
Like a poor sailor cast on some wild coast
Barbarian and unknown; by turns his heart
Joys at his safety as the wreck he views
Storm-mantled sinking in the surge, then droops
With gloomy presage of his luckless doom.

Roz. The storms are past, sweet love, and all to come
Shall be unclouded joy. Haste to thy chamber,
Where splendid robes await thy putting on,
Which I prepar'd for thee against our flight.
I promis'd my impatient sire to lead
Lavenia to the altar in an hour:
But clad in rich attire, and closely veil'd,
Thou art th' enchanting she I'll thither lead,
Deceive the priest, my father, and the duke,
And plight to thee my everlasting faith.

Bal. Ah! but the princess—

Roz. Do not fear thee, sweet.
By kind Stephanza's aid I've manag'd so
That she and her attendants are now prisoners
In the castle's unfrequented western tow'r;
Where, till the ceremony is perform'd,
And we embark'd for France, they shall remain.

Bal. Oh excellent!

Roz. Haste then, my lov'd Balsora.
Between the western moonlight-pointed rocks
A bark lies anchor'd to convey us hence;
Fortune unfurls the sails, quick, let us fly,
And leave grim lurching danger and mishap,
Panting in vain o' th' far-off beach to reach us.

Ye winds, be but propitious now, and waft us safe
To Gallia's sunny shores. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Dungeon beneath the Castle, with a lamp pendent from the roof, on one side a staircase.*

BELAMOUR *is discovered in chains.*

Bel. Not midnight yet? How tedious wears the night,
As if the tardy limping witch conspir'd
With hell and the usurper to protract
The hour of my deliverance.—
Ha! who's there? a friend or foe?

[Enter WAROSA, *down the staircase.*]

War. Behold this dagger!

Bel. I guess thy fatal purpose.
Yet ere thy coward hand presumes to strike
An unarm'd prisoner, shackled fast in irons,
Know, ruffian, that this castle and its lands
Are my inheritance by right of birth!
The blow thou aim'st at me, strikes at thy lord,
For I am noble Ulrick's son and heir.

War. Thy speech and features confirm the worst suspicions Gonzanga's fear surmised, when he bid me plunge this poniard in thy heart. But I detest him and his bloody purpose, and am come thy friend and deliverer. Yet, before I release thee from the tyrant's gripe, solemnly pledge thy honor thou wilt pardon the crimes of one who has so long been the guilty tool of tyranny; swear but that—

Bel. Whate'er thy crimes, since with repentant hand
Thou strick'st not at my life, I swear, by all
My hopes of happiness, my soul forgives thee.

War. Then learn to thy unutterable amazement, that thy unhappy father lives!

Bel. Eternal heav'ns! my father lives, say'st thou?
O lead me to him, let me once behold him.

War. Come follow me then to his dungeon, within whose gloomy portal no footstep but mine for eighteen years has entered.

Bel. Alas! my injured father! Quick bring me to his presence.

War. Be calm. I had resolved, ere your arrival, to reveal him this night publicly before the assembled nobles at the banquet; but at the marriage altar I will confound the

tyrant with his presence. Soft; ere we quit the prison, put on this mask and domino, that you may escape from the castle unobserved amid the midnight revel.

Bel. Now, tyrant, soon, and to thy woe, thou'lt learn
A deed of blood, long buried in the womb
Of dark oblivion, from its grave shall rise,
And blast the murderer; though he wears the mask
Of seeming virtue, till the hand of time
Silvers his locks, yet Heav'n's red arm shall strike,
And yield the monster up to justice!

SCENE IV. *The Inside of a Gothic Chapel, splendidly illuminated. On one side of the grand altar a magnificent tomb, decorated with trophies of war, &c. with this inscription,* "Sacred to the memory of the most noble and renowned, but unfortunate, Count Ulrick, who was drowned when bathing in the Adriatic Sea, June the 25th, 1582." *A figure in complete armour lying on the tomb. On the other side of the altar, a monument with an infant sleeping on it, and the following inscription on a tablet at its feet:* "Erected to the memory of Ferdinand, infant son and heir of Count Ulrick, who departed this life, a few months after his father, at Venice."

Enter a procession of Virgins, with garlands, &c.; then a train of Monks, in the habits of their different orders, with lighted tapers; in the centre the officiating Priest, with his mitre and robes on, followed by ORLANDO *and a band of Soldiers, with martial trophies, &c. Enter* ROZZARIO, *leading* BALSORA, *richly dressed, her face hid beneath a long flowing veil, followed by* GONZANGA, *the* DUKE, *and a number of Lords, Ladies, Knights, Attendants, Armorial bearers, &c. The Priest ascends the steps of the high altar, the organ playing, as the first part of the procession enters, soft and sacred music, then loud and warlike strains, which again change to a grand and full chorus.* ROZZARIO *and* BALSORA *advance to the steps of the altar, where they kneel, and the Priest joins their hands.*

Priest. I join in the holy bonds of matrimony the Lord Rozzario, Count of the holy Roman empire, and her August Highness the Princess Lavenia—

[Enter LAVENIA.]

Lav. Stay, ghostly father, till I come then, for I am the only lady to whom that name and title belong in this castle, and appeal to his Highness the Duke to identify me.

Roz. Confusion!

Duke. Thou art indeed my daughter, and I own no other.

Gon. Oh! racks and torments! curs'd perfidious boy!
Though at the altar now she claims protection,
By great revenge, my sword shall drink her blood!
For with her life such daring damn'd presumption
Can only be aton'd!

Roz. (*throwing himself between his father and Balsora, in an attitude to receive the blow*) Thou cruel Nero,
Now then strike! for ere thy life-bereaving blade
Shall shed one drop of that lov'd angel's blood,
Thou through this heart shalt carve its passage out,
And we'll together die! or bleeding love,
Meeting it there in every gushing vein,
Will rob it of its edge, and it shall reach
The sweet Balsora harmless.

Lav. There's heroism for you! there's love and chivalry! But hold, my lord, (*to Gonzanga*) don't be in such a passion. Let me take a peep at this goddess, who has descended from the skies to tend sheep, and wrested the heart of such a hero from a princess. (*She advances to Balsora, and throwing aside her veil, exclaims*) Eternal Powers! my sister Adeline!

Duke. What do I hear? what do mine eyes behold?
It is, it is indeed my Adeline!
Where hast thou been? why didst thou, silly girl,
E'er leave the shelter of thy father's arms?
Alas! I had forgot how cruelly
I've treated thee. Wilt thou forgive me, sweet?
Revive, look up, and if thou canst forget
Thy sire's barbarity, his pardon seal
Upon the grief-worn furrows of his cheek
With thy balm-breathing lips.

Roz. Oh, thou sweet dissembler!

Duke. Ah! it has cost thy father many a tear,
That ever he should force this lovely form,

Rear'd in a palace with the tenderest care,
To feel, unshelter'd, driven from home and friends,
The various changes of th' inclement skies.
I cannot bear to think on't, Adeline.

Bal. Oh think of it no more, my dearest father,
Be reckless of the past, enjoy the present,
And contemplate the future with delight.
Give your consent that I may wed Rozzario,
And all to come shall be unclouded sunshine.

Duke. Most readily, most heartily, my child.
What say you, sweet, (*to Lavenia*) wilt give him to thy sister?

Lav. Oh heaven forfend that I should thrust myself between them and connubial felicity, or mingle poison in their cup of bliss, because I am not to drink it. But let me tell you, my lord, (*to Rozzario*) it was not very polite of you to lock me and my attendants up in an old forlorn chamber of the western towers, while all the castle beside were making merry at your wedding. 'Twas well I found by a sliding pannel a secret passage hither when I did.

Roz. Your pardon, sweet Lavenia; but I read it
In your bright eyes.

Lav. Out on you for a flattering hypocrite!

Duke. Holy father,
We will the ceremony to proceed.

Gon. Hold! I forbid the marriage.

Duke. Ha!

Roz. My father!

Gon. This new-found daughter, this fam'd shepherdess,
Who, to avoid a marriage with a prince,
Exchang'd a palace for a wretched hut,
To tend the flocks of a poor bankrupt peasant,
Has prov'd to th' topmost test Rozzario's honor,
And I confess in sooth he merits her.
Yet with such cunning did the beauteous witch
Conceal her noble birth, that in my rage
I had well nigh distain'd my hand with blood,
And pull'd eternal ruin on our house;
Therefore I do decree,
Ye shall not be united—(*Rozzario kneels to his father, as about to supplicate*)—till I, your father,
Claiming precedence, to my charming captive,

The lady Rosalinda, am espous'd.

Ros. Then be it so, if 'tis your will, my father.

Gon. Go, brave Orlando, to her chamber, go,
And lead her hither instantly. [*Exit Orlando.*
I'll not foreslow my bliss another hour.

[Enter ROSALINDA, *with a bloody handkerchief, as mad, led by* ORLANDO, *and followed by* STEPHANZA.]

Ros. Yes, yes, come lead me to his greensward grave,
I'll strew it o'er with flow'rs of ev'ry hue;
There sit me down amid the moonlight dews,
And watch it till the star of morn turns pale,
With weeping for his hapless, cruel fate.

Gon. (*taking her hand*) What means my love?
To th' altar let me lead thee.

Ros. (*shrieking*) Ha! murderer, look!—behold his winding-sheet! (*showing the handkerchief.*)
See! see! 'tis wash'd in blood!
Dipp'd in the purple torrent that gush'd forth
From my pale murder'd Belamour's death-wound!
Dæmoniac pleasure sparkles in thine eye
As thou behold'st it. Aye, come gaze thy fil,
And, if thou canst, now glut thy savage soul
With kindred gore!

Gon. (*snatching the handkerchief*) Ha! by my hopes 'tis done!
It is the very scarf I gave Warosa,
To be the blood-mark'd signal of my rival's death.
Now my joy'd soul is unconfin'd by fear,
Elate and free as the light bounding air
That fans the sultry cheek of summer. (*aside.*)
Come to the altar; see, love's torch burns bright.
Anon thy senses to their pristine health
Shall be restor'd, and thou wilt cease to rave.

Ros. (*shrieking*) Off, homicide! thy hand's defil'd with blood!

Duke. Poor girl! poor girl!
Her wild eye speaks the language of despair;
But in its beams such magic sweetness mingles,
As raises in my heart a wond'rous int'rest.

Steph. (*coming forward*) My lord, I beg pardon, but as I have been a sort of guardian over the lady Rosalinda from her infancy, it behoves me to inform you, ere you

force her to take a marriage vow so repugnant to her feelings, that you have, my lord, to ask a father's leave for so doing.

Gon. Indeed! and pray to whom wouldst thou for leave refer me
To wed the captive of my conquering sword?

Steph. Why to the illustrious and most noble Duke di Casino, the dispenser of justice, the protector of the oppressed, her sovereign and her father.

Ros. Ha! my father! (*she rushes towards the Duke and faints in his arms.*)

Steph. Yes, fly to the sure protection of his arms, from the dark and perilous storm that so long has threatened thee, and take this picture, thy noble mother's bequest to me as thy passport. (*takes a miniature-picture from his bosom and presents it to the Duke.*)

Duke. Eternal Heavens! the picture which I gave
With my last kiss my princess at our parting!
And who art thou to whom in th' enemy's camp
Helen bequeath'd these sacred legacies?

Steph. Lothario, my good lord Duke, page to the Princess, who followed her in her train to the wars, and who was the only christian permitted to attend on her person in the camp: she made me swear never to reveal Rosalinda's birth till providence restored her to her country and friends, and the hour is arrived in which she most needed their protection. My charge I to a father's care resign: receive, my liege, from the poor Lothario, your long-lost, spotless, daughter!

Duke. Ten thousand blessings on thee for the gift.
Yes, yes, I feel, I see thou art my child;
My heart assures me, and thy face confirms it;
For in thee lives thy mother's beauteous image.

Ros. Frenzied and wild upon despair's dark verge
Trembling I stood amid the frightful tempest,
A lonely orphan; in mis'ry's darkest hour
A father's hand has snatch'd me from the brink,
And in his bosom hush'd my fearful sorrows.

Gon. Curse on the meddling slave's officious tongue!
I feel a kindred joy great as your own,
Your highness, at the wond'rous restoration
Of these your lovely daughters, and expect

The honor of receiving at the altar
My Rosalinda from her father's hand.

Duke. That cannot be, my lord.

Gon. Indeed! not be?
What ground for an objection has your highness?

Duke. My daughter's strong aversion is the ground.

Gon. A virgin folly, all caprice and whim
Of one not in her sober senses;
And are such fancies worthy to be pois'd
With those advantages which must result
From union twofold of our noble houses?

Duke. Yes, for I value more my offspring's happiness,
Than all the golden dreams ambition paints
When policy unites long sunder'd empires.
And I no more tyrannic force will use
To teach my children's lips to curse their father.

Gon. I swear then Rosalinda shall be mine,
In spite of all opposers, and till then,
You nor your daughters shall this castle quit!

Duke. Before this altar solemnly I swear,
My daughter, tyrant, never shall be thine!
Thou wilt not surely dare to make a prisoner—

Gon. Retract thy oath then.

Duke. Never, never!

Gon. Guards! seize on the Duke!

Duke. Tyrant, beware! or thou wilt on thy head
Pluck sure destruction down!

Gon. Guards! do your duty! seize the Duke Casino,
And part him from his daughter!

(*The guards seize the Duke, and Gonzanga drags Rosalinda towards the altar.*)

Ros (*shrieking.*) Ha! save me, oh my father!—ah, thou canst not!
Then Heav'n have mercy on me!

Bal. Oh Rozzario! protect my injur'd sister!

Roz. Hold! my father—

Duke Traitor! release her! yield her to my arms!
Thou art thyself a father, then respect
A doating father's feelings for his child.
Give back my daughter, and I pledge my honor
All past shall be forgotten, all forgiven

Gon. I never will resign her but with life.

Come, Priest, the sacred rites perform.
(*The figure in a hollow voice on the tomb.*) Forbear, forbear!

Gon. (*losing his hold of Rosalinda.*) Confusion! 'twas my brother's ghost-like voice!
My eyes befool me, or that statue moves
Which apes on yonder monument his form.
I'll stab him through his mail, though hell itself
The marble animates!
No hope remains for me!
Eternal curses on the double traitor!—
But curses are now fruitless—Villany
Will ever be outvillain'd, when it trusts
To aught but its own dagger's point, and fall
Upon the knife it wears self-murdered.

(*As Gonzanga rushes with drawn dagger distractedly towards the tomb, the figure in armour suddenly rises, his coat of mail falls off and discovers Count Ulrick, pale, emaciated, and loaded with chains: the females all shriek and cover their faces; at the same moment the castle bell tolls twelve, when a furious cannonading commences on the outside of the castle: Gonzanga drops his dagger and rushes franticly out of the chapel; all the characters appear lost in astonishment and terror as the scene closes them in.*)

THE END.

REMARKS ON GONZANGA.

In this drama the author appears to have contended against the force of his own genius. Out of some accidental respect for the outrageous productions of the German school, he seems to have resisted the natural flow of a rich poetical vein, and, with the possession of that discriminative power in the delineation of character, which is the true dramatic faculty, he has attempted, as it were in spite of himself, to produce a story full of improbabilities.

Gonzanga is, we understand, a juvenile essay. It certainly affords proofs of a free and vigorous fancy, sufficient to warrant us in saying, that if the author will repress his taste for the morbid violence of passion, and endeavour to regulate his compositions by the severer laws of the drama, he will not fail to produce some interesting and beautiful work.

In the plot, the reader will probably see a considerable resemblance to that of the Castle Spectre; and although the story may not be so well developed, it will not be denied that in poetical conception the serious parts of the dialogue are far superior to any thing in Mr. Lewis's play.

It is the opinion of the players, and the example of Shakspeare is always referred to in support of the notion, that tragedy should be interspersed with comic scenes, in order to relieve the mind of the audience; but we believe that no good critic has ever ventured to maintain this doctrine. We think it might as justly be affirmed that in a serious historical picture an artist should introduce ludicrous groupes. What would the public have said, had Mr. West done such a thing in the composition of Christ rejected by the Jews? That the mind in tragedy requires to be relieved from the impassioned incidents, by scenes of lighter sentiment, is indisputable, but a consistency of strain and key ought to be preserved throughout the whole composition.

The drama is an imitation of those actions by which men are brought into circumstances that excite the sympathy of others. A series of solemn transactions leading to a distressing result, is called a tragedy; and a similar concatenation of ludicrous causes, terminating to the satisfaction of all parties, is called a comedy. It is of no use now to ascertain the original etymology of the two names; the meaning of both is perfectly understood, and as they are understood we employ them here.

Every thing which tends to conceal from the dramatic reader or spectator the necessary sequence of the circumstances which constitute the series, is a blemish in the composition. The introduction, therefore, of an under-plot is not only contrary, in our opinion, to the fundamental principles of the drama, but even to the course of events in nature. Many various effects spring apparently from every cause, but there is a lineal succession of primary effects to which all the others are not only subordinate, but dependent. The law of primogeniture is a law of nature.

There is one universal principle, which applies to every department of the fine arts, and without attending to which, no beauty, in any kind of composition, can be produced. The effect of this principle is that fitness of parts, which affords satisfaction in the contemplation of the whole work. It differs from harmony in this respect, that the pleasure which it excites is dependent at once on recollection and expectation, while the pleasure of harmony is wholly dependent on the present sensation. In music, it is melody; in painting, arrangement; and in poetry, consistency. When the musician intends to inspire any particular mood, he combines in succession all musical sounds which, to the best of his judgment, appear calculated to call up those trains of thought, which are more or less common to mankind, according to their sensibility, during that mood, or state of mind, which he wishes to produce. In the Messiah, Handel has attempted to fill the minds of his audience with sentiments of religious devotion, and he has succeeded to a wonderful degree; but who would not have despised his taste, if he had marred the sublime pathos of that great composition by the introduction of any mirthful air; and shall we be told that it is a beauty in the tragical drama to meet with witty repartees among scenes of sorrow or of revenge?

Where the lesser effects of the action on which a tragedy is founded are brought forward, they should not be represented as differing in character from the main series, but should only be less forcibly expressed. As in nature, during the violence of a storm, when the shore is covered with the wrecks of vessels, and the beacons are thrown from their promontories, when churches are unroofed, and "castles topple on their wardens' heads," and when drowning men are seen in "the wild weltering waves," and the distracted widow finds the corpse of her husband cast upon the shore—as amidst all these terrific and impassioned circumstances we discover cattle and travellers sheltering under the lea of precipices, on the tops of which the trees are seen wrestling with the tempest—scenes of repose may be judiciously introduced in the tragical hurricane of the passions, but they ought to accord with the tenour of the subject. Shakspeare, who has so often unpardonably disregarded this rule, now and then affords some of the most magnificent examples of the effect which may be produced by attending to it. The ribaldry of the Porter, in the third scene of the second act of Macbeth, is a flagrant instance of his bad taste; but the dialogue between Rosse and the old man, in the next scene, is to as great a degree a beautiful specimen of the power of his genius. Both are intended as contrasts to the agitation excited by the incidents to which they succeed. When, therefore, the dramatist conceives it expedient to relax the interest of his piece, he ought to do it in conformity to the mood of his subject. He should recollect, that all sudden transitions indicate violence. The gleam of lightning produces alarm by being contrasted with the blackness from which it issues. The sunshine, which is not less bright, never appears instantaneously in the storm, but is always at first softened by the shower or modified by the vapor. It is thus that nature evinces a propriety in all things, which renders her practice the foundation of the precepts of art.

THE

GONDOLIER:

OR,

A NIGHT IN VENICE.

An Opera.

IN TWO ACTS.

"O Venegia, Venegia,
"Chi non ti conósce,
"Non ti pregia."

CHARACTERS.

Lord Forester.
The Marquis Verezzi.
Florindo, the Marquis's Son.
Pasquino, Servant to Lord Forester.
Le Bourru, Servant to the Countess.

The Countess Colombo.
Rosaura, the Countess's Daughter.
Corallina, Rosaura's Maid.

Gondoliers, Servants, &c.

Scene, Venice.

THE GONDOLIER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Palazzo, in the suburbs of Venice.—View of the Adriatic.—Evening.*

(*Distant chorus of Gondoliers.*)
Light on the tide our oars impress'd,
Break with soft curls its tranquil breast:
Light o'er the wave, through twilight grey,
Holds our fleet bark its sparkling way.
[ROSAURA and CORALLINA *appear in a balcony of the Palazzo.*]

Ros. Wild heaves my heart with hope and fear:
The sun has set: the hour is near.
(*The tolling of the vesper-bell is heard.*)
Hark! o'er the wave with solemn swell,
Floats the deep sound of the vesper-bell.

(*Chorus as the Gondoliers approach.*)
Light on the tide our oars impress'd,
Break with soft curls its tranquil breast:
Light o'er the wave, through twilight grey,
Holds our fleet bark its sparkling way.

Ros. and Cor. The dash of oars comes fast and strong,
Mix'd with the boatmen's plaintive song.

[LORD FORESTER *disguised as a gondolier;* PASQUINO *and the boat-men appear in the gondola.*]

Ld. F. and Pas. Swift through the tide the bark impel:
'Tis time, 'tis time—'tis the vesper-bell.

(*They land and approach the balcony.*)

Ld. F. See, lady, see, the gondolier,
True to the vesper-hour, is here.

Ros. Well-pleas'd I see the gondolier,
True to the vesper-hour, is here.

Ld. F. and Ros. Sweet is the wild-bird's warbled lay,
To him who toils at opening day:

Sweet is the silver-murmuring stream
To him who faints in noon-tide beam:
Sweeter to me the twilight knell,
The far-swung sound of the vesper-bell.

All. Hark! hark! hark! with solemn swell,
Floats o'er the wave the vesper-bell.

(*As Rosaura quits the balcony, she looks fearfully through the window.*)

Ld. F. I have not language, dear Rosaura, to express the gratitude I feel for this flattering anxiety.

Ros. Be not too precipitate, my lord, in your interpretation of its cause, for I may be quite as apprehensive on my own account as on yours.

Ld. F. Let this scheme of Pasquino's calm your apprehension: disguised to represent the statue of the gondolier who saved your late father's life, I shall elude detection. But is the Countess, your mother, from home?

Ros. No; I left her a few minutes since with the Count Florindo, who has this day arrived to enliven the Palazzo with his gaiety.

Ld. F. You speak of his arrival as if you anticipated no little pleasure from his society.

Ros. And can you blame me that I am seldom disposed to be melancholy?

Ld. F. Certainly not, certainly not; especially when so amiable an individual as this Count—what's the fool's name?—tortures his silly wits to amuse you—a fop—a butterfly—an insect—

Ros. That your Lordship is murdering on a wheel—ha! ha! ha!—pray proceed.

Le Bourru. (*peeping through one of the windows.*) Ah, ha! tres bien—'tis ver vell—la voila—la coquine! la traitresse! [*Exit.*

Ld. F. Why will you torment me thus, when you know that the violence of my love will sometimes make me forget myself.

Ros. Yes, and me too, or you would not for one minute suppose that I cared whether the sweet Count were in Venice or at Rome.

Ld F. Then let me persuade you to quit the Palazzo

instantly. (*While Lord Forester and Rosaura are conversing, Pasquino beckons to Corallina, and they afterwards appear in close conversation near the balcony: Corallina looks from time to time to observe if any one approaches.*)

Cor. (*Running to Rosaura.*) Madam!—lady! we are discovered; we are undone: Le Bourru has just quitted the statue-room.

Ros. Heavens!—but are you sure he saw us?

Cor. Oh yes, there's not a doubt on't; he was looking attentively at us through the window when I discovered him.

Ros. Why did not you remain in the chamber as I desired you, Corallina?

Pas. Do not be angry with her, lady: bless her sweet soul! she did all she could to obey you; but when one man is able to do more with his little finger, (*beckoning.*) than another with the most persuasive eloquence—

Ld. F. (*shoving him away.*) Silence, puppy! return to the gondola. Let the boat retire down the canal until it is quite dark: after midnight return with the gondoliers, and remain under the windows of this chamber.

Pas. Yes, my lord. (*aside*) By the mass! these English noblemen are lords of the creation with a vengeance!

Ld. F. This prying scoundrel, Le Bourru, will no doubt give immediate information to your mother.

Ros. We have not a moment to lose: fly, Corallina, and secure the door, that we may not be surprised.

Cor. Instantly, ma'am. (*Enters the window, and waves her arm to Pasquino, who kisses his hand to her as the gondolier is rowed away.*)

Ros. You remember my instructions?

Ld. F. But where is the statue of the gondolier placed?

Ros. Between the windows that open upon the canal.

Cor. (*from the balcony.*) Ma'am! lady! the Countess is at the door demanding admittance.

Ros. Come, come, my Lord, to the pedestal.

Ld. F. How, lovely Rosaura, can I personate a statue, when I am agitated by the most transporting emotions?

Ros. There's not an instant to be lost: in! in!

[*They enter at one of the windows.*

SCENE II. *The Statue Room. The figure of a gondolier is placed on a low pedestal at the extremity of the apartment between two open windows.* CORALLINA *appears at the door of the chamber.*

LORD FORESTER and ROSAURA.

Countess Colombo. (*within.*) Open the door, I say.

Cor. I am endeavouring to do so, ma'am, but there is something the matter with the lock.

Countess. (*within.*) Why was it fastened?

Cor. My young lady did not choose to be disturbed by the intrusion of the servants, ma'am.

Countess. (*within.*) You are an artful jade! open the door instantly! (*While the Countess and Corallina are talking, Lord Forester and Rosaura remove the statue from the pedestal, which accidently falls as they are conveying it away.*)

Ros. Oh!

Countess. (*within.*) What's the matter? what is the occasion of that violent noise?

Ros. Confusion! all will be discovered!

Ld. F. Yes, for the passive state, in which my nerves are at present, has admirably disposed me to represent the motionless gondolier.

Ros. For Heaven's sake, Forester, assist me in removing the statue to the balcony.

Countess. (*within.*) Open the door!

Ld. F. There, that will do.

Ros. Place yourself on the pedestal.

Ld. F. My looks will betray me.

Ros. Do not fear, the evening is drawing in apace; besides which you have only to slouch the hat over your face, and imitate the position of the gondolier, by reclining on the oar, and you cannot be discovered.

Countess. (*within, knocking violently.*) Will you open the door?

Cor. The Countess will certainly force the door, ma'am.

Ros. Stay, stay.

Countess. (*within, knocking more violently.*) Open the door instantly, I say!

Ros. (*as if angry.*) Why do you not open the door, Corallina?

Cor. This is the worst lock in the house.

Ros. Let me try to unfasten it:—it is a little out of repair certainly; but I am accustomed to it. (*Opens the door. Enter the Countess followed by Le Bourru.*)

Countess. I am inexpressibly offended with you, Rosaura. Le Bourru informs me, that from the window he saw you in conversation with—with a young man: was it not so, Le Bourru?

Le B. Oui, madame; me did peep trew de window, and me did see mademoiselle, qui causoit avec un jeune gondolier.

Cor. (*aside*) The brute!

Countess. With a gondolier! those men are the agents of infamy. (*to Corallina.*) And you, madam; you were not less in fault, I dare say.

Le B. Ah! certainement: la demoiselle suivante babilloit aussi avec un coquin de laquais—von blaggar maraut.

Cor. I do'nt know what he says, ma'am, but I know it's no such thing.

Countess. Then you saw Corallina talking with this fellow?

Le B. Yes; von leetel dirty, squatty fellow—

Cor. It's all false, ma'am, the youth is as delicate as the page of a prince, and tall—

Le B. Aussi haut que ma hanche.

Cor. And slender—

Le B. Qu 'un petit ragot grassouillet.

Cor. And straight—

Le B. Qu 'une voûte.

Cor. With a blooming countenance—

Le B. Comme le visage d' un yvrogne.

Cor. And breath like—

Le B. Le cuir d' un vieux bouc; de hide of von old goat.

Countess. Silence, both! how dare you run on at this rate?

Cor. Mounseer Le Bourru's a slanderous fellow; but I know why he abused the youth: the dear man's conduct is so proper and correct, that he never, by any chance, gets into trouble.

Le B. Parcequ' il y a un dieu pour les yvrognes.

Countess. Silence! I say; and leave the room!

Cor. (*aside*) I'll be a match for the brute. (*to Le B.*) Is this the way you seek to gain my affections, sir? is it probable that I should care for a man whom I never saw before, and whom I may never see again?

Le B. Did you, den, neverre see ce monsieur before?

Cor. Have'nt I told you so already?

Le B. Ah! ce'st une autre affaire: me feel vei sorry dat me did give-e you offense, ma jolie mignonne.

Cor. You'll remember in future then?

Le B. Pardonnez moi dis time, Miss Coralline, and—

Countess. Are you going?

Le B. (*aukwardly.*) De grace, permettez moi, ma chere. (*Presents his hand to Corallina.*

[*Exeunt Le Bourru and Corallina.*

Countess. I desire, Rosaura, that you no longer shun the company of the Count Florindo; he is your destined husband.

Ros. But be not so precipitate, my dear mother; you surely will wait until my better knowledge of the Count has—

Countess. Nonsense, child! my knowledge is sufficient for both; therefore let me hear no more of your "better knowledge!"

Ros. You may insist upon what you please; but to treat that man as a lover, whom I do not yet esteem as a friend, is quite impossible.

Countess. Look you, Rosaura; as experience is the school of wisdom, you must allow that I possess a larger portion of it than a girl of your age: and as, in my wisdom, I have determined that you shall marry the Count, you had better treat him with civility than with insolence.

Ros. (*aside*) If I do not appear to comply with her wishes, she may put a restraint on my person, which at the present time would utterly ruin my scheme. I know very well, madam, that our firmest resolutions are sometimes shaken; and I cannot therefore suppose, that the warmth of my affection for the English nobleman whom you have rejected, can always continue unabated. Let this Count Florindo throw himself in my way; let him try to make

himself agreeable to me, and, perhaps,—but remember, I give him but little hope—perhaps he may succeed.

Ld. F. (*aside*) What do I hear!

Countess. Charming girl! (*aside*) By my success with Florindo, I shall conciliate his father, the Marquis Verezzi, whom my heart tells me I must appease. I had feared, Rosaura, that the English impostor, who would have passed himself upon us for a nobleman, had made a lasting impression on your heart.

Ros. And is it possible, my dear madam, that with your sage experience, you could have drawn such a conclusion?

Ld. F. (*aside*) Ah!

Ros. That at your time of life you should have formed a steady attachment, is rational enough, but at mine, novelty is charming.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Zounds! has she jilted me?

Ros. The dawn of youth presents every object to me in all the fascinating varieties of spring, and the more distant charms of maturing womanhood are obscured by that mist, which the noon-day of my life will dissipate; but the perspective on which you gaze, is a sober tinted autumnal scene, which partakes more of the *oscuro* than the *chiaro*.

Countess. (*aside*) The artful girl is glancing at my passion for Verezzi.

Ros. In one respect, however, we resemble each other: we are both disciples of the great eastern philosopher, who founded the worship of the elemental fire: I adore the sun in the east, you worship his declining splendor.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Can this be Rosaura?

Ros. (*aside*) If Forester cannot see through my plan, he will not deserve to benefit by it.

Countess. Your willingness to conquer this partiality for the stranger, delights me; and I am very certain that the charms of the Count's conversation—

Ld. F. (*aside*) The driveller!

Countess. Will inspire love.

Ros. Oh 'tis very probable, madam; and then the dignity of his person—

Countess. The elegance of his address—

Ld. F. (*aside*) The bear!

Ros. His wit—

Countess. His understanding—

Ld. F. (*aside*) I can bear it no longer! (*leaves the pedestal.*)

Ros. His unaffected smiles—

Countess. His comprehensive glances—

Ros. His—

Ld F. (*to Rosaura.*) Hold! madam. (*Rosaura not apprehending the approach of Lord Forester, shrieks out and alarms the Countess, who covers her face with her hands.*)

Countess. San Marco! what's the matter?

Ros. (*to Ld. F.*) Away, away, instantly!

Ld. F. (*to Ros.*) No, madam, I will no longer be the dupe of—

Countess. Speak! speak to me! I am dying with fright!

Ros. (*to Ld. F.*) If you still regard me—

Ld. F. (*to Ros.*) 'Tis now too late, madam.

Countess. Speak, Rosaura! (*groping towards her.*)

Ros. (*to Ld. F.*) If not for mine, for your own sake replace yourself on the pedestal, instantly!

Ld. F. (*to Ros.*) This is the last time we meet, Rosaura: farewell. (*Replacing himself on the pedestal.*)

Countess. Speak!

Ros. 'Twas nothing, madam, I am inclined to think.

Countess. But what alarmed you?

Ros. The dusk of the evening prevented my discovering; but I fancied that I perceived some one walking near me.

Countess. It surely was fancy, for I saw no one but ourselves. The Count Florindo is waiting impatiently to see you; let us join him.

Ld. F. (*to Ros.*) Away, away to Florindo!

[*Exeunt: Rosaura waving her hand to Lord Forester.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter FLORINDO from the Countess Colombo's.

Flor. So, my father has not yet come! If he should be long, I may be missed. I must wait, however. This quarrel with Verezzi, still frets the Countess unceasingly, and therefore the project which I have in view, to forward my [illegible]'s matrimonial scheme, must be put in execution to-night.

[Enter the MARQUIS VEREZZI.]

Ver. Florindo!

Flor. Ah! à propos, my dear sir: I was growing impatient.

Ver. You have news then?

Flor. The Countess Colombo is as melancholy as night: but that is natural enough, for the sun that has lately afforded her life, light, and heat, is blessing another hemisphere with his presence.

Ver. Charming!

Flor. Then you flatter yourself that you are that luminary?

Ver. Pho, boy! don't talk to me about hemispheres and luminaries, say at once that she languishes to see me; that she pines in my absence. Make me happy at once, by saying that she's as miserable as she can be, and I'll—I'll hug you till you haven't breath enough to thank me for the profusion of my gratitude.

Flor. Humph! a pleasant way, truly, of tempting a man to speak the truth.

Ver. The truth!—then it is so: huzza! huzza! come to my arms, my dear boy, and—

Flor. The embrace of a bear would be quite as welcome. Excuse me, my dear dad, your gratitude would be oppressive.

Ver. Oh! oh! I'm so overjoyed! I'll go to her instantly, throw myself at her feet, and swear—

Flor. That you're a fool. An old man in love is placed precisely in the situation of one who cannot swim, and yet ventures beyond his depth; if another does not extricate him, he must sink.

Ver. Eh! boy, eh!

Flor. I mean, sir, that your nymph is old and artful.

Ver. What do you say, sirrah?

Flor. Were she young and unsuspicious, your candor might induce her to confess her partiality; but you must adopt other means to bring about this avowal, for she's as wary as the oldest coquette in Venice.

Ver. Oldest coquette in Venice, puppy!—the planet Venus is not more chaste and lovely.

Flor. Likely enough, for all astronomers know that the planet Venus is of a yellowish white: ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ver. You impertinent puppy! are you laughing at me?

Flor. Nay, nay, my dear sir, don't put yourself into a passion. I have a scheme to propose to you: if you

adopt it, your peerless beauty will confess her passion for you in the most unequivocal terms, even to yourself; but if you reject it, the wary game may elude your keen scent.

Ver. What is your scheme?

Flor. There is a certain friar, who is all but domesticated at the Countess's, so frequent are his visits to the Palazzo.

Ver. Well?

Flor. You must personate the good father Gambadetero, and thus disguised, visit your enamoured mistress.

Ver. But should the friar come when I am closetted with the Countess—

Flor. This I anticipated, and therefore sent to inform Gambadefero that the Countess has gone for a few days to her villa, on the Brenta.

Ver. Excellent! but when shall I visit her?

Flor. To-night, within these two hours. 'Tis near midnight: I am going this instant with the Countess and Rosaura to the casino of a nobleman: be at the Palazzo on our return from St. Mark's Place.

Ver. I will. But you have said nothing of Rosaura: does she favor your addresses?

Flor. She has been somewhat reluctant, which I attribute either to the sentiments of passion which she already entertains for me, or to her sense of my superiority. I don't know how it happens, but really the women capitulate before I summon them to surrender.

Ver. Ha! ha! ha! it was so with your father, you dog.

Flor. Yes, dad, and as there is not a spark of your original brilliancy left, I am, I presume, the phœnix that has sprung from your ashes: ha! ha! ha!

Ver. Not ashes yet; embers, boy, embers, that may yet rekindle and blaze.

[*Exeunt: Florindo to the Countess's.*

SCENE IV. *The Statue-Room.*

LORD FORESTER *coming from the pedestal.*

I know not what to resolve on doing. It is not yet midnight. Pasquino's return with the gondoliers is uncertain. But of what consequence is his return? It is now plain that Rosaura is as errant a coquette as ever lived: yet

do I love her still. (*A noise within.*) Hah! the house is alarmed.

Countess. (*within*) Marfeo! Le Bourru! lights! lights!

Ld. F. I'll wait the event of this disturbance, however.

Countess. (*within*) Let the house be searched from the top to the cellars. He shall not escape.

Ld. F. I think I hear footsteps moving in the direction of this chamber; yet I see no light. Perhaps the man whom they are in search of is coming this way. I'll return awhile. (*Replaces himself on the pedestal.*)

[Enter PASQUINO, *groping his way.*]

Pas. Had it not been for that prying old devil, the Countess, I should have remained in the closet snug enough.

Ld. F. He seems approaching.

Pas. If by good luck this should be the statue-room, I may yet escape; but it is so dark that I cannot discover where the windows are.

Ld. F. He is muttering to himself.

Pas. Yet hold; my master is in this room, and it is ten to one that, in groping to find the window, I may throw myself into his clutches.

[*A pause.*]

Ld. F. All is again silent.

Pas. What the devil shall I do? Lord Forester thinks me at this moment with the gondoliers. Should he discover me I shall be flayed, or tumbled into the canal at the very least.

Ld. F. He must have groped his way to some inner apartment.

[Enter CORALLINA, *cautiously.*]

Cor. No one but myself saw him steal away: I think he went in the direction of this room.

Ld. F. Again I hear some one walking in the chamber.

Cor. I dare not utter his name, lest Lord Forester should discover him.

Pas. I hear a light footstep moving in this direction. Perhaps it is my master. I'll avoid him.

Cor. (*after groping about*) I do not find [illegible] he surely must have escaped.

Pas. Perhaps it is Corallina.

Cor. I cannot leave the room without knowing whether he is here. (*aloud.*) Where are you?

Ld. F. } Here! (*together.*)
Pas. }

Ld. F. Another voice answered Corallina.

Pas. If I utter another syllable I shall be a dead man; for this is the statue-room, sure enough.

Cor. I know not what to do. Hah! a lucky thought: if Pasquino has wit enough he'll take the hint. (*aloud.*) Le Bourru, is it you?

Pas. Excellent! what a keen edge love puts to a woman's invention. (*aloud, imitating Le B.*) Oui, ma chère. (*aside*) I think that's French.

Cor. You must be a bold man to search for a thief alone, and in the dark.

Pas. (*aloud*) To bring-e de light vid me vere like to telling de teif dat me vere coming. Voud you have me hold von chandelle to de diable? (*aside to Cor.*) Is all quiet within?

Cor. The servants are searching the upper apartments: follow me, and I'll put you into a safe hiding place.

Pas. Let us make haste then.

Cor. Where are you? Give me your hand, and I'll conduct you.

[*Corallina stumbles against Le Bourru, who is entering at the door of the apartment. She shrieks.*]

Le B. N'ayez pas peur, ma chère.

Pas. (*aside*) By the mass! 'tis the Frenchman.

Le B. Do not derange you, charmante Miss Coralline. Lovairs have de hawk's eyes. Me did vatch-e you steal avay in de dark.

Cor. Oh! oh!

Ld. F. This is incomprehensible.

Le B. Me fear me have put-e you into von leetel fright, ma mignonne. (*taking her hand.*) Votre cœur palpite: I did make-e your heart beat: que je suis heureux! your tendre lovair did make-e your heart beat!

Pas. (*aside*) Why the rascal's getting quite amorous. (*Placing his hands on Corallina's shoulders.*) And as I live, he's fumbling one of her hands.

Cor. Let go my hand—you are very rude, mounseer.

Le B. Mais non, ma mie—je suis le plus tendre des amants.

Pas. (*aside*) I shall certainly murder the scoundrel. (*Pasquino removes Corallina's hand, and slips his own in its place.*)

Le B. Vat delicate leetel hand!

Pas. (*aside*) Humph! a discovery.

Le B. Dese fingers be as smood as de velvette, and (*kissing Pasquino's hand*) smell like de perfumes of Arabie.

Pas. (*aside; stifling his laughter*) It is the first time then, I'll be sworn.

Le B. Dis leetel finger is as soft as von rabbit's ear. (*kissing Pasquino's finger.*)

Pas. (*aside*) How happy the old fool makes himself.

Le B. Oh! de dear tumb—me could eat it up!

Pas. (*aside*) The devil you could!

Le B. L'heure est propice—let-e me den press-e mon amour. Say, ma très chère, dat dis hand shall von day bless-e your languissant lovair.

Pas. (*aside*) Yes; and sooner than he expects. (*pinches Le B., who cries out.*)

Le B. Ah, diable! for vhy you pinch-e me, Miss?

Pas. (*to Cor.*) Answer him.

Cor. Your rudeness, mounseer, is beyond all bearing. Leave me.

Le B. Mais non. (*Pasquino pinches him again*) Morbleu! que vous êtes barbare!

Pas. (*aside*) A crab's claw couldn't have done it more effectually.

Cor. Leave the room, I say.

Le B. Vous êtes une sauvage!

Cor. Go this instant.

Le B. Une tigresse n'est pas si farouche! (*Pasquino takes Le Bourru by the ear, and leads him out.*)

Ld. F. (*groping his way towards Corallina.*) Truly, Corallina, you are the veriest shrew I ever met with.

Pas. (*aside*) So! Lord Forester at my elbow! then 'tis time to make off. *Exit.*

Ld. F. And so you are in the habit of entertaining lovers by proxy, are you?

Cor. My Lord!

Ld. F. You found the substitute, it seems, the better man of the two; for he who came first was certainly better entertained than the lover himself. But I fear I have disturbed the gentleman.

Cor. My lord—I—I was—that is—Le Bourru came—and—and—

Ld. F. I plainly perceive it—you are as precious a jilt as your mistress. But where is she? I wait here to reproach, and quit her for—

Cor. Hah! by all that's unlucky, some one with a light is coming this way. (*aside*) Pasquino's lost!

Ld. F. 'Tis so, 'faith! (*retires.*)

(*As* ROSAURA *enters, with a light in her hand,* CORALLINA *looks fearfully round the apartment, and on perceiving that* PASQUINO *has escaped, is unable to conceal her joy.*)

Ros. Heavens! Corallina, what ails you?

Cor. Nothing—ma'am—nothing. (*aside*) He's gone—he has escaped.

Ld. F. (*coming forward*) So! madam Flirt, you are, I find, no exception to your sex, for vanity and caprice are the most prominent traits of your character.

Ros. (*aside*) So, so; but I'll punish him for this.

Ld. F. I suppose that were this coxcomb of a lover, this precious fool, the Count Florindo, in my presence, you would—

Ros. Fan these embers of your suspicion into a blaze of conviction? ha! ha! ha! a very probable conjecture—ha! ha! ha! ha! your lordship's sagacity amuses me—ha! ha!

Cor. As lovers' quarrels end with kisses, I had better leave them to themselves. [*Exit.*

Ld. F. It is time, madam, that I should speak my mind freely.

Ros. Oh! save yourself the trouble; I read it in your face.

Ld. F. No, madam; to your utter shame and confusion I have to—

Ros. Spare yourself the pains. I wish only to make myself superficially acquainted with the contents of your mind, and am, therefore, perfectly well satisfied with the luminous index of your lordship's countenance, ha! ha! ha!

Ld. F. Zounds and the devil! am I tricked and laughed at too! But you shall repent of this, madam.

[Enter CORALLINA, *running*.]

Cor. Madam!—lady!—the Count Florindo. [*Exit.*

Ros. (*aside*) What's to be done now? To attempt to appease Forester, would be in vain: I must try other means. The count is coming, my lord: you will, no doubt, acquaint him with your rage and disappointment, and thus afford him an opportunity of exultation.

Ld. F. I'll—I'll kill him!

Ros. That's a wise resolution—don't you think so?

Ld. F. Madam—I—I—but I'll be calm—retire again, and await the arrival of Pasquino, then quit this house, never, never to enter it again. (*returns to the pedestal.*)

Ros. (*aside*) So! my object is effected.

[Enter FLORINDO.]

Flor. My sweet Rosaura, I think you take pains to avoid me.

Ros. Perhaps you deceive yourself, count.

Flor. Charming girl! may I then hope that those disdainful eyes have not always spoken the sentiments of your heart?

Ros. Oh! you surely know that appearances are not always to be trusted.

Ld. F. (*aside*) The jilt!

Ros. Besides, it may have happened that I was looking at you when my thoughts were otherwise occupied.

Flor. You do me great honor.

Ld. F. (*aside*) The fool!

Flor. (*aside*) These ambiguities may all be interpreted in my favor. Yes, yes, 'tis plain I'm not indifferent to her. Oh! lovely Rosaura, I have ardently sought an opportunity of pouring forth the sentiments of my unbounded admiration.

Ld. F. I'm bursting with indignation!

Flor. (*aside*) That last glance will poison her tranquillity, I flatter myself. (*he takes Rosaura's hand.*)

Ros. (*aside*) Now for a rhapsody.

Flor. I languish to be blessed with your smiles. That law of nature which causes the earth to revolve round the central sun, is not more fixed, more unalterable, than the destiny which fixes me within the sphere of your all-attrac-

tive influence! (*Rosaura endeavours to conceal her laughter.*) (*aside*) Her feelings are quite overpowered.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Oh! this is too much.

Flor. Loveliest creature! bless me but with the hope of attaining that elysium—

Ros. Oh!

Flor. Say only that the partiality which you entertained for the English impostor has lost a portion of its cursed influence, and you will bless me passing utterance.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Now aid me, revenge!

(*Lord F. rushes from the pedestal, extinguishes the light, and seizes Florindo, whom he shakes violently, and throws upon the floor, and afterwards retires.*)

Flor. Murder! thieves! murder! murder!

[Enter the COUNTESS, CORALLINA, LE BOURRU, *and Servants with lights.*]

Sestetto and Chorus.

Countess. Heavens! Count, what is the matter?
What an outcry! what a clatter!
Flor. Oh! my head—my chest—my sight.
Le B. Oh! le pauvre! vat a plight!
Ld. F. The fool is dying sure with fright. (*aside.*)
Flor. My vengeance let the rascal dread:
This deed he'll answer with his head.
Ros. I see him not—the villain's fled.
All, except Ld. F. I see him not—the villain's fled.
Cor. Pasquino did it, there's no doubt:
Oh! I fear they'll find him out. (*aside.*)
Countess. Nothing sure was ever stranger.
Flor. Search the house!—you're all in danger!
Le B. Restez tranquilles, mes amis,
Par la fenêtre il a fuit.
Count. Ros. Cor. You've no longer cause to dread:
Through the window he has fled.
All, except Ld. F. Through the window he has fled.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *St. Mark's Place, illuminated.*

A crowd of persons is seen promenading, and entering and leaving the Casinos. View of the Adriatic.

TRIO.

At break of dawn—at fall of night,
Thy charms, dear Venice! are the same;
Thy loveliness ne'er met the sight
Of those who do not bless thy name.

1 *Voice.* Pleasure! Italia's sons adore
Thy blessed name, and hymn thy praise
From Milan to Sicilia's shore,
And songs of gratulation raise
To thee, who hast through many a year
Chosen thy sainted dwelling here.

Trio. At break of dawn—at fall of night, &c.

2 *and* 3 *Voices.* When moonlight cheers the scenes we love,
And half removes the veil of night,
And zendalettos seem to move
Upon a sea of liquid light,
With panting hopes and breathless haste
We swallow joys we seek to taste.

Trio. At break of dawn—at fall of night, &c.

[Enter the COUNTESS, ROSAURA, and FLORINDO *from a Casino.*]

Countess. Let us return, Florindo.

Flor. Nay, madam, not yet—the day will not dawn this hour: besides, Friuli expects us at his Casino.

Countess. I am fatigued: pleasure has lost its charms to-night. Come, Rosaura.

Flor. (*aside*) So! 'tis plain enough: she expected that this visit to St. Mark's Place would have led to a reconciliation with my father—to a sight of him at least.

Ros. You trifle with our patience, Count.

Flor. What! Venetians, and forsake pleasure?

Countess. I am so little disposed to be selfish, that I find pleasure unparticipated much resembles pain.

Flor. I am deeply indebted to you for the compliment, madam; and should the lovely Rosaura have adopted a congenial feeling, I shall no longer resist your importunity to return to the Palazzo.

Ros. Your retort, Count, is so uncourteous, that I should treat you as you merit, were I to press my mother's immediate return.

Countess. Indeed, Florindo, your reply was ill judged: you should not murmur at the compliment paid to—to—to your father, because it is at your own expense.

Flor. I wish Verezzi could hear you, Countess, for your severity has driven him in despair to his villa on the Brenta. His last encounter was too disastrous not to occasion a precipitate retreat; for I understand that he was twenty tender protestations, fifty sighs, sixty nine pressures, and an incalculable number of inexpressible glances *hors de combat*, ha! ha! ha! ha!

Countess. (*aside*) This information revives my languishing spirits. One might suppose, Count, from your raillery, that in affairs of the heart you are at present either a free or a fortunate man.

Flor. That I am not free is my happiness, since I am the slave of one who has made captivity charming. (*bowing to Rosaura.*)

Ros. You might have kept that compliment to yourself until you had discovered whether I thought you still worth keeping.

Countess. Nay, Rosaura, this—

Ros. And you smile with such apparent self-satisfaction, that I am confident you consider yourself a fortunate captive.

Flor. Yes, for there is no cruelty in those eyes, sweet lady.

Ros. Oh! do not trust them; for women are, you know, deceitful to a proverb. Besides, I have a powerful motive for keeping you in bondage as long as I can, since marriage makes slaves of conquerors.

Flor. Nay, you will be no slave, sweet one. Your rank will be inferior only to my own: and you must re-

member, that no one is elevated to the distinction of being second to a commander-in-chief, who is not qualified to become a general officer.

Ros. Then the eternal cavilling between man and wife is traced to its source, since you admit that the wife is equally intitled to the command which the husband assumes.

Flor. But what would become of subordination, if an inferior were permitted to dispute the command with an officer of higher rank?

Countess. A truce on both sides! the arguments of each are ingenious enough. But matrimonial insubordination originates in this:—men do not always remember that they are placed in the situation of limited monarchs, and that they are made for their subjects, and not their subjects for them. But listen!

(Music is heard at a distance, and a boat seen to approach the lesser Place of St. Mark.)

GONDOLIERS. *(Four Voices.)*

The courser with Erminia stray'd,
And pierc'd the thickest woodland shade;
Her hand the rein no longer guides,
And through her veins wild horror glides.

Ros. It is the gondoliers! the words are from Tasso—they are singing the flight of Erminia!

Flor. Hark!

Gond. The steed pursued his winding flight,
And bore the virgin far from sight.

Ros. I do not hear the words distinctly: let us approach them.

Gond. And sighs and bitter tears she shed,
As through the dreary night he fled.

(The scene closes as the Gondoliers are singing the concluding lines.)

SCENE II. *An Apartment of the Palazzo.*

Enter CORALLINA *with a light.*

Cor. Well, thank heaven! I've escaped him: making love in his coarse, gruff, husky voice—and in French too! augh! how I hate it! But, thank heaven! I've got rid of him. And now for my poor, dear Pasquino, whom I locked up to prevent discovery. *(Taking a key from her pocket, and approaching a closet.)* Lud! he'll be sad

company, for he's half dead with hunger and apprehension, I dare say; and a young man without a considerable flow of animal vivacity, is like phosphorus, which may be handled without a fear of burning even one's fingers' ends. (*As she is placing the key in the door*, Le Bourru *enters.*)

Le B. Pardonnez moi, Miss-e—

Cor. (*dropping the key*) Oh! how you frightened me!

Le B. (*picking up the key as Corallina is stooping for it*) Permettez moi, ma belle demoiselle.

Cor. Oh—oh—but what has brought you here?

Le B. Ah! Miss Coralline, ask-e dose eyes—dat shape—dat air—dat—me tink of you, and den me come here méchaniquement.

Cor. You are very troublesome, and very stupid, mounseer: and as for your love—why I never knew any thing so flat and uniform in my life—you've never said but four pretty things to me since I've known you, and no woman in her senses will be satisfied with a less number at every meeting.

Le B. Bot den vat charmante variété me give to dem. Je suis le cuisinier des compliments, and me do dress dem vid so mosh science et goût, dat you hardly know dey be de same.

Cor. You certainly have a knack of torturing these four pretty things into a variety of shapes, and box your compass of compliments awkwardly enough. And now go about your business, without talking any more nonsense.

Le B. Ah! Miss Coralline, nonsense be de strongest proof of love.

Cor. Humph! 'tis strange that a man should think he recommends himself by avowing that he comes to play the fool in a woman's company.

Le B. You are capricieuse as de cock of de weder—d'abord vous me grondez, et puis vous vous moquez de moi: yet me love-e you, aldough you be one grande ingrate—yes, and me vil love-e you for ever, so long as me do live.

Cor. Oh lud! oh lud! what a tremendous lover you'll be. Well, you have a most Christian-like disposition, since you are so determined to return good for evil.

Le B. Oh! Miss-e, Miss-e, my heart is pénétré vid your charmes!—écoutez—c'est l'amour qui m'inspire.

Song.

Vous êtes, ma belle, si chere, so dear,
Dat love in every trait appear:
Dans vos yeux,
Votre poitrine,
Vos cheveux
Et votre mine,
Oui—dà—oui—dà—oui—dà—
L'amour est là:
Ah! ah! (*sighing.*)
L'amour est là.
Ah! (*sighing.*)

Dat frown-e me like, car votre courroux,
Par contraste make-e your charmes plus doux;
Vos yeux; ma mie,
Detruisent à peine,
Qu'on trouve la vie
Dans votre haleine:
Oui—dà—oui—dà—oui—dà—
L'amour est là:
Ah! ah! (*sighing.*)
L'amour est là.
Ah! (*sighing.*)

Cor. I dare say that it's all very fine: and now pray, pray go away.

Le B. Well den, since it moste be so—au revoir! belle Coralline. (*going.*)

Cor. Stop—stop, Le Bourru, you've forgotten to give me the key of this room; I must put it in order immediately, for I expect the Count and Rosaura home every minute.

Le B. Permettez que je le fasse: let-e me do it. (*Going to the door.*)

Cor. Oh no—I can't think of troubling you.

Le B. Bot it be no troble.

Cor. I'd rather that you'd leave it entirely to me.

Le B. It will give-e me so moshe plaisir.

Cor. But I say I don't want you to do it.

Le B. Mais ma mie, ma pouponne, let-e me do it. (*Forcing his way to the door, and putting the key into it.*)

Cor. Give me the key, I say. (*aside*) The deuce take his civility!

Le B. In spite of yourself, me vil oblige-e you.

Cor. You brute! give me the key.

Le B. Brute! ma foi! dat is good counterfeit—If you vere in earnest, you could-e not do it better.

Cor. You bear!—you—you— (*aside*) I shall choak with rage.

Le B. Vous voulez me dégoûter, and, in pitié, you vould persuad-e me dat you be von virago; bot me see trew it—me know dat you be naturellement as meek and gentle as von agnelet, von leetel sheep. (*Putting Corallina from the door, who appears much enraged.*) Me know de politesse—je suis François—me vil arranger de musique, de book, and de—

[PASQUINO *appears at the door of the chamber as* LE BOURRU *opens it.*]

Ah! diable! tieves! tieves! murder! murder!

Cor. Silence! silence! you'll alarm the house. (*Endeavouring to silence and detain him.*)

Le B. Assurément oui. Murder! murder! tieves! tieves!

Cor. But hear me—

[Enter LORD FORESTER.]

Ld. F. What's the matter?

Le B. Morbleu! voici un autre!—tieves! murder! (*Breaks from Corallina, and runs off as a violent knocking is heard.*) [*Exit Corallina.*

Ld. F. Zounds! sirrah! 'tis you, it appears, that have made all this uproar.

Pas. (*falling on his knees.*) It was the Frenchman alone, my lord—I haven't spoken one word, as I hope to be saved.

Ld. F. What are you doing here, you scoundrel?

Pas. I was afraid that you'd get into trouble, sir, and thought it my duty to be within call.

Ld. F. And have therefore disobeyed my orders, you rascal! Why didn't you remain with the gondoliers, as I desired? Leap out at that window instantly.

Pas. Why 'tis over the canal, my lord.

Ld. F. I know that, sirrah. Come.

Pas. It will be the death of me!

Ld. F. Not another word, you scoundrel! Leap—leap! (*Pasquino jumps from the window.*) [*Exit Lord Forester.*

SCENE III. *The Statue-Room.*

Enter FLORINDO.

Flor. 'Tis well: I'll take advantage of this alarm, and conceal myself before my father's arrival. I desired Verezzi to bring the Countess to this room, on account of its privacy. He little thought that I consulted my own amusement in doing so: the interview will serve to divert me for a month, at least; and if—hush!—I think I hear him coming already. (*Enters a closet.*)

[Enter LORD FORESTER and ROSAURA.]

Ld. F. Your caprice has so thoroughly disgusted me, madam, that I had hoped never to see you again.

Ros. Then your lordship's delay until this hour of the morning is quite unaccountable.

Flor. (*aside*) Eh! who can it be?

Ld. F. Rosaura, I have not merited this disdain.

Ros. Nor have I your lordship's reproof.

Flor. (*aside*) I think I hear Rosaura's voice.

Ld. F. Indeed, madam! on what grounds then can you justify your ready compliance with your mother's wishes?

Ros. Humph! that question is not enigmatical—on the score of duty.

Ld. F. Then, I presume, you will feel no difficulty in defending your conduct towards that coxcomb, Florindo?

Flor. (*aside*) What! my name mentioned!

Ros. Nor am I embarrassed by that inquiry; 'twas politic.

Ld. F. And you can readily defend your conduct towards me no doubt?

Ros. You are right: for 'tis founded on justice and consistency.

Ld. F. Justice! consistency!

Ros. Aye, my Lord; and had you not been blinded by jealousy, you would have perceived that I tolerated the compliments paid to me by Florindo, to avoid the importunate reiteration of them, and to deceive the Countess.

Flor. (*aside*) Here's a discovery! 'tis my rival!

Ld. F. Rosaura, I—I—I am overwhelmed with shame

at the injustice I have done you: I dare not solicit your forgiveness, for I feel that I am unworthy of it.

Ros. Lovers are always in extremes: you are now humiliating yourself unnecessarily: you men are cruel and capricious creatures—you treat us women as the Chinese do the idols they worship—You offer up prayers to us, and if we do not answer them, you beat us.

Ld. F. If I could separate those warring emotions which compose the passion I feel for you, love would be uncontaminated by jealousy.

Ros. Nay, I am very well satisfied with you; for since it is known that extremes meet, I should be somewhat suspicious of the strength of that love which existed without jealousy.

Flor. (*aside*) So! a pretty situation this for a rejected lover!

Ld. F. Oh Rosaura, now that I find your affections have not been bestowed on that insufferable puppy, Florindo, the tide of pleasure which I feel, almost denies me utterance. The refined emotions of love are not expressed by professions the most animated; not even a fond pressure of the hand can convey one hundredth part of that electric transport which elevates my existence, when I have gazed at you with mute admiration.

Ros. Our better acquaintance has, I perceive, allayed the ardor of your passion, since you attempt to give it utterance.

Ld. F. To express what I feel to any but yourself, were impossible: very few have been initiated in the hallowed mysteries of intellectual passion. The vulgar doctrines of love, are like those elementary lectures which Aristotle addressed to the common people; but the metaphysical principles of the lovers' art, like those of the Grecian Philosopher, are communicated to the most confidential of his friends only.

Ros. Since you are inclined to be so figurative, I'll furnish you with another allegory. It has been vulgarly declared, that all lovers feel alike: but does not this little capricious deity, love, resemble the keen grammarian, that defines the various meanings of emotions, which nine-tenths of the world consider synonimous? But a truce with

elaborate definitions of simple emotions, for I can stay no longer.

Ld. F. How ardently do I wish for that hour which will give you to my protecting arms! why should we delay one minute?—All is silent—Can we not escape, on the side towards the street?

Ros. 'Tis impossible: the house has been a second time alarmed, and all the servants are on the watch.

Ld. F. If that loitering rascal Pasquino had obeyed my orders, the gondoliers would have been, at this moment, beneath the window.

Ros. Hah! some one with a light is coming this way.

Flor. (*aside*) 'Tis Verezzi, no doubt.

Ld. F. Cursed mischance!

Ros. There's not an instant to be lost: I must leave you.

Ld. F. Is there not a possibility of concealment?

Ros. I hear voices at the chamber-door! they are here! (*Attempts to open the closet in which Florindo is concealed, while he draws back the door.*) Heavens! we are discovered! some one is in this closet! What's to be done?

Ld. F. Conceal yourself behind me: you will not be discovered. (*Places himself on the pedestal, and Rosaura conceals herself behind him.*)

[Enter the COUNTESS and VEREZZI, *who is disguised.*]

Countess. This visit, my good father, is most opportune. I was about to send to you, but hesitated to beg your attendance at this unseasonable hour.

Flor. (*aside: looking from the closet.*) Eh! then Rosaura and my rival are gone!

Ver. (*disguising his voice.*) To every spiritual comforter, this apology would appear almost superfluous; but to me, who am honored with your friendship, it is unnecessary, and indicates a reserve that I did not expect to find.

Countess. Nay, do not reproach me; I am sufficiently unhappy. Judge of the uneasiness of my mind, when I inform you that pleasure has lost its charms: my spirits are languid, and health has left my cheeks.

Ver. (*aside*) Transporting discovery! Nay, daughter, this is the language of despair: speak to me without reserve: make me acquainted with those secret thoughts

which shrink into the utmost recesses of your heart, and undermine your peace.

Countess. Alas! it is no transitory languor that depresses me; the vital sources of happiness are poisoned.

Ver. (*aside*) I shall run wild with joy!——This mental depression does, indeed, appear to have affected your health. Your hand, fair lady—Skilled as I am in physical and mental infirmities, I may, perhaps—How soft and delicate!

Countess. Father!

Ver. I—I mean—how hot and feverish!

Flor. (*aside*) Excellent!

Ver. And your disordered pulse beats in—in—in blessed unison with the tumultuous throbbings of—

Countess. Throbbings of what?

Ver. Of—of—delirium.

Countess. Blessed unison with the throbbings of delirium!

Ver. Ye—ye—yes, daughter; for delirium is symptomatic of the crisis of disease. The crisis of your malady is at hand, and I prophecy a blessed result

Countess. Why surely you are yourself delirious, my good father. My mind, should it remain long unalleviated, may indeed at length produce what—

Ver. Nay, daughter, I trust that the anxiety of friendship will suggest a means of relief · discover the source of your affliction.

Countess. Oh my pious friend, is there any balm for a cankered heart?—What can restore the blossoms of blighted affection?

Ver. Moderate your sorrow, lady.

Countess. I droop and wither like the prostrate ivy. The oak that once these circling arms embraced, exists no longer; and he, whose giant-shade might give protection to my fading prostrate form—

Ver. Hark!

Chorus of Gondoliers at a distance.

Twilight's pale uncertain light,
Succeeds the dark and cheerless night.
With sparkling eyes and winged pace,
The laughing sons of pleasure trace

The gay Piazza's charms no more,
But loathe the joys they bless'd before.
And see! the market-boats appear,
While busy cries assail the ear.
Hark! the boatmen's cry:
Ah! ah!
The matin hour is nigh.

Countess. 'Tis a party of gondoliers, who are returning from St. Mark's Place.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Should it be Pasquino, we shall be undone.

Ros. (*aside*) I am dying with apprehension!

Ld. F (*aside*) St!—st!

Ver. But proceed, lady, to the cause of your malady—Some family affliction, perhaps. Has your daughter been guilty of any dereliction of her duty?

Countess. No, no.

Ver. Some bosom-friend has proved treacherous—

Countess. No, father, no.

(*The dashing of oars is heard beneath the window.*)

Ver. What can be the meaning of this?

Pas. Hark! the boatmen's cry.

Chorus at a distance. Ah! ah!

Chorus of gondoliers beneath the window. The matin hour is nigh.

Ld. F. (*aside*) 'Tis Pasquino! We are undone!

Ver. All is again silent.

Countess. The boat has passed on to some neighbouring Palazzo.

Flor. (*aside*) "The matin hour!" 'tis the boatmen's signal to Rosaura and my rival.

Ver. You tremble, fair daughter! what alarms you?

[PASQUINO *enters at one of the windows.*]

Flor. (*aside*) Hah! as I suspected—Some one is entering from the balcony.

Pas. (*aside*) Eh! a light! all are at rest, then, and my master and the fair Rosaura do not apprehend discovery.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Zounds! what's the fool about?

Ver. Nay, lovely Countess, why this hesitation, this reluctance?

Pas. (*aside*) So, so! his Lordship has thought proper

to assume a monk's covering for the accomplishment of his pious scheme.

Ld. F. (*aside*) Curse the fellow! has he lost his senses?

Countess. I know not how, I have neither language nor courage to tell you the secret of my heart—a suffusion of blushes—an embarrassment so peculiarly distressing thrills me, that I—I—I am overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

Ver. (*aside*) 'Tis all enchantment! Courage, courage, lady, you have no cause for fear: my life on't, some misunderstanding has occasioned this affliction.

Countess. With what patience you bear with my weakness.

Ver. 'Tis my duty, daughter: on—on—

Pas. (*aside*) Humph! my master has prudently disguised his voice with his person. Now I might as well think of looking with impunity at a basilisk, as at this fiery Englishman when he's making love: I must tell him that the gondola's ready, however. (*Gropes his way towards Verezzi; his face averted.*)

Countess. How skilfully you probe the wound that agonizes me.

Ver. (*taking her hand.*) I am your soul's physician: let me then with gentle force remove this canker that withers your existence.

Countess. And must I—must I declare it?

Ver. Think of the pangs of secrecy, that waste without destroying.

Flor. (*aside; stifling his laughter.*) Oh, oh!

Countess. Love, father, love—unparticipated, hopeless love, consumes me!

Ver. (*aside*) Oh bliss! oh ecstasy! Love—love, lady? and for whom?

Pas. He must be hereabout, I think. (*groping.*)

Countess. My destiny was determined the hour I saw him. I struggled against my passion, but in vain; for he I love is the elegant, the accomplish'd, the all-perfect, Marquis Verezzi!

(*Lord Forester has just quitted the pedestal, and is grasping one of Pasquino's arms, as Pasquino draws the cowl from the Marquis's head, while Florindo leaves*

the closet convulsed with laughter. The Countess shrieks on discovering Verezzi.)

[Enter SERVANTS *with lights.*]

Countess. Verezzi!

Ld. F. The Marquis Verezzi here!

Ver. Lord Forester!

Countess. 'Tis in vain to dissemble: you have, Marquis, most ungenerously possessed yourself of the sentiments of my heart.

Ver. I trust that you will forgive me, my dear Countess, when I assure you that had I been acquainted with other means, I would have availed myself of them: I should not have been ungenerous, if you had not been unjust.

Countess. At any time but the present I would punish your temerity, by deferring that which I grant immediately —your pardon.

Ver. Beneficent angel!

Countess. Hear me, Marquis: From this minute, the Palazzo di Colombo will be subject to your control; and I have to request that your first duty may be to require an explanation of this young English impostor's conduct, who still persists in addressing my daughter, after my repeated refusal of him.

Ver. Of whom do you speak, madam?

Countess. Of this young man, (*pointing to Lord F.*) who has assumed the dress of a gondolier, that he might the more easily deceive me.

Ver. You wrong this young gentleman: he is by birth a nobleman; I am honored with the friendship of the earl his father: and I have had frequent occasion to bear testimony of the son's virtues.

Countess. Indeed! then I—I—I know not what apology to offer.

Ld. F. Nay, madam, do not distress yourself on my account; this misunderstanding could not have been prevented. Having been informed of the breach of friendship between the Marquis Verezzi and yourself, I was unable to solicit the honor of an introduction by the only nobleman to whom I am known in Venice.

Flor. My dear Countess, I have reconsidered the honor you intended me, by giving me the hand of that fair lady: you know what the women think of me;—each flatters

herself that she is the elect: if I marry, the jealousy of the nine hundred and ninety-nine may tempt them to tear me to pieces.

Ver. Nor would it be difficult; for, to speak figuratively, any woman may take such flimsy materials to pieces.

Flor. That's candid of you, dad, for I've heard you boast of our striking resemblance to each other.

Countess. The noble origin of this gentleman being no longer disputed, I beg to know, Rosaura, whether any change in your affections has taken place?

Ld. F. I have not language, lovely Rosaura, to express the transports of my gratitude: may the thoughts that favor me be never expressed but by the language of that enchanting countenance.

FINALE.

May future days be bless'd as this,
And prove one swelling tide of bliss
To ebb with every rising day,
And only flow with life away.

THE END

Remarks on
THE GONDOLIER.

This is one of the prettiest little pieces that we have yet published. The characters are sketched with much spirit; and the dialogue is easy and elegant. It would be difficult to mention any opera, brought out at the public theatres, superior in comic incident, bustle, and agreeable poetry to the Gondolier. The localities of the scene are well preserved; and throughout the whole piece there is a freedom and gaiety rarely met with in similar productions.

But what we chiefly esteem in this amusing performance is, that healthy tone of feeling which is the proper characteristic of the English drama, but which has so long been systematically excluded from the stage.

It is certainly not to be expected that any single author will be able to restore the British drama to its wonted dignity, but it cannot be denied that the institution of our publication has done more towards the demonstration of the existence of sufficient talents in the country, than any attempt ever before made; and whatever may be the opinion of the managers of Drury Lane theatre, as to the value of the plays which they have brought forward or rejected, we are sure that since the appearance of our first number, they have not attempted to represent any new piece comparable to THE GONDOLIER. The information given by Mr. Whitbread, in a speech which he lately addressed to the proprietors of that concern, relative to the number of dramas offered for representation, deserves particular attention; not, however, so much on account of the curious fact of two hundred and seventy-six pieces having been offered for representation since the rebuilding of Drury Lane, as that in all this number scarcely a dozen were thought deserving of attention, and of these, two of the best were by one of the managers. But upon this point, we shall soon have an opportunity of expressing ourselves more extensively.

In the mean time, as the advocates of the emancipation of the stage, not by reasoning, but by adducing the evidence of facts, we cannot refrain from noticing at present, that the statement of Mr. Whitbread is certainly not satisfactory to the public, although perfectly so to the proprietors of the theatre: for the question at issue between the two parties, is not whether the concerns of the playhouses are well or ill managed, but whether the theatrical monopoly is, or is not, advantageous to the only, rational species of public amusement. The object of our work, as it has been repeatedly stated, is to draw attention to the regular drama; and to prove, if possible, that the odious substitution of shows for plays has arisen out of something in the management of the theatres, which would be obviated were the stage subjected to the influence of competition.

Towards the great concerns of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, we feel no enmity; nor have we any cause to do so. We think them, indeed, noble institutions. In the whole circle of public companies, we have never heard of any one where judgment, munificence, and the exercise of the genuine sagacity of business, have been more thoroughly exemplified than in the management of Covent Garden. And we are perfectly satisfied that were the stage at this moment emancipated, the same prosperity would attend the exertions of those who have raised that theatre to the rank which it is allowed by the whole public to enjoy. The affairs of Drury Lane have so long been embarrassed, by causes sufficiently notorious, that it would be unfair to ascribe to the gentlemen entrusted with the direction of its exhibitions, the necessary effects of such a state of things. As the pecuniary concerns of the theatre improve, the exhibitions will also improve; and from the report of the committee, the public, as well as the proprietors, have reason to rejoice at the promise which they afford. To the exertions of Mr. Whitbread, every admirer of the drama ought to consider himself indebted. It is only to be regretted that this public-spirited gentleman should not carry them a little farther, and use his influence to limit the performance of new plays to a certain number of nights. We offer the hint also to Mr. Harris,—It is the only way

to repress the expensive exhibition of toys and tinsel. New plays have always the effect of filling the house; and a series of such brought out, with the common stock of decorations, would prove as profitable as the most successful of the shows in which the managers endeavour to display their wealth or liberality.

THE SPANIARDS;

OR

THE EXPULSION OF THE MOORS

An Heroic Drama.

IN FIVE ACTS

CHARACTERS.

MEN.—*Spaniards.*

FERDINAND, King of Arragon
XIMENES, Cardinal of Toledo.
GONSALVO DE CORDOVA.
MEDINA SIDONIA.
CORTEZ.
LARA.
DIEGO, Squire to Lara.
PEDRO, an old man attached to Gonsalvo.
Grandees, Priests, Guards, Attendants, Citizens, and Spanish Slaves.

MOORS.

MULEY, King of Granada.
BOABDIL, ALMANZOR, } Sons to the King.
ALAMAR, ALI, OTHMAN, SEID, } Chiefs of the Zegris faction.
ABEN-HAMET, MUSTAPHA, MOHAMET, } Chiefs of the Abencerrages.
Viziers, Moorish Noblemen, Guards, &c.

WOMEN.—*Spaniards.*

ISABELLA, Queen of Castile.
Ladies, Citizens, Slaves, and Attendants.

MOORS.

ZULEMA, Daughter to the King.
ZORAYDA, Daughter to Mustapha.
Ladies and Attendants.

Scene, Granada and its environs, Seville, and the Spanish Camp.

THE SPANIARDS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sea Coast.—A bark reaches the land, from which* GONSALVO *and* PEDRO, *disguised in Turkish habits, descend.*

Gon. My worthy Pedro, saviour of my days,
I fear the toils thou'st suffer'd for my sake,
Have near exhausted the small share of strength
Which Time, destroyer of all mortal things,
And Moorish slavery, had spared thy frame.
Lean on this arm, old man, preserv'd by thee
To fight its country's battles. Gracious power (*kneels*)
That rul'st the universe! O deign to list
Unto the grateful feelings of my breast
For liberty regain'd, for life redeem'd;
And grant a suppliant's prayer, who dares to breathe
To thy almighty throne, not for himself,
But for his king, and lov'd Iberia's weal,
His votive aspirations! Nerve this hand
With ten-fold vigor, steel this throbbing heart
With ardent manhood, that I may achieve
Some daring exploit in my monarch's cause
Against th' usurping Moors, and firmly fix
Th' heroic Ferdinand and his bold queen
Upon Granada's regal seat! Old man, (*rises*)
Once more accept my thanks.

Pedro. Your noble spirit
O'er-rates my poor deserts. Ere you were born,
I lov'd your father, serv'd him faithfully;
And when you were a child, these fond old arms
Have often carried you. Full twenty years
Have run their course since by a pirate band
I was to Fez conducted as a slave,
And linger'd out a hapless life in chains.
Fame spoke aloud your deeds: my bosom yearn'd
To see the hero whom a boy I nurs'd.

You came to Afric on an embassy,
And by your daring energy, compell'd
The treacherous Seid to accept your terms.
The monarch was incens'd and swore your ruin;
I overheard his plots against your life;
I bless'd my servitude that gave the means
To save you from the danger: I had scrap'd
A little gold together: how I joy'd
To employ that treasure in my lord's behalf!
I bought the vests you wear, the fisher's bark
In which we sought this shore; I tun'd my lute,
And sung a Spanish ditty to engage
Your fix'd attention. How my bosom beat,
Till full success had crown'd my enterprize!
Now I shall close my aged eyes in peace;
My ancient master's son, and by my means,
Is to his country, to his king, restor'd.
Thanks to the god of battles, he may fight
And work destruction 'mongst the infidels!
Come when thou wilt, grim death, thou'st lost for me
Thy terrors, undismay'd I'll meet thy stroke.
Gon. Still, still for many years of happiness
May'st thou be spar'd, old man—But hark! a shriek
As from a female voice assails my ear!
See to the shore a bark approaches fast,
Whilst from yon forest, hastening to this place,
Two Moorish ruffians drag per force along
A weeping maiden of no common rank,
If by her vesture we may judge of her.
Behind this rock let's watch their coming here,
And seize the moment to enfranchise her.
(*They conceal themselves.*)
[Enter ALAMAR and ALI, *dragging in* ZULEMA.]
Zul. Oh Heavens! hear my cries; in pity send
Some succouring angel in this hour of need
To free me from these ruffians' loathsome grasp!
Alam. Thy shrieks are vain: 'tis bootless to resist:
I would not harm thee for a thousand worlds.
Why should'st thou fear me, since thou know'st full well
The empassion'd love I bear thee? Lady, think
I'm rich and great, a puissant Moorish lord,
Chief of the noble Zegris, whom the son,

The eldest son of Muley, Boabdil
Has with his utmost favor countenanc'd:
Think that thy brother smiles upon my suit,
Nor will thy father, our old monarch, dare
Refuse to give our nuptials his consent.
Accept my heart, my power, and my wealth,
Become a willing bride, and I will lead
Thee back in triumph to Granada's walls,
There publicly espouse thee.

Zul. No, should death
In all its horrors come on rapid wing,
Whetting his scythe to cut my thread of life
The moment I had utter'd a refusal;
Still would I say, still murmur as I died,
"Ne'er will I give my hand unto the man
Whom my soul loathes; ne'er will I willing be
The partner of his couch, whose caitiff tongue
Against its monarch dares to lift its voice,
And fan rebellious flames within the mind
Of Boabdil against his father's peace."—
Away, away! for sooner would I wed
The meanest slave that tends upon thy state,
If loyal to his country and his king,
Than rule with thee the vast subjected earth.
Thy suit is vain; were even brothers, sire,
To add their joint entreaties to thy prayers,
Still would I say, "Never shall Alamar
To Zulema be more than strangers are."
Release me then; restore me to my friends;
Nor, like a vile and dastard ravisher,
By violence strive to gain what love denies.

Alam. Release thee! never till thou plight thy faith
To meet me at the altar as my bride.
Think'st thou my nature is so very soft
That tears may change it?—Know that Alamar,
When once he's said "I will," is firmly fix'd
As proud Gibraltar stands amidst the waves
Frowning upon the deep, unmov'd by storms.
True, that thy beauties have within my soul
Kindled the never-dying blaze of love;
True, that my life or wealth are valued naught
In competition with thy witching self;

But still there is a gem I value more,
Thy nearness to the Moorish diadem,
Which, like a ladder, points the ready way
For me to mount the throne of empire.

Zul. Ambitious wretch! detested Alamar!
Still, still in blacker dye thy character
Each moment meets my sight: I thought thee lost
To patriot zeal, to loyalty; but now
Thou'rt not to king and country only false,
But deaf to honor, treacherous to thy friend.

Alam. And didst thou deem I was old Muley's foe
To raise his son? And didst thou really judge
So meanly of my spirit? For a while,
I mean the weak, suspicious Boabdil,
Shall wear Granada's crown; for well I know
His captious temper, pettish as the winds,
Will lead him on to be tyrannical,
Making his yoke sit heavy on the necks
Of the impatient Saracenic mob—
Thus will his despotism a color give
Of justice to my plans, to snatch from him
The sceptre which my hand now lusts to bear.
Wilt thou not, then, Granada's future queen,
Smile on my love, and be my Zulema?

Zul. No, as I value honor, virtue, truth.

Alam. Then force shall make thee mine—thy shrieks are vain—
Vain thy resistance. See, yon bark's prepar'd
To bear us far from this thy native land,
To Afric's burning clime; where, till thy faith
Is firmly knit to mine, thou shalt remain
A wailing exile, wasting life away
Far from thy friends, thy country's verdant fields.
Haste, Ali, haste! by Mahomet I swear,
That since love cannot, force shall make thee mine.

[GONSALVO, *followed by* PEDRO, *rushes between Alamar, his party and the shore.*]

Gon. Unhand the lady, villains! by mine arm
Just Heaven in anger gives your oath the lie.
Release the lady, dastard!

Alam. Who art thou
That dar'st to cope with Alamar the Moor?

Thy weeds proclaim thee but of vassal birth.
Gon. My deeds shall show thee, proud one, what I am:
It is not fortune, 'tis not rank alone
That give their sterling dignity to man;
We from the shell should not the kernel judge,
Nor from the casket prize the gem within:
Let actions speak; for he is truly great
Whom virtue stamps a hero—all the rest
Is adventitious—but a random gift
Of the blind goddess, nor at all depends
On man's self will. Birth's like a goodly frame,
Which if the picture it encloses round
Be masterly achiev'd, still serves to add
Its finish to the whole; but if the work
Within pourtray'd be naught, it can but show
In still more glaring colors the defects.
Speak not of rank then, lest your vices stain
Your heraldry with spots of blackest dye;
But give the lady to my guardianship.
Alam. You speak it bravely, stripling, nor in vain
Have you the tiger chaf'd—What! shall a worm
Presume to chide the monarch of the woods?—
Thou shalt repent this boldness in the dust.
Gon. God and my cause will shield me—War no more
In braggart words, but let us try thy sword,
If't be as keenly temper'd as thy speech.
Alam. In pity to thy youth I fain would spare thee:
We're two to one, think on the odds; for sure
Yon ancient grey beard—
Pedro. Will not idly stand
Whilst innocence and justice claim his aid.
Gon. No further parley; yield the lady up,
Or meet my avenging arm.
Alam. Have at thee then!
For whilst I grasp a sword, nor Heaven nor Hell
Shall tear her from me but with ebbing life.
(*Gonsalvo and Alamar, Ali and Pedro, fight.—Alamar is disarmed; but Pedro being worsted, Gonsalvo rushes on Ali, whom he puts to flight; on his return, he discovers that Pedro being wounded, Alamar is hurrying Zulema towards the bark, having in a struggle got possession of Pedro's weapon—Gonsalvo again attacks him, and brings him to the ground.*)

Alam. Hell and its blackest imps! what foil'd again!
I'm in thy power; take my life away,
Or give me back the lady; and I swear
By Mahomet to pour upon thine head
Such wealth as e'en might glut a miser's thirst.
Art thou ambitious? I will ope to thee
The gate that leads to greatness, so thou wilt
But spare my life and yield me Zulema.

Gon. I neither covet gold, nor power prize,
When gain'd by evil means—But take thy life—
I never yet could slay a fallen man. [*Exit Alamar.*
Lady, permit me to conduct you home.
Come, good old man, how fares it with thee, say—
There's blood upon thy garment; sure thou'rt hurt?

Pedro. 'Tis but my arm is wounded, yet my age
Lacks every drop of blood, which through my veins,
Chill'd by a length of years, no longer runs
But in a lazy current—'twill be naught.

Zul. Oh! let me bind it, venerable man;
This veil may serve to staunch awhile the wound.
But thou grow'st pale; I fear my unskill'd hand
Too rudely press'd thy arm.

Pedro. No, bless thee, no!
I'm but a little faint, 'twill soon be o'er.

Zul. Ah! would thy strength permit thee but to gain
Yon castle's roof! thou should'st be tended there
With tenderest care; for there unnumber'd serfs
Me mistress call: 'tis but a little way.

Gon. Come cheerly, cheerly! lean upon my arm;
Still harder yet; 'tis fit I bear thee now,
Who hast so often borne me when a boy.
Come cheerly, cheerly! the fair Zulema
I know'll forgive my inattentions to her,
In pity for the cause of them.

Zul. Sir Knight,
My brave deliverer, speak not thus to me;
Talk not of inattentions, when your arm
So nobly fought to snatch me from despair:
Besides, my lord, compassion is a crest
Which well becomes a hero's god-like helm.
'Tis beauteous to behold the cheering sun
With youthful warmth relax into a smile
The frowns on winter's snow-encircled brow.

But with our venerable charge, let's haste
To reach, ere night comes on, my residence,
Where you and this old man shall find me grateful.
[*Exeunt, leading Pedro.*

SCENE II. *Inside of Zulema's Castle, near Granada.*

Enter MULEY, ALMANZOR, Guards, and Attendants.

Muley. The princess gone, ye say, some hours ago,
Summon'd by us to meet us at Granada?
My mind misgives me—'twas a forg'd command
To lure her hence. We sent no messenger.
Almanzor, go, and take a chosen guard,
Search all the country till my child be found;
For well I know my Zulema's kind soul
Would rather sacrifice each thought of self
Than quit clandestinely her doating sire,
Bringing his age with sorrow to the grave.

Alman. Well hast thou judg'd my sister: yes, I fear
Some potent Zegris of Boabdil's cause,
His friend, the crafty Alamar, perhaps,
Has, at my traitorous brother's instigation,
Dar'd to commit this outrage. I will haste,
And make the ruffian, if I meet him, rue
That e'er ambition had so fir'd his soul
As cause him with an eagle's glance to fix
On this, our sun of beauty, his proud hopes.

Muley. Be wary, my Almanzor, and restrain
Thy overboiling wrath. Ah! be not rash,
Nor hasty as the ocean's stormy waves
When by the infuriate blasts they to and fro
Are driven headlong. Think, my son, thy foes
Are powerful, that haughty Alamar
Of a rebellious party is the chief,
Which only waits his nod and Boabdil's
To hurl me from my throne. Think on their might,
Think on thy father's sorrows and his age;
Who, should he lose thy sister and thyself,
Will have no hand to smooth the bed of death.
But deem not that I tamper with these men
To save my crown—No! I would gladly cast
The care-girt diadem from off my head,
And place it on my treacherous offspring's brow,
Did not my subjects' welfare bid me pause,

Whom I still love, ungrateful as they are.
I could not brook to see them bear the yoke
Of one, who, deaf to nature's sacred laws,
Will play the captious tyrant over them.
But go, my child, be prudent as thou'rt brave,
Restore a daughter to her father's arms.
My choicest blessings go along with thee.
(*As Almanzor and Guards are going out, enter an Attendant.*)

Attendant. My liege, the lady Zulema's at hand;
A youth in Turkish habit leads her on,
An old man feebly totters by his side,
Supported on his arm. They slowly come.
I saw them from the warder's watch approach.

Muley. We'll go and meet them in the outward hall.
Say, was her guide of noble mien and garb?

Attendant. My liege, his vestments were of humble sort,
But yet his gait was lofty and commanding.
I could not mark his features from the height
And distance of the place whereon I stood
To where they mov'd below. But hark! the horn
Speaks that they've reach'd the portals.

Muley. Let us fly,
And clasp my Zulema in these fond arms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the Castle.*

Enter BOABDIL, ALAMAR, and ALI.

Boab. Speak, Ali, art thou sure no prying eye
Saw Alamar within this castle's walls?

Ali. My lord, I introduc'd him privily,
As you enjoin'd me, by the covert way.

Boab. 'Tis well; return and watch, and let us know
Should any adverse footsteps hither stray. [*Exit Ali.*

Alam. You are too cautious; why not now declare
Your bold aspiring wishes openly?
Our party is so strong we cannot fail.

Boab. I wish to give some color to the deed.
I know the Spaniards are intent to send
An embassy to claim the tribute due;
I know that Muley, my imbecile sire,
Is of opinion we should pay it them,
To save his subjects from a murd'rous war.
This will inflame the Moors to indignation,

Whilst we will profit by their rising wrath,
And fan its embers to a dreadful flame:
For when the people's temper'd as we wish
We'll call his mild and peaceful spirit dotage;
Say that through age he is unfit to reign,
Seize on the royal dignity ourselves,
Where once establish'd thou shalt next to us
Have power in the kingdom, and enjoy
Granada's lovely princess as thy bride.
Ali returns; there's meaning of import
Sits on his brow.

[Enter Ali.]

Ali. My lord, the princess comes,
Attended by her youthful champion, here.
You'd best retire, and underneath this arch
Hear unobserv'd the converse which they hold.

[*Boabdil, Alamar, and Ali retire.*

[Enter Zulema, Gonsalvo, and Attendants.]

Zul. (*to Attend.*) At distance keep: I to this stranger's ear
Have something of importance to impart.
(*to Gons.*) Why must thou quit so soon our grateful roof?

Gons. Because my duty calls me hence away;
Because my honor, dearer than my life,
Would in beholding thee forgotten be;
Because I am a Spaniard, and thou art
My country's foe, an Islam in thy creed.
Would that thy father were some humble swain
Of European nation and belief;
Then without shame I could thy charms adore;
But now 'tis sin to love thee: yet I fear
I'm criminal already. Fare thee well.

Zul. Stay yet a moment, list to Zulema,
Acquaint her grateful bosom, in her prayers,
Whom she must name as her deliverer?
On whom is she to call her blessings down?

Gons. Gonsalvo is my name, and from Cordova
I draw the lordly title which I bear.
Adieu, thou fair one, much too fair, alas!
For this heart's peace. Would I had never known
Thy fatal charms, thy loveliness and worth.
But, ere we part, let me again commend

The wounded Pedro to thy tender care.

Zul. Fear not for him, Gonsalvo, he's my charge.
Say, ere thou goest, would it not joy thy soul
To learn that Zulema's no Islam born,
But with her mother's milk she firm imbib'd
The Christian tenets, and an ardent love
For Spain, her mother's country.

Gons. Gracious God!
Speak thus again! once more repeat it to me
Thou'rt half a Spaniard, thou a Christian art!
Have I my senses, Heaven! is this true?

Zul. True, as I value my immortal soul;
True, as I bear a grateful recollection
Of thy assistance; true, as I detest
Fell Alamar, the Moor; Gonsalvo love;
But with such love as virgin modesty,
As saints dare breathe for piety and worth.
Go then, Gonsalvo; for thy honor's fame
Is than thy presence dearer still to me.
But if the trump of war again should blow
In brawling discord 'twixt the Moor and Spain—
If thou should'st meet my father in the field,
Ah! think on me, and spare his aged life.
I fain would ask thee too to shun the spear
Almanzor couches in the plains of war,
But that I know that thy undaunted spirit
Would spurn at all that looks like coward fear.
Why should two minds, both form'd in honor's mould,
As thine and my Almanzor's, be foredoom'd
By native prejudice and differing faith
Never to taste of holy friendship's sweets?
But thou a Spaniard art, and he a Moor.
He from his father drew his sterling worth,
And likewise drew his creed. I, far from court,
Was by my mother, sainted Leonora,
Nurtur'd to love the Spaniards and their God.
She taught my soul to hate the cruel Moors,
All but her husband and her matchless son,
Towards whom kind nature has my bosom stor'd
With feelings strong of filial piety
And sisterly affection. Fare thee well;
And wear this scarf, a small remembrancer

Of my esteem and friendship. Recollect,
As far as honor sanctions, in the wars
The friends of Zulema are not thy foes.

Gons. Where rigid duty will permit, by Heavens!
I'll guard their lives at peril of my own.
Adieu! I leave thee not despairing now,
But with bright views of happiness to come;
For Zulema's a Spaniard in her heart,
And owns, O raptures! she Gonsalvo loves.

[*Exeunt Zulema and Attendants, and Gons. severally.*

[Boabdil, Alamar, and Ali *come forward.*]

Alam. Death to my hopes, she loves the Iberian youth,
And proudly boasts her hate of Alamar.
She's to the Moorish faith an enemy,
For which I'll hurl my vengeance at her church
Or perish in th' attempt. List, prince, to me;
Be lion-hearted, resolute, and bold,
Or hold not Alamar thy friend; for he
Detests the mean ambition that not dares
Encounter every danger, brave e'en death
To gain its end. Fie on that coward wretch
Who, scar'd by conscience, starts at deeds of blood!
His puny brows were never form'd to wear
The crown he pants for, but he fears to snatch.
If thou art such a one, I am thy foe;
But if thou'rt daring, trust my ardent zeal
Shall shortly place thee in the regal seat.
Come, Ali, to Granada lies our way,
Where schemes of vengeance 'gainst Iberia's sons
Call for my presence. Boabdil, adieu.

[*Exeunt Alamar and Ali.*

Boab. Sir Alamar, you school me now, methinks,
With zeal unmannerly: you'd best beware,
You're but a tool to build my fortunes with,
Which, when the fabric's rear'd, I'll cast aside.
'Twere dangerous to keep too near a throne
So fell, so bloody-minded, proud a man.
He thinks to wed the princess—he's mistaken.
'Tis true I flatter his ambitious wish
With promise of her hand, but never mean
To keep that promise sacred. Zulema
Must not be wedded to a Moorish chief.

She by her blood is far too close allied
To kingly power. She must be dispos'd of.
Her's and Almanzor's death alone can fix
The diadem securely on my head:
For while they live I can but reign in fear.
But first I'll hurl old Muley from his seat,
Seize on the reins of government myself,
Then rid me of the haughty Alamar,
And those whose heirship to Granada's crown
Is only of a younger date than mine. [*Exit*.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Royal Court at Seville.*

FERDINAND and ISABELLA *discovered on their throne.* XIMENES, MEDINA, LARA, Lords and Warriors, *seated as in council.*

Ferdinand. Noble Castilians, subjects of our queen,
Ye lords of Arragon, who own our sway,
Valiant Asturians, ye, whose fathers gained
Such brilliant conquests 'gainst the Moorish host,
When by Pelago ye were led to fight;
Warriors of Biscay, Murcians, Catalans,
Estremadurans, and Galician knights,
Ye Andalusian heroes, hear your king.
We're met in council, to debate this day
On our proceedings tow'rds your country's foe;
Speak freely your opinions. Shall our swords
Lie rusty in their scabbards, whilst the Moors
Riot securely in the heart of Spain,
Scoff at the sacred Cross, and doom to chains
And galling servitude Hesperia's sons;
Your wretched brethren, whose once happy land
These cruel spoilers, with invading arms,
A host of pirates, pouring from the shores
Of burning Africa, have seiz'd upon?
Or shall we, loosing the fell hounds of war,
Bearing the spear and crosier in our hands,
Boldly attack these slaves to Mahomet,
And swear to perish in the glorious cause,

Or drive this swarm of locusts hence away?
Weigh well the merits of the enterprize,
But likewise weigh its perils: speak thou first,
Thou minister of Christ, whose honied speech
With such alluring wisdom ever teems
As makes our hearing captive.

Xim. Good my liege,
You prize my feeble talents much too high.
Within a monastery's humble walls
I pass'd my early years, thence little know
Of worldly policy. Of bloody war,
As suits the pious, peaceful gown I wear,
I hate the very name. But yet, my lords,
Some deeds of violence will cry aloud
For retributive vengeance. In such case,
And such alone, to keep our falchions sheath'd
Were but to show a want of resolution,
And peace were cowardly and criminal.
Such I esteem the present cause of strife:
These Saracenic robbers long have gall'd
With cruelties unnumber'd this our land,
Which first they gain'd an entrance to by fraud:
They came as friends; but soon they cast aside
The fleecy garb their wolfish nature bore,
And in its native fierceness all at once
Betray'd their greedy thirst of human blood.
Ill-fated Spaniards! then ye had to wail
Yourselves enslav'd, your children put to death,
Your wives and daughters ravish'd in your sight,
Your sacred temples, where the knee was bent
In Christian adoration, all profan'd,
And for the Cross the Crescent's standard rear'd:
Such is your cause of warfare; not the love
Of conquest or of empire calls ye forth.
No longer then delay. In such a cause
The Lord of Hosts, who gave to Israel strength
In days of yore to drive the Pagans forth,
Will make your arms resistless. Draw your swords;
For king, for country, and for God ye fight.

Isab. Well hast thou spoken, holy cardinal;
Nor do we mean to damp the martial flame
Thy words have lighted up. We too for war

To thy soul-stirring accents join our voice:
But prudence bids us ponder ere the field
Shall batten with the flowing blood of man.
Were it not best to send an embassy,
To bid the Moors their ancient tribute pay,
As we had some time purpos'd? by this means,
For warlike preparations we obtain
The needful time; our minister the while
May scrutinize Granada's inward state,
Whether, as fame reports, two factions tear
Its civil peace asunder, the Zegris proud
And bold Abencerrages, on both sides
Supported by a prince of royal blood;
The one, the eldest son of Muley heads,
Rebellious Boabdil; the other boasts
The Prince Almanzor as its nobler chief;
Of him and the old monarch we have heard
Report speak goldenly; and generous minds,
Who fight the cause of justice and of truth,
Should not refuse their meed of praise to worth,
Though resident within an hostile breast.
If such the parties that distract their realm,
This short delay of warfare will afford
An apt occasion for discovery;
And we should think Ximenes, and Medina,
And youthful Cortez, proper to be sent.

Ferdi. Well has thy caution, lovely Isabel,
Judg'd of this matter. Be it as thou saidst:
Toledo's Cardinal, Sidonia's Duke,
And worthy Fernand, to Granada's court
Shall haste with our credentials. This delay,
Besides the reasons in its favor given,
May see the pride and bulwark of our land
Return'd from Fez to fight for Spain again.
Say, Lara, hast thou heard no news from thence?
Thy friend's not wont to tamper or demur.

Lara. I fear, my liege, some evil stays his course.
Seid, the king of Fez, by treachery
Usurp'd the crown; he's cruel and designing;
Gonsalvo's soul's as open as the day;
Incapable himself of artifice,
He ne'er suspects it in another's breast,

And therefore is most liable to fall
The victim of the Moslem's want of faith.
I speak, my liege, the fears that harrow me,
And judge of Seid by the common voice
Of his ill name. No missive have I had
From Cordova himself, and therefore fear.

Ferd. If truly thou'st conjectur'd, by our life,
Fez shall repent the outrage done to us
In the person of our prized ambassador.
But come, our Queen. Ximenes, to thy ear
We have some secret matters to impart.
Attend us to our closet. Farewell, lords;
Go furbish up your war accoutrements,
Sharpen your swords, new whet your lances' edge,
For soon the Moors shall see what stuff we're made of.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Place in Seville.*

Enter several CITIZENS.

1 *Cit.* How gay our Seville now appears, my friends,
Now that the court has taken its abode
Within its walls. But, Lopez, canst thou tell
Why from Castille our monarch and his queen
Have hither bent their royal course?

2 *Cit.* Tut! man,
Hast thou not heard the wherefore? it has ceas'd
To be a nine-days'-wonder long ago.

3 *Cit.* Let's have it then, good Lopez; though in truth
I to thy tale shall little credit give,
For thou'rt a jester, and art fond to pass
The inventions of thy own prolific brain
As real facts upon us simple men.

2 *Cit.* No, as I breathe, what I'm about to tell
Is strictly true, and merits your attention;
I have it on the best authority,
For you must know, my sister's husband's brother
Is distantly related to a man
Whose son is valet to Medina's Duke,
And this young man in secret told his father,
Who told it to my sister's husband's brother,
Who told it to my sister, she to me;
Ye therefore may depend it is a fact,

That our brave king is come to Seville, 'cause it lies
Contiguous to Granada's Moorish realm,
Which shortly he with all the Spanish host
Intends to attack, and drive that hellish crew
Of daring infidels across the sea,
To go and people, if they like the sport,
Arabia's deserts, and o'er beasts of prey,
Fit subjects for such masters, hold their reign.

1 *Cit.* This, by our holy Lady, bears some show
Of probability.

4 *Cit.* I've heard it said
An embassy is forthwith to be sent
To claim the Moorish tribute, which refus'd,
War instantly will be declar'd.

3 *Cit.* Not so.
I cannot think that our king Ferdinand
Will go to war, Gonsalvo far from hence.

2 *Cit.* Always incredulous. 'Tis so, good sooth.
We've other generals, I trow, in Spain
As good as this Gonsalvo; he's but young
Though brave, I grant you.

3 *Cit.* Yet the soldiery,
Spite of his youth, place all their confidence
In his tried skill and judgment in the field.
No man in Spain is so much lov'd as he
By all the troops. Though strict his discipline,
He's to the meanest private affable;
He's liberal and bold, nor niggard proves
Of praises and rewards where they are due.
In council he is eloquent and wise.
We see not such a man but once an age,
And I can't credit princely [illegible]on
Would take the field, this general away.

2 *Cit.* But should't, as 'tis reported, prove correct,
That now in Fez he drags a captive life,
Or, what is still more likely, has been slain—
Because he's gone, are we no more to fight?
When the sun shines not, we are glad to have
The silver moon to light us on our way.

1 *Cit.* But who would be so mad as go by night
When he can have the glorious light of day?
Thus if Gonsalvo be alive and free,

We

I think with Garcias that our prudent [illegible],
Will wait his coming. If (may God [illegible]!)
The warrior's murder'd, or in Moslem's chains,
We must essay to find some other chief.

4 *Cit.* Whence rose the rumor, Lopez, of his death?

2 *Cit.* Count Lara's servant told a friend of mine
His master fear'd so; and his master was
As a twin brother in Gonsalvo's love.
But here's some pageant toward—

[Enter other CITIZENS and GUARDS.]

Guards. Room, make room;
For Cardinal Ximenes and compeers
Are hastening hither as they bend their way
Towards the Moorish kingdom.

Cit. Here they come.

(*Ximenes, Medina, Cortez, and suite, pass the stage in procession.*)

1 *Cit.* Who is the man, of lofty, noble mien,
Who to the right of the Lord Cardinal
His station keeps?

2 *Cit.* Medina's worthy Duke.
A more exalted man Spain never knew.
See, to the left, where youthful Cortez stands;
What penetrating glances from his brows
Shoot as he silent takes his musing course!

3 *Cit.* He'll be a hero of no common stamp,
If he but reaches a maturer age.

1 *Cit.* I, for my part, Ximenes most admire.
Look what devotion animates his eyes;
Princely to others, to himself alone
Stern and austere. Beneath his scarlet robes
He wears a horse-hair [illegible], and the frock
Of holy Francis, which [illegible] himself:
His food the homeliest, and his weary limbs
No bed but the cold ground receives at night;
In church a saint, at court a Solomon,
Guiding his master's councils and the state.

4 *Cit.* He is a worthy prelate, that's the truth.
But what a retinue they take with them!

[Enter DIEGO.]

2 *Cit.* Here comes Count Lara's squire. Diego, ho!
What is the news? where hasten you so fast?

Diego. To bear my master tidings of great joy.
Gonsalvo is from Fez return'd at length;
Close at my heels he follows. I must speed
To be the first to breathe this welcome news.

[*Exit Diego.*

Citizens. (*from without*) A Gonsalvo! a Gonsalvo! a Gonsalvo!

[Enter GONSALVO, *borne in triumph, and followed by a crowd of Citizens.*)

Gons. My fellow-citizens, and brother soldiers!
These marks of joy on my return from Fez
O'erpower me: I rest your debtor ever;
And not by words will show my gratitude,
But should your safety ever need my arm
To fight your's and your country's enemies,
Beneath the banners of our noble King,
Ye shall not find Gonsalvo e'er will prove
A flincher in his king's and country's cause.

3 Cit. No, I'll be sworn not, valiant General.
Thrice welcome back to Spain.

2 Cit. In whose behalf
Soon thou wilt have to draw thy trusty blade,
And prove thy zeal is more than empty sound.

[Enter LARA.]

Lara. Where is the partner of my boyish sports?
The man I've priz'd e'er since my bosom knew
What pleasures dwelt in sacred friendship's name?
Welcome to Seville, welcome back, my friend;
Thy presence will diffuse delight around.
The royal Ferdinand, his lovely Queen,
With heartfelt joy will greet thy safe return.
Look at yon grateful fellows—hark! they shout,
With rapture shout, at lov'd Gonsalvo's sight.

Citizens. Huzza! long live Gonsalvo, pride of Spain!
The people's and the monarch's steady friend!

Lara. My brother Spaniards! it much joys my heart
To see you honor virtue in my friend.
That nation merits leaders of renown
Who knows to prize its chieftains' lofty deeds.
Thanks for your greeting of my valorous friend.
Attend us to my mansion, where my doors
For your reception shall be open thrown,

And cups of mantling wine shall crown your mirth.
Gons. If I am silent, think not that my breast
Is to your kindness, fellow-citizens,
Insensible or cold. My feelings are
Too powerful to find in utterance
A vent to calm their tumults. Come, my friend,
My heart in private yearns to ope to thee
Its inmost foldings. Come, kind Lara, come.
[*Exeunt, Citizens shouting.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferdi. I like the zeal against the Saracens
The nation's chiefs display. Bless'd is the king
Who when he draws the vengeful sword of war
Knows that his people's confidence and love
Fight on his side. This stronger nerves their arms,
And to their bosoms tenfold courage gives.
Great Lord of Hosts! man's universal Father!
Make me remember thou anointedst me,
Not as the tyrant of this realm of Spain,
But as a parent to watch o'er its sons,
And for their weal and happiness to toil.
O! let not pride with overwhelming force
Possess my mind, and cause me to forget
I'm but a creature, weak as other men;
Not by my own deserts, but thy good will
Exalted o'er my fellows. Let me think
My fate is subject to the same mishaps:
The same distempers may assail my frame
As shake the body of the meanest worm
That crawls upon the earth. That greatness adds
New dangers to the common sum of those
Which compass round the mortal sons of clay.
Let such reflections in my soul beget
Humility to Thee, good will and love
Towards all mankind, but chiefly towards this land.
[Enter ISABELLA and Attendants.]
Isab. Pardon thy Isabella, good my lord,
If she unbidden to thy presence come,
Intruding on thy private meditations.
Ferdi. Never unwelcome is thy sight to us.

Speak freely then—Can Ferdinand do aught
To please the partner of his heart and throne?
Isab. We trust we bring thee tidings of some joy.
Gonsalvo is return'd, and anxious waits
Admittance to thee.
Ferdi. Grateful to our ear
Thy accents ever, lovely Isabel.
But ne'er in sweeter melody they came
Than in the present instance. Some one go,
Conduct the noble Marquis to us straight.
[*Exit Attendant, and returns with* GONSALVO, *who kneels.*]
Ferdi. Rise, our Gonsalvo, noble chieftain, rise,
Thou pride of Spain, thy monarch's trusty friend,
We joy to see thee at our court once more.
Gons. Pardon, my liege, but tears of gratitude
Impede my thanks for kindness such as thine.
Escap'd from treachery and death, to meet
Such undeserved honor at thy hand
Unmans me quite, and makes me play the child.
Isab. The genuine drops of feeling, worthy youth,
Warm from the heart, shine as an ornament
Upon the cheeks of valor. Manliness
Consists not in insensibility.
The man whose stern and rugged soul ne'er flow'd
With milk of human tenderness, ne'er knew
The spirit of true courage; if he fight,
'Tis like the fell destroyer of the woods,
The prowling tiger, that his savage soul
Was cast in nature's mould, devoid of fear,
Insensible to danger; such as he
Are useful in the battle's heat alone.
Not so the chief whose bravery is taught
By honor and by reason; in the field
He e'en surpasses in heroic deeds
The man of stony heart, because those deeds
Are all maturely and most deeply weigh'd.
But he besides is in the council strong,
His country's glory, and his monarch's pride.
Ferdi. Rightly distinguish'd, Isabel; like thee
We deem the eye impearl'd by feeling's tear
No stain or derogation, but a gem
That sheds new lustre on the name of man.

But let us to the audience-hall, where met
The Cortez sit in council. There at large
His ventures at the Fezian monarch's court
Gonsalvo shall relate. Come thou, our Queen,
Gladly his peers will greet the marquis home. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Public Place in Granada.*

Enter SPANISH SLAVES of both sexes.

1 *Man.* My brother captives, fellows in affliction,
Let's haste to meet our valiant countrymen.

2 *Man.* 'Twill be a joyful and a painful sight.

1 *Woman.* He speaks in riddles. Didst thou, Vasquez, say
'Twould prove a joyful and a painful sight?

2 *Man.* Hast thou not seen the brilliant orb of day
Shine through the rain-drops on an April morn?
Just so 'twill be with us; sweet freedom's sun
Will gild the helmets of yon Spanish host
Athwart the clouds of our captivity.
Shall we not joy to see Hesperia's sons
With freedom crown'd? shall we not hope that soon
Their eloquence, or still more potent glaives,
Will gain for us that choicest gift of heaven?
Do we not grieve at thought of what we are,
At memory of what our fathers were?
Though born in chains, a captive from my birth,
Still through my veins Iberia's lofty fire
Burns unpolluted; still with shame I view,
With glowing shame, these dastard manacles.
What though our master—(how I loathe the name!)—
Youthful Almanzor, like the other Moors
Is not tyrannic, cruel, or revengeful;
Yet still the bird in gilded cage confin'd
In plaintive notes warbles for liberty.
Nature herself loves freedom. Look around,
The forest trees still more luxuriant grow
Within their native soil, than those confin'd
Within the goodliest garden's pamper'd grounds:—

So 'tis with man.
1 *Man.* Aye, with the nobly born;
But vulgar souls—
2 *Man.* Still pant for liberty.
I tell thee what, Francisco, on this earth
The veriest worm that crawls, though cramp'd with aches,
Though nipp'd by penury, uncultur'd, mean,
With scarce a thought of what to-morrow lacks,
Still does this wretch, so abject, low, and poor,
Before each other blessing freedom prize.
But who comes here? The haughty Boabdil!
My hand, indignant at the tyrant's sight,
Instinctive rushes to my swordless side,
To seek the weapon that it fain would use.

[Enter BOABDIL, ALAMAR, OTHMAN, SEDI, ALI, and other Zegris.]

Boab. What mean these brawling captives? How! what now?
Who gave ye leave to fill Granada's streets
With noise and tumult? Ali, see them hence.
Who is your master? hasten to his roof.
2 *Man.* Though kin to thee, thou art as like our master
As is the ruthless tiger like the lamb.
Almanzor is our master: by his leave
We came to meet the Spanish embassy,
And we'll not hence until we see our friends.
Boab. Almanzor! 'sdeath! must still his hated name
For ever, like a death-bell, in mine ear
Be every where repeated? Hence! avaunt!
Ye scums of earth, ye Spanish Christian dogs!
Ye, whom my fix'd abhorrence from this world,
With all your countrymen, would sweep at once.
Say not to me Almanzor gave you leave.
No, not Almanzor, no, nor Muley's self,
Shall dare to stay ye when I bid ye hence.
What! still ye stir not?
2 *Man.* No, proud Boabdil;
Thanks be to Heaven's King, we're not thy slaves;
We owe thee no obedience. Stay ye here,
Ye trembling females, who like timid does
Would fly before this gaunt and ravenous wolf;
He dare not harm ye; for his life he dare not.

Boab. (*striking him*) Reptile, thou liest: there grovel
on the earth,
The fittest place for such a wretch as thou art.
Another word—
2 *Man.* Curse on these galling chains!
Curse on my weakness that I cannot break them!
A Spaniard struck to earth! O shame! shame! shame!
But that I scorn with braggard tongue to speak
When actions are denied me, Moorish chief,
I'd heap such imprecations on thy head
As would e'en make hell's dread abyss to shake.
1 *Man.* Patience, good Vasquez.
2 *Man* Patience! 'tis the sin
Of coward minds. Didst thou not see me struck?
Talk'st thou to me of patience! on my life,
By all my hopes of freedom and of bliss,
Were I but free, though naked as a child
When first its eyes behold the light of day,
Defenceless and unarm'd, I'd cope with him,
And rush upon him thus.
(*Rises, and rushes on Boabdil, who strikes him with his dagger.*)
Boab. Rebellious slave!
Thus Boabdil rewards thee. Saw ye this?
Such are the fruits indulgence of these worms
Must evermore engender Bear him hence.
[Enter ALMANZOR, ABEN-HAMET, MUSTAPHA, and ABENCERRAGES.]
Alman. What means the consternation I behold
On those whom destiny has made my slaves?
And Vasquez bleeds! who durst attack thy life?
1 *Man.* My noble lord, your unrelenting brother
With arrogant demeanour bade us hence.
Vasquez, forgetful of his captive state,
And naught rememb'ring but his noble blood,
Perhaps with too much passion answer'd him;
At which Boabdil struck a sudden blow.
A Spaniard's spirit could not brook the shame.
2 *Man.* No mitigation! speak the truth at once.
I rush'd upon the dastard, blind with rage,
Forgetful that my hands were manacled,
And he has sent me ('tis the kindliest deed

His savage nature ever has achieved,)
To realms of freedom and a land of joy.
Alman. Speaks he the truth?
Boab. Thou'st heard him.
Alman. On my soul,
I would not think that one of Muley's sons
Could be so base as strike a man in chains,
And that because his noble spirit spurn'd
With indignation at the dastard blow,
And in the moment of impetuous passion
Strove to revenge himself—he murder'd him.
Fie! fie! I blush to call thee by the name,
The soft endearing name—by Mahomet,
My tongue, abhorrent of such deeds as thine,
Refuses to pronounce it.
Boab. Scornful boy!
Hasten with these thy chosen parasites
To meet the Spaniards: there perhaps thou'lt find
Some of thy mother's kindred; and their minds,
Proving more genial to thine own than mine,
Thou wilt not blush to greet them as thy kin.
Alman. I go where duty calls me, Boabdil.
My sire and thine, Granada's virtuous king,
Has sent me forth to greet the embassy.
Boab. A worthy mission for the second hope
Of this great monarchy, to greet our foes!
Alman. Aye, sir! to greet them, and with courtesy.
No living soul that wears the face of man,
Save when my country calls upon my arm,
I hold an enemy. The Spaniards come
In peaceful guise; the Spaniards are my friends.
Boab. Degenerate youth! But I'll no longer stay
To parley with the stain of our proud race.
I hate the Spaniards. Sooner shall this hand
By scorching flames to ashes be reduc'd,
Than grasp a native's of Iberia's land
In pledge of amity. Go to thy charge,
And mark me well, while Boabdil exists
The Moors and Spain shall wage eternal war.
[*Exeunt Boabdil and Zegris.*
Alman. How fares it, Vasquez?
2 Man. 'Tis a scratch, my lord,

Will send me to my last and narrow home;
But ere I die, permit me to be borne
Where I may see my gallant countrymen.

Alman. Yes, fellow, yes. Although the piteous sight
Should rouse their utmost vengeance. Bear him hence.
Come, Aben-Hamet, this way lies our course. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Zulema's Apartment in the Alhambra.*

Enter ZULEMA and ZORAYDA.

Zul. Zorayda, fear not; Muley will protect
The daughter of his warrior Mustapha.
And my lov'd brother will espouse the cause
Of Aben-Hamet, his friend's destin'd bride.
Strange that the unrelenting Boabdil,
Led on by different motives, should to both
Cause such affliction. You, his love pursues;
A love which by a grosser title might be called;
For when his brutal lust is satisfied,
(I know him well, and therefore speak him thus,)
He'll throw thee from him as a worthless thing.

Zoray. May guardian spirits save me from the trial.

Zul. Me, with his hate he follows. Why, thou'lt ask,
Should he detest the offspring of his father?
Because his aged father dotes upon me.
All whom the royal Muley loves, he hates.
Let us discard this subject. Hast thou heard
That Spain has hither sent an embassy,
And that Almanzor, with his chosen friend,—
Why at that name a sweet vermilion tint,
Which like the rose of Schiraz, or the blush
That at the dawn of day o'erspreads the skies,
In quick succession mantles on thy cheek,
Then to the snow-white lily yields its place?—
But to my tale. Almanzor and thy lover
Are gone to usher these ambassadors
Into my father's presence. Wilt thou stay,
And witness their reception at our court?
Through our thick veils, unseen we may behold them.

Zoray. Your slave, fair princess, waits on your commands.

Zul. My friend, thou mean'st. Let's haste; the trumpet's sound
In festive florish speaks their near approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment in the Alhambra.*

Enter BOABDIL and ALAMAR.

Boab. Insulted! scorn'd! and by that beardless youth!
Scarce can my choler vent itself in words.
Didst thou not mark his proud presumptuous bearing?
He call'd me coward in the open street,
And groan'd out "shame! shame! shame!" upon my head.
Shall then the heir of this famed monarchy
Be by his younger brother twitted thus,
And not revenge himself? Am I so weak,
So powerless, that I must bow before him;
And when he schools me most unmannerly,
Cry "thank thee, Solomon," and wipe the tear
Of deep contrition from my weeping eyes,
And swear, repenting, ne'er to sin again?

Alam. Patience, Boabdil. Soon the time will come
When openly thou may'st resent thy wrongs.
Now, though the thoughts of vengeance fill thy breast,
Smile on thy foe, and let him not suspect
The deadly venom rankling there against him.
Thou wilt behold the pageant of the day?

Boab. What should I there? No; I'll attend the council
When their proposals are debated on.
I loathe these Spaniards, therefore will avoid them.

Alam. You fear these Spaniards, therefore will avoid them.

Boab. Heard I aright?

Alam. I said it, Boabdil.
'Tis thine to prove me wrong. Go to the Court,
And meet thine enemies with brows serene,
Nor speak thy sentiments till call'd upon
At council to declare them openly.
'Tis not the gust of passion that befits
A soul devoid of dread; a calm demeanour
Bespeaks a mind free from each coward thought;
An agitated mien too oft betrays
Not wrath, but apprehension. Let us hence,
If thou'rt a man, hence to the audience room.

[*Exit Alamar.*

Boab. Still school'd and tutor'd! and not dare to show
The rage that boils within my bursting veins!
Such is ambition's fatal destiny!

He who would grasp the royal diadem,
Must to the artful and designing trust;
Such villains know their might and power well,
And on the services they can perform,
Presume to lead you as their fancy wills.
Now is his time for triumph; mine will come;
Then, Alamar, stand fast, and let me see
If thy bold spirit knows no qualms of fear.
My schemes to rob thee of thy Zulema
Are in my brain matured: now I will seem
To heed thy counsels with a docile mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A magnificent Audience-Hall—A florish.*]

Enter MULEY, BOABDIL, ALAMAR, OTHMAN, SEDI, ALI, LORDS.—ZULEMA, ZORAYDA, and LADIES, *on one side of the stage.—Muley sits upon the throne.—Another florish:* Enter *on the other side,* ALMANZOR, ABEN-HAMET, MUSTAPHA, *and Moorish* LORDS, CARDINAL XIMENES, MEDINA, CORTEZ, *and Spanish retinue.*

Alman. (*kneels*) My gracious sovereign, by your commands
Before your throne the Spanish deputies
In waiting stand.

Muley. Subjects of Arragon
And of Castile, you're welcome to our court;
Though yet we know not if as friends ye come,
Shedding around ye the sweet balm of peace;—
Or if ye mean to bid the trumpet sound
In grating notes of war and deadly feud,
Still, such kind greetings, as the Moorish faith
To Christians may allow, command as yours.
Speak without dread your purport: freely speak;
Granadian manners know the courtesy
Due to your sacred office: speak at large.

Xime Commander of the Moors, our mighty king
Thus bade the humblest of his subjects say—
Does Muley wish to stop the flow of blood,
To throw the murderous blade of war aside,
To rear the olive in his Moorish realms,
And see his people florish in the arms
Of proud security from foreign foes?

Or, as the monarchs who preceded him,
Does he, unmindful of his subjects' good,
Still thirst for Spanish blood, still cry for war?
If to the former yields his gentle mind,
Let him, as justice prompts, to Seville send
The tribute long since due, by which he holds
His crown as vassal to the Spanish court.
If his relentless spirit breathe not peace,
We are prepared for battle; and he'll find
He has no lambs to cope with—tell him thus.

Muley. To matters of such import, it were rash
To give an instant answer: we must scan
If that the tribute which you claim as due
In justice should be yours. To-morrow's dawn
We will to Spain transmit a full reply.
So far we'll tell you now, our bosom yearns
As much as royal Ferdinand's for peace.
We love our people, for their happiness,
As far as honor will permit, we'll meet
Your monarch in his wishes to obtain it.
Almanzor, to thy charge we do commit
These noble guests. as suits our dignity,
The Moorish fame for hospitality,
Their rank and merit, see them entertain'd.

Alman. Fear not, my liege, both will and duty join
To make me do my office faithfully.

Med. We thank ye, noble monarch, gallant prince.

Cortez. Yet ere we quit the audience, mighty king,
Let to thy throne our cry for justice rise:
We cannot think your laws to deeds of blood
Give countenance; still less can we believe
Ye look on captives not as brother men,
And would permit them as a flock of sheep
To be by butchers slaughter'd unreveng'd.

Muley. No, by my faith, those whom stern destiny
Has made our slaves, whene'er their wrongs have reach'd us
Have never found they had to plead in vain.
Speak boldly then, has any slave complain'd
Of barb'rous usage from tyrannic master?
How have his injuries assailed your ears
And not reached ours?

Ximen. No slave complained to us;

But, noble Muley, as we pass'd your streets,
We saw a wounded Spaniard in our way,
Borne by his fellow captives; and we mark'd
Their consternation, whilst the dying man
With energy of manner, though faint voice,
Pour'd forth his blessings on us: we were mov'd
With pity of his sufferings, and enquir'd
What ruffian's hand had brought him to that state.
The captives all were mute; they durst not speak;
The Prince Almanzor blush'd, and sighing said,
The man belong'd to him; he prized him much,
And would himself had wounded been ere this
Had happened to him—begg'd us not to ask
What cruel hand perform'd th' atrocious deed:
Shame tied his tongue—thus spake the noble youth:
No further time for converse was allowed.

Muley. On thy allegiance to thy sire's commands,
By honor's laws, by justice, and by truth
Directed, speak, Almanzor: say, whose sword
Like an assassin's drank a captive's blood.
Let nothing sway thee, not a kinsman's name
Nor e'en sweet friendship's still much stronger tie
Persuade thee to conceal the coward's guilt:
He who would screen a wretch from punishment,
Is an accomplice in the dread offence;
Were it ourselves or brother thou should'st speak.

Boab. I'll spare his tongue the office; it was I.
What! shall a thing of naught, a groveling slave,
Dare to insult me with impunity?—
No: whilst I wear a weapon by my side,
I'll crush the viper whose erected head
With scornful hisses twits me as I pass.
Shall Spanish Christian dogs have liberty
To thwart Granada's future monarch's will?

Ximen. Are Moorish princes executioners?
And are your laws of properties so weak
That ye may rob each other of your slaves,
And boast aloud ye took a Christian's life?

Muley. You were too rash, Boabdil; and your speech
Savours of insult to our majesty.
Another time, in presence of our court,

You'll answer to this charge. My lords, farewell.
Your mission shall be canvass'd instantly.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Audience-Chamber.*

MULEY *is discovered on his throne;* ZULEMA, ZORAYDA, *and Moorish Ladies veiled, are seated on one side*—BOABDIL and ALMANZOR *on the other. Grand Vizier and the chief Lords of both parties are seated as in council.*

Alman. (*rising*) Yes, worthy Vizier, from your lips have flow'd
Persuasive eloquence and counsel sage.
As a fond mother for her offspring's bliss
Is ever anxious, and would sacrifice
Some of the wishes which ambitious pride
Or too-aspiring hopes have made her form;—
So should a monarch, for his people's rest,
Give up the distant hopes of conquest framed
On means which justice and the laws of faith
Would shame to use—and such the present case.
We owe this tribute. Shall we rush to war
To save a handful of strife-breeding gold?
Let's pay the paltry sacrifice to peace.
Too long has carnage stalk'd across our fields;
'Tis time to lay the ponderous shield aside,
And turn our spears to weaving instruments.
Peace, peace, my liege, our country sighs for peace.

Muley Yes, long enough we've view'd the widow's tears,
And orphans wailing o'er their fathers slain—
Yes, long enough we've seen Granada's plains
Lie fallow for the want of hands to till them—
Yes, long enough has war's inciting triumph
Bid to our standard every youth repair,
And leave the shuttle of an artizan
To grasp Asrael's gore-stain'd sword. Yes, peace,

Peace is your monarch's dream by night, when sleep,
The rare attendant on a royal head,
Has deign'd to spread its poppies o'er his couch.
His waking thoughts, the wishes of his heart,
Are bent to see within Granada's realms
The olive florish. Say, our counsellors,
Shall Muley, pleading for his people's bliss,
Plead fruitlessly? Will you deny him peace?

Boab. Ye've heard your monarch; ye've Almanzor heard:
The first, by weakness, incident to age,
The last, by native cowardice inspir'd,
For peace, disgraceful to the Moorish name,
Use futile arguments. Now list to me—
To me, whose bosom with a patriot zeal
Indignant burns, to see ye led astray
By palsied dotards and by timid youths—
Resume your judgments: Shall we, fam'd for arms,
To a detested and a miscreant race
Confess ourselves the vassals? Fie, for shame!
Much as I reverence age, my father love,
I must avow—think not ambition prompts
The declaration I'm about to make;—
No; cut me from succession, o'er my head
By your election place some other king
More worthy of your confidence than I—
Still would I say, what truth now bids me speak:
That he who could for peace such clamors raise,
Is through his weakness most unfit to reign;
And were he wise, he'd lay aside the cares
Of government, to pass his closing days,
Far from those scenes which suit not with his years.

Alman. With wonder and amazement I have listened
To thy irreverent and intemperate speech.
See how thy words have made our father weep!
Would that each bitter drop that wets his cheeks,
Might scald thy conscience as it wounds my breast.
Our father cease to reign! and thou be king!—
For such, no doubt, beneath the ill-form'd mask
Of patriot zeal and meek humility
Are the insatiate yearnings of thy soul.
Thou king!—Unhappy Moors, ye'll wail the day

When that the crown which for your happiness
The virtuous Muley wears, shall bind the brows
Of my unnatural brother, Boabdil.

Alam. Young prince, you are too bold; for Boabdil
Spoke for his father's and his country's weal:
Long time we've thought with him, our sovereign
Was by his age unfitted for the task
Of royal sway—Long time we've thought his hands
Too lax to hold the reins of majesty;
But memory of his former greatness, tied
Our loyal tongues: we would not be the first
To give such grating counsel; we had hoped
He would himself have deem'd the season come,
In which the thoughts of paradise alone
Should his attention fix; but since his son,
The noble Boabdil, our future king,
Has, in compassion to his country, hush'd
The tender feelings which his nature prompts,
With him we join our voice, and cry aloud,
Though Muley still shall florish in our hearts
Let now a younger and an abler chief
Granada's sceptre wield.

Muley. No more, no more:
Unnatural son! ungrateful subjects! cease.
Great Alla and his prophet know my heart,
How willingly I'll lay the crown aside,
Which, like a band of scorching steel, still writhes
The brows which wear it with consuming pains.
Yes, Boabdil, seize on the royal power;
Thy hand gluts for it: but though now it seem
To thy distorted fancy full of joy,
Thou'lt find 'twill fill thy couch with piercing thorns.
Ye wish another king, ye Moorish lords;
Your weal and happiness has ever been
My greatest, first of objects; gladly then,
Since 'tis your wish, I abdicate the throne.

Aben. No, no, dread liege, 'tis not Granada's wish.

Alman. What though a faction dare to broach aloud
Seditious sentiments—what though it dare
To bid my brother mount upon your throne—
Does Muley think a treacherous party's voice
Is the just echo of the people's wish?

You love your subjects, mighty sovereign,
You seek their welfare, reign then over them
Whilst Muley lives, whilst I can hold a sword,
No Boabdil, no other king, I swear—
Muley. Hold, my Almanzor! If my peace of mind
Is to thy bosom dear, ah! let me not
Behold my children wrangling:—take no oath
Which may dissolve the ties of brotherhood,
Or breed commotions in Granada's state.—
No, no, my son, I will no longer reign
Where I no longer meet with confidence.
Two adverse parties shall not tear this realm,
By my grey hairs excited. Boabdil,
Take thou the crown. May Heaven on thy head
Make it sit lighter than it did on mine.
Now, as the first of Moorish citizens,
Let me do homage to Granada's king,
And cry, "long live our noble monarch Boabdil!"
Zegris. Long live our noble monarch Boabdil!
Muley. Why stands Almanzor rapt in mute amaze?
Why do the chiefs of the Abencerrages
Refuse to own Granada's sovereign?
Alman. My father, pardon if I dare offend you:
My stiffen'd tongue is loath to utter sounds
My heart belies; nor will my stubborn knees
In reverence bow before another king
Than he who long has ruled this goodly land.
Say, Aben-Hamet, say, good Mustapha,
And you, ye other chieftains, from whose mouths
No sound of exultation has been heard,
Has not Almanzor spoke your sentiments?
Do ye not make with him a common cause?
Loudly refuse your monarch's resignation?
To own Boabdil as your rightful king
Till the cold grave receive my father's corse?—
They who the welfare of Granada love,
Now cry with me, "long live our glorious king!
Muley the good, the wise, our rightful chief!"
Aben. Long may King Muley live!
Alamar. Rash dotards! cease!
Boabdil is your monarch, bow to him.
Alman. No, while King Muley lives, by Alla! no!
Ye friends to loyalty—ye chosen few,

Flock round your monarch, guard his sacred person
From violence and outrage.—Boabdil,
Shame on thee, brother: throw from off thine head
The royal diadem: O! bend thy knees,
Let tears of penitence efface thy fault.
Ye factious Zegris, crown your rightful prince,
And cast yourselves upon his clemency.

Boab. Insulting boy! we will no longer bear
Thy proud revolting spirit. Brave no more
A brother's wrath. Ye discontented chiefs,
Return to duty; pay your homage due.
Why kneel ye not while yet my mercy leans
Towards forgiveness of your stubbornness?

Muley. My son Almanzor, ye Abencerrages,
Leave to his fate a weak old doting man,
Who, like a wither'd and a sapless tree,
No more can yield you shelter. Go and bask
Beneath the sun of his prosperity.

Boab. Still do ye hesitate?—Say, heard ye not
His counsels whom ye call your monarch? Turn
To duty—What! no stubborn knee will bend?
By Heaven! it grieves me, my first royal act—
Must, by your obstinate resistance, prove
An act of violence. (*He stamps: guards of the Zegris faction enter on all sides.*)

Alman. Confusion! we're undone!
Your aid, my noble friends, were fruitless now:
Your country's welfare calling out aloud,
Bids you desist from madly following up
A hopeless cause. List to the patriot zeal
Which burns within your breasts: ye loved your king,
But still than him you lov'd your country more.
He is deposed, your country still remains;
Your wholesome counsels still may save the state.
Ye seem to marvel at my change of speech,
And think, perhaps, that fear has caus'd the change:
But hear my resolutions, and you'll see
That no self-thought has prompted my discourse.
Whate'er my father's fate, I go with him;
I own no king but Muley; I'm his son;
And as one single person in the realm
Can do but little good; ye many are,

Both in the senate and in arms renown'd:
Ye are Granada's children; for its sake,
Bear this detested change of sovereignty;
While there were hopes that Muley still might wear
The royal diadem, I otherwise
Advised ye, chieftains; now those hopes are dead,
And to resist would be to spill in vain
The Moorish blood. Now own King Boabdil.
Oh! that my voice, my father yet alive,
Should be compell'd to call my brother king!
And thou, usurper of the regal power,
If any virtue animate thy soul,
Now is the time to show it: noble foes
Forgive, nay e'en forget all injuries;
But these were none, I therefore ask thee not
To cancel their offences, they had none;
Thou should'st remember Muley was their king,
They faithful were, resemble thou thy sire,
Rule o'er Granada with a parent's love,
And they'll be loyal to thee, Boabdil.

Muley. Farewell, my son; walk humbly with thy God,
Cherish thy people, justice, and the truth,
And so may Alla pardon thee the wrongs
Thou'st heap'd upon thy father's head. Farewell—
If any offspring thou should'st ever have,
May they ne'er make thee feel such pangs as mine.
Conduct us, guards, where'er your king commands.

Boab. Go, Alamar; we to your charge commit
The noble Muley and his son Almanzor;
Conduct them to the ancient palace straight:
Treat them with every deference their rank
And their relationship to us requires.
Let no officious fools an entrance find
To feed with visionary hopes their souls;
For doting age and too presumptuous youth
Are liable to catch at golden dreams
Which never, never can be realised,
But may disturb the quiet of the state.
Farewell; ye shall be treated as ourselves.

Zul. (*rushing forward*) My liege, my brother, hear your sister plead;

Tear not a wretched daughter from her sire!
O let my fate united be to his!
Boab. We've other views for thee—it cannot be:
Thy supplications, fool, are all in vain.
Lead back your lady to her seat again:
We are not to be mov'd by female tears.—
Why do you not obey us, Alamar?
Conduct the princes to their residence.
[*Exeunt Muley, Almanzor, Alamar, and Guards.*
'Tis well for you, ye proud seditious chiefs;
Ye own'd our power in time to save your lives.
But lest among your factions ye should broach
Rebellion's dangerous flame, I banish you.
But Mustapha, to lighten exile's pains,
Know that I choose thy daughter as my bride.
(*Zorayda shrieks and faints: Mustapha and Aben-Hamet rush towards her.*)
Mus. Merciless tyrant! he has slain my child!
Aben. Look up, Zorayda: Aben-Hamet calls.
Thou shalt not part us, despot!
Boab. On your lives,
Let not these men approach your destin'd queen.
(*Guards struggle with Mustapha and Aben-Hamet—Zorayda recovers and rushes towards them.*)
Boab. Go, bear them to the confines of the realm,
From thence to roam at freedom where they list.
If that Granada's lands another day
Should see them lingering, their lives shall prove
The forfeit of their crime—Away with them!
Tear them asunder: bear the lady hence
To my seraglio. [*Exeunt Zorayda and Guards on one side, the Abencerrages and Guards on the other.*
Now for the embassy;
Go, Ali, bid the Spanish chiefs approach. [*Exit Ali.*
They soon shall be dispatch'd: and then for war—
A war of bloody, endless, enmity.
[Re-enter Ali *with* Ximenes, Medina, Cortez, *and Attendants.*]
Away to Spain, Iberian delegates;
Go tell your monarch, haughty Ferdinand,
We are as proud, as resolute, as he;
And tell him too, we shall no tribute pay

But what his sword in fight can force from us:
Add that old Muley, that pacific prince,
Has ceased to reign: that we the Spaniards hate;
Then hurl our bold defiance in his teeth.
Since ye came here, we've heard your king has pleased
To encamp himself with all the might of Spain
Close to Granada's bounds. Since he's so near,
Ye need not linger on your journey to him:
And if to-morrow's sun should catch you here,
Your office shall not screen you from my rage.
Farewell—depart.—Nay, nay, no answer give;
We parley not with Spaniards and with Christians.
Othman, escort them safely on their way
From this our Moorish kingdom.—Hence! begone!

Cortez. In haste, proud Moor, we'll seek the Spanish host,
And to our king, the valiant Ferdinand,
Relate the insult thou hast done his crown
In the person of his chosen ministers.

Med. Nor will the flaming sword of war once drawn
Be sheath'd again till that the Moorish pride
Be humbled into dust—till that thy crown
Be into atoms crumbled, and thy name,
As the chief cause of all thy people's ruin,
Become abhorrent to the eastern world.

Ximenes. The blood that in this deadly feud shall flow,
Be on thy head, thou fell usurping prince.
How canst thou think thy reign should prosperous prove,
When, blind to nature's dictates, thou hast seized
The diadem from off thy father's brow?
Sit on the throne thou'st gain'd by violence
Securely if thou can'st. We leave thee now.

Cortez. The Hesperian host, believe me, soon shall give
An energetic answer to thy threats.
And ye deluded Moors, ye soon shall rue
Your blind election of this upstart king.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors and train with Othman*

Boab. Heard ye the malice of these Christian dogs?
Their threats alarm us not. But now, brave chiefs,
We will commence the duties of a king,
By listening to our people's grievances

Have any here petition or complaint
To lay before us?—let them freely speak;
And be assured they shall have justice strict.
Let not the wealth, or might, or dignity,
Of those they have t' accuse deter the poor,
The weak, defenceless, from approaching us;
They shall be heard, were they to implicate
Those nearest to our blood or choicest friends.

Ali. Encouraged thus, my liege, I dare presume,
Not on my own account, but for the state,
To breathe an accusation. Much it grieves
My heart to wound the feelings of my king,
But rigid duty, like the will of fate,
Compels me to disclose what fain I'd hide:
The Princess Zulema, my puissant liege,
Both to her faith and country is disloyal.
I overheard her to a Spanish knight
Confess she lov'd him.—Since you start at this,
With horror start, how shall I dare proceed,
When what I have t' unfold will lock each sense
In terror-stricken lethargy at once.
Can you believe the sister of your king
Could own herself a Christian?—Yes, ye Moors,
The Princess Zulema, our former pride,
Is now become Granada's infamy! (*Zulema faints.*)
That this is true, by Alla's name I swear!
And in the fight should she a champion find,
I'll prove by arms my accusation's just.

Boab. O! thou hast struck a dagger to my heart!
O! I could weep with anguish!—Zulema!
What, not a word to plead in thy defence?

Attendant. My liege, the princess fainted as you wretch
The base aspersions utter'd.

Boab. Bear her hence
To her apartment. [*Exeunt Zulema, and ladies bearing her.*
Set a watchful guard,
That she escape not from them. I much dread
That she is guilty. Though my heart must bleed
To pass the dreadful sentence, yet as king,
I must perforce pronounce it—At the stake
She's doom'd to suffer, should no champion's arm
Her honor clear. Three days she has to live;

If on the fourth no knight espouse her cause,
She dies. My lords, the council's broken up—
Ye may withdraw where'er your pleasure leads.
Ali and Sedi, to your private ears
I would the sorrows of my soul confide. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Well, Ali, thou'st perform'd thine arduous task,
And when the ambitious Alamar's remov'd,
Then, and then only, with a steady hand,
Shall I Granada's royal sceptre grasp.
Sedi, 'tis thine to spur the fiery chief
To come and twit me with his fancied wrongs;
Speed to him; urge the loss of Zulema;
Tell him his services are ill-repaid;
And when you've chafed the lion, let him come
And vent his anger on our royal selves. [*Exit Sedi.*

Ali. Your reign, my liege, auspiciously begins;
Your foes entrap themselves; the adverse chiefs,
The proud Abencerrages, are dispers'd,
And conquest o'er the Spaniard shall assure
Granada's crown on your illustrious head.
Still, mighty monarch, must my conscience speak;
For thee I have betray'd sweet friendship's trust,
And torn from Alamar his Zulema.

Boab. Silence these qualms, my Ali; serving me,
Thou'rt true to friendship, true to loyalty.
The haughty Alamar, thou know'st full well,
Was too ambitious to be trifled with.
Such men may help us to ascend the throne;
But when we're fix'd thereon, they're dangerous,
And for our safety, they must silenced be.
But here he comes, and in the very mood
For our intentions fit. Speed, Ali, speed;
And when I stamp, do as I order'd thee. [*Exit Ali.*

[*Boabdil stands aside.* Enter ALAMAR.]

Alam. Sedi inform'd me, that the king was here.—
The king!—I raised him to that height of power,
And thus the traitor pays my services.
Soon shalt thou tumble from thy lofty seat,
Ungrateful, ill-advis'd, perfidious man!
The workman who could build the edifice,
Has power, I trow, to hurl it to the ground:
Then tremble, Boabdil, thy seat is weak,

Thy exaltation sudden was, 'tis true;
So shall thy fall be rapid, trust my wrongs.

Boab. (*comes forward*) Not by thy hands, king-maker Alamar. (*stamps.*)

[Enter Ali and Mutes.]

Prepare your bow-strings. Lead this traitor forth,
Let instant death reward his foul design
To rob his monarch of his diadem.
Away with him. As soon as he's dispatch'd,
Bring us immediate notice.

[*Exeunt Alamar, Ali, and Mutes.*

All goes well;
Fortune smiles on me; I have reach'd the goal
My soaring wishes aim'd at. Thou art mine,
Granada's kingdom; through a sea of blood
I've waded to possess thee; I must on
In the same track; to render thee secure,
To conscience I must lend a deafen'd ear,
For power ill-begotten must be kept
By evil measures and by cursed acts. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Gonsalvo's Tent—Spanish Camp.*

Enter Gonsalvo, Lara, Aben-Hamet, Mustapha, and Abencerrages.

Gons. Illustrious exiles, welcome to my tent:
Our gracious king has to my care consign'd
The grateful task to entertain you here,
Whilst ye remain within the Spanish camp.
Be cheerful, noble Moors; let not the tooth
Of gnawing grief too deeply wound your breasts.
Forget you left your country; fancy this
To be the land wherein you drew your breath:
Let not the difference of our faith affright you.
When fell adversity has seiz'd upon
A virtuous enemy, a Christian soul
Forgets each cause of discord, flies to aid,
Nay, even to its love can take the man
Whom hitherto it warr'd with, while the gales

Of prosperous fortune fann'd his golden bark.
We know, we prize, your loyalty and truth:
Though foes, we still esteem'd your noble minds.
You're banish'd for your virtues; in our land
Ye've sought for refuge, and your confidence
In Ferdinand's exalted liberal spirit
Shall never be deceiv'd. Dread not, my lords,
That he will ask you to betray the Moors;
Our monarch loves not traitors, he esteems you.
Far from the seat of war, in fair Castile,
If ye object not to his kind intents,
He means to settle you as suits your rank.

Aben-Ham. Noble Gonsalvo, mighty general,
Whose fame in arms has reach'd Granada's walls,
We grateful thank thee for thy courtesy.
We much expected from thy monarch's worth,
But still he soars above our loftiest hopes;
His goodness, like the freshening dews of heaven,
Revives our drooping spirits.

Lara. Say, my lords,
It was a sudden, unexpected change
That plac'd Boabdil on his father's throne?

Musta. That treacherous son had long since plann'd the deed,
Which must for ever with the tint of shame
Dye every Moorish cheek.

Gons. The upstart king
With words of proud defiance has dismiss'd
The noblemen we sent to treat of peace.

Aben-Ham. And war again must desolate thy fields,
Unhappy native land! Great Alla count
Each drop of blood that in this strife is spilt,
And lay the number to Boabdil's score
In the dread book of judgment. O, my God!
The Spaniards offer'd peace on noble terms.
Not on the Spaniards then be pour'd thy wrath,
But on the blind, infatuated prince,
Who, deaf to reason and his country's weal,
Rejected with disdain the olive-branch.

(*A Voice, accompanied by a Minstrel's Harp, is heard from without.*)

Soldier, soldier, let me pass,
To your captain lead the way.
Courteous knight and courtly lass
Love the minstrel's roundelay.
Of beauty, love, of loyalty I sing,
Nor is war banish'd from the tuneful string.

Aben-Ham. O God! those tones!

Musta. Sure 'tis my daughter's voice!

Lara. Again the notes in melody divine
Strike on the ravish'd ear. Be silent, lords.

Voice. Soldier, soldier, far from Spain
I've hither bent my weary way,
To see Gonsalvo; not in vain
Be the minstrel's course, I pray.
Of captive ladies to his ear I'd sing,
And to love's dangers strike the tuneful string.

Aben-Ham. 'Tis my lost treasure.

Gons. Pause, a moment pause.
Soldier, who for admittance craves without?

Soldier. An ancient minstrel and a youth, my lord.

Gons. Let them approach—admit them instantly.

[Enter PEDRO and ZORAYDA, *disguised as Minstrels.*]

Gons. Pedro!

Musta. Zorayda!

Aben-Ham. O transporting joy!
How came you here? how 'scap'd you? speak, my love.

Zoray. This faithful slave, attach'd to Zulema,
Contriv'd the means of flight, to tell Gonsalvo
The princess was in danger of her life.
She is accus'd of loving thee, sir Knight;
And more, the base detractor of her fame,
Swears that she is a Christian in her faith;
And for these crimes she is condemn'd to die
To-morrow at the stake by scorching flames,
Unless some champion vanquish in the fight
Her foul accuser.

Pedro. I have brought, my lord,
A Moorish armour to disguise yourself.

Gons. I fly to rescue Zulema from death,
Or die in the attempt. Farewell, my friends,
Farewell. [*Exeunt Gonsalvo and Pedro.*

Lara. My noble lords, though greatly pain'd
With the afflictions of my virtuous friend,
Still in the midst of sorrow I can feel
For Mustapha's and Aben-Hamet's joy.
But I well know, Abencerragian chiefs,
That ye must wish in private to discourse
With your fair relative; I pray ye use
No ceremony with me, but withdraw:
Ye're masters here; and in the inner tent
Ye'll find the banquet wait you, where at ease
Ye may enjoy your social intercourse.
Musta. Such delicate attentions, good my lord,
Make us your debtors ever We accept
With gratitude the liberty you give us.
Come, my lov'd daughter, treasure I deem'd lost
Both to myself and Aben-Hamet, come,
Since Lara grants permission, we'll withdraw.
[*Exeunt Aben-Hamet, Mustapha, Zorayda, and Attendants.*
Lara. The Moorish fate, like to a fever'd man's,
Or by a crisis will regain its strength
Or draws to a conclusion. Boabdil
Has, through his hatred of the noble chiefs
Who lately sought our court, bereaved his realm
Of able counsellors and warlike knights.
That to our just and glorious cause of strife
Gives greater, brighter prospects of success.
[Enter PEDRO.]
But here comes Pedro. Is Gonsalvo gone?
Pedro. Disguis'd in Moorish weeds, I saw him speed
By a bye path I show'd him 'cross the hills
Which lead directly to the capital.
Lara. How bears the lady Zulema her fate?
Pedro. At first with proud and dignified composure,
Such as a conscience void of guilt assumes.
This stung her fell oppressor to the quick.
His malice was not glutted whilst he saw
His victim so resign'd. Refin'd in naught
But cruelty alone, his rage devis'd
A savage method to subdue her spirit:
He came to visit her, and seem'd in truth
Touch'd with compassion of her destiny;

Said, that to soothe confinement's dreariness,
He would permit a private interview
Between Almanzor, Muley, and herself.
Rejoic'd at this, she sought the lonely dome
Which was the prison of her relatives.
What horrid objects met her frenzied sight!
She saw—my blood with terror grows congeal'd
As I relate the dreadful scene—she saw
The corses of her brother and her sire,
The fatal bow-string still around their necks.

Lara. Barbarian! monster! feller e'en than bards
Have ever painted the Tartarian crew.
But since that time has not her gentle brain
Had madness as its inmate?

Pedro. Since that hour,
She, like a lily nipp'd by winter's frost,
Hangs down her lovely head, whilst her fair cheeks
Are by the blighting touch of sorrow blanch'd.
Her eyes, which whilome glanc'd around the beams
Of youthful health and of a heart at ease,
Now lustreless are cast upon the ground,
Or stare around her with a vacant gaze.
Her arms are folded closely to her breast,
No sighs, no plaints, no murmurs show her grief,
But motionless she sits, in mute despair.
Yet, noble Lara, her dejected mien,
Her silence, to the soul speaks more of woe
Than words however sad or wildest shrieks.

Lara. Alas! poor mourner! much I pity thee.
But now imperious duty calls me hence.

Pedro. My lord, I fain would make you one request.
Procure a poor but loyal veteran
A moment's audience with his Majesty.
I for his ears have matters of import,
Which may facilitate Granada's fall.

Lara. Yes, I'll present thee to our sovereign,
Fear not, old man; our gracious king with smiles
Of royal favor will good Pedro greet
As the preserver of his favorite chief.
All Spain will bless thee for that glorious act,
And chiefly I. Whilst glowing memory
Still holds her busy office in my brain,

Shall Pedro's name be heard with gratitude.
Come, worthy fellow, let us to the court. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Zulema's Apartment.*

ZULEMA, *dressed in white, her head covered with a veil bound by a wreath of cypress, is discovered seated, with her eyes cast on the ground, and her hands folded across her bosom. Her attendants stand around her. The sound of muffled drums and trumpets is heard. Enter the Band, with instruments muffled. Moorish Youths and Virgins, bearing lighted torches,* OTHMAN, SEDI, *and Guards.*

Othman. Lady, you must attend us.
Zul. (*staring wildly*) Ah! who speaks?
Othman. Our orders, princess, brook not of delay;
Our sovereign waits your coming, all's prepar'd.
Zul. (*starts, then looks at her garments*) Ah! 'tis the nuptial hour. Each blazing torch,
The rosy chaplet waving on my brow,
This festive pomp, bespeak my bliss is nigh.
But where's Almanzor? wherefore comes he not
To lead his sister to her father's feet,
That she may crave his blessing ere she breathe
The solemn vows that bind her to her love?
Sedi. No nuptials wait thee, lady; think on death.
Zul. Who talks of death? Be yonder slave dismiss'd,
Who at the bridal season talks of death.
Othman. She is distracted. Lead her hence away.
(*Guards seize Zulema.*)
Zul. Unhand me, fellows! know ye not my rank?
I am Granada's Princess, and the bride
Of knighthood's choicest flower. (*starts*) What was that?
Methought I heard a death-groan! God! O God!
What spectacle of terror meets my sight!
Oh! hide me! hide me! 'tis my father's corse!
Another? O! Almanzor! dead?—what! dead?
Butcher'd inhumanly! both gone! O God!
[*She is borne out. Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Outside of Granada's Ramparts.*

Enter FERDINAND, ISABELLA, XIMENES, *bearing the Cross*, LARA, MEDINA, CORTEZ, PEDRO, and the Spanish Army.

Ferdi. Arragonese, Castilians, we have reach'd
The Moorish seat of empire; now your deeds
Must lead us on to conquest or to shame.
Well hitherto ye have maintain'd the fame
Your ancestors bequeath'd you. Now to doubt
That with undaunted front you'll meet the foe,
Were in your king ungrateful and unjust.
No high-flown speech, pourtraying all the wrongs
You and your brother Spaniards still in chains
Have suffer'd from these daring infidels,
Could raise your courage higher; therefore we
Shall be content with these few simple words.
But holy man, Toledo's Cardinal,
Ere we commence the contest, we request
That you to Heaven raise your orisons,
To implore success unto our rightful cause.

Ximenes. (*kneeling*) Fountain of goodness! thou whose mighty hand
Hast to the weak in former times bestow'd
The needful might to crush their enemies;
Who when the powers of the East combin'd
With hosts unnumber'd, giants in their size,
Came like a tempest on the wings of war
Against thy chosen people Israel;
And when they thought themselves secure of gain,
Were by the force they scorn'd o'erwhelm'd in ruin,
For Israel's cause found favor in thy sight—
Now deign to look upon thy people here.
No lust of empire, and no drunken thirst
For spoil or lucre lead them on to arms.
'Tis for thy altars stain'd, thy rites profan'd,
'Tis for their country, doom'd to slavery,
'Tis for their monarch's realm, invaded on,
'Tis for their females, of their honor stripp'd,
Their children murder'd, or in bondage led,
That now they lift the vengeful spear aloft;
And against whom? a tyrant, an usurper,
A wretch, who in his brethren's blood has dipp'd

His gore-stain'd hands; who neither knows the laws
Of nature nor humanity; a Moor,
Who to the Christians bears eternal hate.
Such is the cause of contest, Lord of Hosts!
We are frail creatures, from perfection far;
But if e'er mortals nobly drew the sword,
If justice ever led to feats in arms,
And through thy aid with victory was crown'd,
Now may we hope for conquest. Bless our arms;
May thy avenging power steel their points,
And Spain regain her former liberty.

Isabella. Thanks, reverend prelate. Heaven by thy voice
With double courage animates each breast;
We read in every soldier's countenance
The sure destruction of the infidels.
On Ferdinand your banners bright unfurl;
Success awaits our cause, our cause is just.

Ferdi. Hear, leaders of the army, the commands
We have to issue for this day's emprize.
Your brother Spaniards, captives in these walls,
Still yearn for freedom, nor will idly rest
Inactive till our arms have gain'd it them.
Whilst Boabdil and all the Moorish host
Attend a public combat, in the which
Your general Gonsalvo is engag'd,
And may some danger run, unless we speed
And lend him some assistance: whilst they're met,
And all the guards are from their posts away,
Our countrymen will ope the private gate
To give us entrance. Thither lies our march:
Follow old Pedro, he knows well the way;
But follow him in silence till we reach
The lists, where all Granada's force combin'd,
Not dreaming of our coming, waits unarm'd.
On, Pedro, noble veteran: future days
Shall hear thy name, and kindle at the sound.
Spain and Gonsalvo! be the rallying cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Public Place in Granada.*

On an elevated platform, ZULEMA *chained to the stake, the Youths and Virgins, with their lighted torches, stand on each side of her. On one side* BOABDIL *on a throne, with Grandees around him; on the other, the Judge of the lists and Heralds.*

Boab. Judge of the lists, now let the trumpets sound.
Call Zulema's accuser forth in arms;
On foot he fights, and with the battle-axe.

(*The trumpets sound three times.* Enter ALI, *armed.*)

Judge. Say by thy knighthood why thou com'st equipp'd
In all the dread accoutrements of war?
Alla defend thee as thou speak'st the truth.

Ali. I come, before my sovereign and the world
Boldly to accuse the Princess Zulema
Of secret commerce with a Spanish knight;
And more, to add that in her private faith
She is a renegado in religion,
Abjures our Prophet for the Christian creed.
That I speak truth the combat shall declare,
Or be my life the forfeit of the falsehood.

(*Throws down his gauntlet.*)

Boab. Three times distinctly let the trumpet clang.
If, when it thrice has sounded, no one dare
To lift the gauntlet yonder knight hath thrown,
Or if a champion come and bite the dust,
Then set the stake on fire, for she dies.
If, on the contrary, a knight arrive
And conquer the accuser, she is free.

(*The Judge waves his hand, the trumpet sounds three times at intervals; mournful music between each sound.*)

Boab. Prepare to light the stake, she is—

(*A trumpet is heard from without,* GONSALVO *rushes in, armed in a Moorish dress.*)

Gons. Delay
Your rash and cruel purpose for awhile.

(*snatches up the gauntlet.*)

That Zulema is pure as mountain snows,
As chaste as icicles, as virtuous
As was our mother Eve ere Satan came
And with deluding eloquence betray'd her;—
That her accuser is as arch a fiend,

As great a liar as the serpent's self,
By all my hopes of Heaven, as I bear
With honor unpolluted knighthood's sword,
I by mine arm's immortal strife will show.
Then sound thy trumpet, warder of the lists.
Thou base, disloyal, perjur'd slave; advance.

(*They fight. After a time* ALI *falls, but in the heat of the battle,* GONSALVO *losing his helmet,* ZULEMA *recognizes him, and shrieks.*)

Boab. (*aside*) Death to my hopes, the faithful Ali's slain!
(*aloud*) There', treachery, Moors. This is the Spanish chief
That from her duty made the princess swerve.
Seize on him, guards—conduct him to the pile—
One death shall expiate their mutual crime.

(*Gonsalvo rushes to the stake, places himself before it in a posture of defence. Moorish Citizens enter from all parts.*)

Citizens. We are betray'd! Granada's lost—the foe,
The Spaniards are advancing; fly, my liege.

Enter FERDINAND, ISABELLA, XIMENES, LARA, MEDINA, CORTEZ, PEDRO, and Soldiers.]

Lara, Cortez, Pedro, and Sold. Spain and Gonsalvo! liberty or death!

They rush to the platform, and deliver Zulema, who falls into Gonsalvo's arms, whilst Ferdinand and the other Spaniards fight with Boabdil and his Guards, Boabdil falls, the Moors lay down their arms, the Spanish standard is erected, Ximenes and the Army bow, as in thanks to Heaven. The curtain drops.)

REMARKS ON

THE SPANIARDS.

The age which admired the gorgeous dulness of such a tragedy as the Irene of Dr. Johnson, thought that brocades, hoops, and large wigs, added to the graces of the human form. It is some proof of the perfectibility of man that this taste is gone out of fashion, although Madame de Staël, the first female philosopher of our day, is as much addicted to the rubbing of red dirt upon her cheeks, as any Hottentot old woman in Africa. In time, however, even this nasty practice, may also become obsolete among the ladies; and we will venture to predict, that whenever it is so, a corresponding improvement will take place in dramatic literature; and therefore we would recommend to our fair patronesses to set about washing their faces as expeditiously as possible, as there really seems to be a powerful, though occult sympathy between the state of the stage and the appearance of fashionable people. We have been led to make this profound remark in consequence of reflecting during the perusal of "THE SPANIARDS," that the regular drama no longer receives any countenance from the public; and a suspicion has crept into our minds that, after all, the regular drama is but a profane method of making the stage serve instead of the pulpit. Perhaps, however, if we were to consider the subject gravely, it might turn out that there are two classes of tragedy, the epic and didactic, and the regular drama, as it is called, might be found to belong to the latter.

It is not one of the least of the great inventions of the English nation, that they may lay claim to that of the epic drama; a higher and more magnificent kind of composition than the ancients were acquainted with. It embraces every species of incident found in the Iliad, and requires as much judgment in the choice of situations to produce dramatic effect, as the skill admired in the works of Æschylus, Euripides, or Sophocles. But the rules of the

epic drama have not hitherto been sufficiently explained. The grand feature of the plays belonging to this high class is, the developement of the effect upon the principal character of the circumstances in which he is placed, and not the consequences of some event which had previously happened, compelling the characters to act in such a manner as to produce the necessary and natural result of such event—which is the distinguishing peculiarity of the didactic drama. In the one, we see a hero, by the extraordinary energy of his mind, giving rise to the calamities which in the end overwhelm himself; and in the other, we find only men subject to the laws of moral necessity, and proceeding step by step towards an inevitable catastrophe. Thus the epic dramatist undertakes not only to exhibit the different shades of individual character to as great a degree as the didactic, but he also undertakes to show a succession of events which shall severally have the force of a catastrophe, and yet induce such a degree of unsatisfied interest as shall excite the curiosity of the spectator to follow the career of the hero for his own sake alone. Thus in Macbeth, we find that Shakspeare has made choice of an heroic and noble, but ambitious man. To show the baleful effects of ambition, a didactic dramatist, from the greeting of the witches, had he ventured to introduce such creatures on the stage, would have shown the necessary progress of ambition overtopping and finally subduing all the good qualities in the character of his hero, until he had led him to the perpetration of the murder of Duncan: but the murder was only one of the events in the life of the hero, and therefore Shakspeare, even in the act of the assassination, still represented Macbeth as possessing many claims to our compassion. In prosecuting the history of Macbeth, after his first tragedy terminating in the murder of Duncan, the didactic poet, Racine, Addison, or Alfieri, would have chosen the destruction of Banquo—they would have represented the jealousy of unlawful success co-operating with ambition to lead the tyrant on to the assassination of his friend, and with this event they would have dropped the curtain on their second drama. But Shakspeare, who teaches morality not by precept, but example, proceeds differently. He still contrives to continue our interest in the fate of a man whom

he had already shown us violating in himself the sacred rites of hospitality, the ties of kindred, and the fidelity of an honored subject, and to these atrocious crimes adding the still greater, of sacrificing without any cause but a vague fear, the friend to whom, most of all others, he appears to have been indebted for his secure possession of the Scotish throne. This renewed interest is excited by showing us the reprobate monarch tortured by the pangs of remorse, and instigated by his very mental suffering to the perpetration of new crimes—until he has roused the general indignation of mankind against him, and provoked one of those whom he had most essentially injured, individually to resolve on his destruction. The fall of Macbeth would have been a subject sufficient for a drama to most authors, and they would have represented Macduff as being instigated by a noble revenge, which would have had the effect of making him the principal character. But Shakspeare still rising with his subject, shows that the evil spirits after they had induced their victim to commit all the crimes which were requisite to ensure his eternal perdition, for it is the awful mystery of the perdition of a human soul that Shakspeare has undertaken to relate in Macbeth, they find it still necessary to draw him farther on to his confusion. After all the iniquity which he had committed, it was within the range of probability, that a character once so full of the milk of human kindness as Macbeth, might repent; and especially as he was so tortured by his conscience, he might have become penitent, and deplored the enormity of his pleasureless vices. But the Homer of the Epic Drama had a greater purpose in view than the expounding of a moral apothegm; he was desirous of showing that a mind which had divested itself of respect for all human authority, was still subject to its own feelings, or rather that in proportion as a man ceases to respect others, he becomes the slave of his own selfishness; and for this object, Shakspeare again convenes the witches and makes them flatter Macbeth with assurances that have no other apparent end than his personal safety. Thus we see the hero who, at the beginning of the play, disregarded life in the pursuit of glory, coming by a long course of wickedness to forego the practice and esteem of every virtue, and even in the very wishes of his mind, to be

equally base and cowardly. Success in the Danish war awakened his ambition to be king, and he assassinated his sovereign. Royalty brought cares, and jealousy of Banquo and his issue leads him to seek their destruction. The absence of Macduff at the coronation, fills him with apprehension; his subsequent flight to England, exasperates him to massacre the family of that chief, and this hideous injury determines Macduff to undertake his destruction. Critics have amused themselves in discovering the elements of allegorical personation in the gods and goddesses of Homer: it would, perhaps, be less difficult to prove that all the apparitional incidents in the Macbeth are also allegories.

We shall have an opportunity soon of reconsidering this subject, and of pointing out what in our opinion constitute the primary distinctions of the didactic and epic dramas.

In THE SPANIARDS, the character of Gonsalvo, led us to expect that the author had proposed to himself to write an epic drama; but it appears that his aim has been only to develop a splendid and interesting story, without placing any character particularly prominent, and as such, it will afford more amusement perhaps than it might have done had he attended more to the laws of the epic. The subject however we do not think dramatic, although some of the scenes are skilfully contrived for stage effect. The dialogue is frequently animated, and would be touching, if well delivered. We know not if this piece was ever offered to either of the theatres, but it is certainly greatly superior to most of their ostentatious spectacles; and had it been condensed into three acts, and called a melo-dram, it might have, even in the opinion of the managers, served the interests of their concern, as it would have succeeded in representation.

LOVE, HONOR, AND INTEREST;

A Comedy.

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS

MADDERVAN, a Merchant in Amsterdam
VANDERCLUFE an Army Contractor
LA GLOIRE, a French Officer.
GASCOGNE, Servant to La Gloire.

BEATRICE, Daughter to Maddervan.
CONSTANCE, Daughter to Vanderclufe
MARIAN, Maid to Beatrice.

Scene, in a House in Rotterdam

LOVE, HONOR, AND INTEREST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

GASCOGNE, *packing a trunk, and* MARIAN.

Marian. May one good morning say to you, Gascogne?
Gas. Fair Marian, that from you, is ever sweet;
But this good morning is, alas! good night.
Marian. And must I, Gascogne, bid you then farewell?
Gas. I grieve to part. O that I but might stay!
Six happy months in your dear comp'ny spent
Have made my heart as 'twere take root with you,
And to depart is tearing it away.
Marian. No one compels you surely to depart.
Gas. My master does.
Marian. Sure others might be found,
And better payers too, in Amsterdam,
Than a penurious, wounded officer.
Gas. Such sentiments accord not with your beauty.
For many years I have my master serv'd;
His father gave me to him for my honor;
Nor in the wars, where I could prove myself,
Has he e'er found me failing in my duty.
True he is poor, poor in the world's geer,
But rich in heart, the truest wealth of man.
In all his good there is a share for me;
And would you counsel me to quit his service?
Marian. You speak, Gascogne, like a true-hearted fellow;
But wherefore makes your master all this haste?
Mine, it is true, seems not displeas'd at it,
But much I doubt if Miss be as content.
Gas. My master, you may see, is deep in love;
He pines in misery, and cannot long
Conceal the flame that feeds upon his heart.
Old Maddervan, who only has one daughter,

Will never give her to a younger brother,
A soldier too, who must live on her dower.
La Gloire is poor, but of a noble soul,
And consecrates the house where he has found
Such free and hospitable entertainment.
Rather than violate your master's friendship,
He has resolv'd to sacrifice his heart—
It is for this that we must go away.

Marian. Such handsome heroism some may praise,
But few would practise.

Gas. See, my master comes.

[*Exit Marian.*

[Enter LA GLOIRE.]

La Gloire. I am the most unfortunate of men.

Gas. Sir, all is pack'd.

La Gloire. O! I am in despair.

Gas. Alas! sir, what has chanc'd?

La Gloire. The worst that could.

Gas. Ah, sir, misfortunes never come alone.

La Gloire. Mine is a single one, but so immense
That nothing more can happen to distress.—
O I have seen my Beatrice in tears.

Gas. I thought, sir, that it must be something worse;
That she but little car'd for our departure.

La Gloire. Plebeian soul, what worse can be imagin'd
Than the reproaches of a heavenly maid
For wanting love, while love is mining down
The strength and virtue of my own esteem?
My wounds, a prisoner, my poverty,
All, all, combine to drive me to despair.
Loving and thus so tenderly belov'd—
Oh! I must fly, or act a scoundrel's part.

Gas. Consider, sir, you have not been dismiss'd,
Nor by your wounds are for the journey fit.
Old Maddervan will, for so good a reason,
Be none surpris'd that you prolong our stay.

La Gloire. You counsel well. O fain I would resolve.

Gas. Then, with permission, I'll unpack the trunk.

(*he unpacks.*)

La Gloire. What must he think? for I have taken leave.
If I feign sick, my grief will give it color;
And yet delay will but indulge the flame,

And aid th' incendiary in my bosom.
Death is in going, and in staying, shame,
Love and the devil! what are you about?

Gas. Unpacking, sir.

La Gloire. Who bade you to do that?

Gas. I ask'd for leave, and you gave no denial.

La Gloire. Stupid! repack. I will, yes, I will go.

Gas. I have undone so much, sir, and 'tis late.

La Gloire. Provoke me not, but do as you are bidden.

Gas. I'll do it all again in time to-night.

La Gloire. Pack instantly; the horses will be here.

Gas. But the sad tears of sweet Miss Beatrice.—

La Gloire. What see you there? O Heav'ns! it is herself.

Gas. I'll leave the room.

La Gloire. Stop, stop. O let me not
Again encounter her seducing sorrow.
She seems to hesitate. I will withdraw.

Gas. You cannot, sir, you cannot be so rude.
I will retire.

La Gloire. Stay where you are. Ah me!

[*Exit Gascogne.*

[Enter BEATRICE.]

Hear me, Gascogne. Where does the fellow run?

Beat. What do you want? If Gascogne be not near,
Some other servant will obey your order.
Shall I call one?

La Gloire. No, thank you; I but wish'd
That he would finish this unhappy packing.

Beat. Are you so anxious then to go away?
Do you lose time? or does the courier wait?
Or is our air pernicious to your health?
Perhaps this house, or something in't annoys.

La Gloire. O have compassion, nor afflict me further.

Beat. What has afflicted you? tell me, I pray.

La Gloire. You, only you, your fatal, dangerous, self.

Beat. Have I become so odious, then, to you?

La Gloire. O Heavens! ever dearer still and dearer.

Beat. If this were true, why should you haste away?

La Gloire. Was it your beauty only that I lov'd?
But more than beauty I revere your fame,
That fame so truly to your father dear.

O! for that fame and his esteem'd regard,
My heart must sacrifice its fondest feeling.
Beat. My love for you has never made me blush.
It is a steady and a temperate fire;
If never seen in flaming violence,
It has not been the less intensely warm;
'Tis of a kind that we may safely live
In easy intercourse, as we have done;
But when you go, it will consume my peace.
We are not children that should play the fool.
My father loves me as his only child,
And will not see me long remain distress'd.
'Tis true our marriage yet he won't approve,
But time will aid us, stay and trust to time.
La Gloire. Ah, how shall I excuse this new delay?
He may suspect, if I could feign relapse,
Where the wound pains that makes me linger here.
Beat. We must so act as not to give him cause.
La Gloire. Soldiers, he knows, are beauty's worshippers,
And cannot think me proof against your worth.
Beatrice. Men like my father easily believe
The hearts of others open as their own.
He gives you the full freedom of his house,
Sure in yonr honor of a safe protector,
Nor is he without confidence in me.
La Gloire. You think in time then that he will consent.
Beat. Yes; but his prejudices must be won.
Were you a merchant, though of humble fortune
And meaner manners, but of steady dealing,
You might have had me long before this time,
And many thousand florins to the bargain.
But you're a Frenchman, and an officer,
Two staple faults in the commodity,
And what to one that loves his child as he does
Is more against our wishes than them both,
You are the scion of an ancient stock,
Beneath whose shade his plant may pine obscur'd.
La Gloire. But how shall we convert him to our wish?
Beat. Love kept by patience should be fed by hope.
The English, tir'd of profitless renown,
Have call'd the Duke of Marlborough from the war,
And many-tongued rumor speaks of peace.

Peace will subtract from French and soldiership;
My father's heart is warmer than his head;
And we must only not excite suspicion.

La Gloire. But how?

Beat. Find you some other sweetheart.

La Gloire. I understand you not.

Beat. I will explain.
Constance comes often to our house of late,
And mourns your wounds too tenderly at times;
My father must be led into that track—
But hark, his tread—Haste!—for the present leave me.

[*Exit La Gloire.*

I never thought to have been brought to this,
To make solicitation for his stay:
But here my father comes.—Would he had not
Found me at this time here.

[Enter MADDERVAN.]

Mad. How, daughter, how?
What do you, Beatrice, here in this room?

Beat. To see the master help the servants packing.

Mad. Do you know when he means to go away?

Beat. He did intend this morning; but his wound
Pains him so much, that he begins to fear
Himself as yet unable for the journey.

Mad. Which wound is it?

Beat. He had but one you know.

Mad. He has another than the doctor knows

Beat. Indeed?

Mad. Ay, one that doctors cannot cure.

Beat. You speak in parable—pray, sir, what mean you?

Mad. Beatrice, you are both wise and clever,
And know full well what I suspect and say:
Go to, go to—

Beat. (*aside*) His manner frightens me.

Mad. Your color mends, I think. Perfidious baggage.

Beat. Sir, you say things that truly make me blush.
I do begin to comprehend your meaning;
But what is the mysterious wound to me?

Mad. Come, daughter, daughter, let us freely speak:
Monsieur was getting hearty, well, and ruddy;
He was the cheering spirit of my table;
But soon by little he began to droop,

Grew dull, fell languid, and his pensive talk
Was full of sighs and other doleful pauses,
Like th' ahs and ohs and points of admiration,
In a Parisian sentimental tale.
I am in some things a philosopher;
And by my skill, I think Mousieur in love.
Beat. It may be so; but if his love were here,
He would not be in such a haste to leave us.
Mad. Yes, even in that philosophy instructs;
For if his love be rich, an only daughter,
Dependant on her father, and that father
Not like to give her to so poor a fellow—
Monsieur's a man of such a gallant spirit,
That he would rather his own passion stifle
Than seek to marry by dishonest means:
And philosophically too, I think;
That Monsieur's sweetheart is just you, my daughter.
Beat. O dear, excuse me, sir, I must—must laugh.
Am I too dull and languid, pale and sighing?
Mad. I have two thoughts: and you, I think, have either
Wit to resist, or cunning to conceal.
Beat. Am I alone of all the captain knows,
The only one that suits the proving tests
Of your divining and philosophy?
Mad. He went but little out, and knows but few,
Therefore I think his love is in this house.
Beat, But we have handsome neighbours—
Mad. Very true.
Are you a party then?
Beat. If I should be,
It were not fit that you should seek to know.
Mad. A duteous daughter should obey her father,
And keep no secrets that he asks to learn.
Beat. Then—but you must not tell—I hope you will not:
Mousieur, poor soul, is pining at the heart,
Alas!
Mad. For whom?
Beat. For Constance Vanderclufe.
Mad. For Constance Vanderclufe!
Beat. Alack, poor swain!
Mad. And how is Constance? loves she in return?
Beat. O yes, sir, with such fond and tender softness!—

Out on the golden rubbish of the world,
That two such gentle gravitating hearts
Should be so held, in spite of Heaven's kind impulse,
From the blest junction that their nature claims.

Mad. But what is the impediment :—poor souls!

Beat. Her father, sir, is rich! O monstrous rich!
And gallant Monsieur—ah, sir, he is poor:
And a rich father never will bestow
His only child, you know, on one so poor.

Mad. Fine pride forsooth. Who is this Vanderclufe
That he should stand upon such etiquette?
What is he else but a foul-fed contractor?
He must, indeed, advance his rounded paunch
Among our merchants, like a sleeky snail
That climbs into a hive. To such as he,
The marriage of an officer is honor;
Nor can he spend his easy-gather'd gain
To better purpose, than to make this match.

Beat. Were you like him, you would not then refuse?

Mad. No, certainly.

Beat. But as a wealthy merchant,
The case is different?

Mad. And is it not?
I would have you to know the difference.

Beat. I thought so, sir.

Mad. I will exert myself—

Beat. Sir, to what end?

Mad. To gain old Vanderclufe.
But where is Monsieur?

Beat. In the room below.

Mad. Haste, send him to me; he's an honest fellow,
I like him much—he shall not want a friend.

Beat. (*aside*) O I am in a labyrinth bewilder'd! [*Exit.*

Mad. Rank with the one, and riches with the other,
Should make a merry and a happy union.

[Enter MARIAN.]

Mar. I thought my mistress had been with you, sir.

Mad. No, she is gone.—But where in such a hurry?

Marian. To seek her, sir.

Mad. Then you have news to tell?

Marian. Yes, sir, Miss Constance Vanderclufe has call'd.

Mad. Oho.
Marian. And coming, sir, at such an hour,
She must have something very strange to tell:
Mad. Yes, yes, she has; ay, ay, 'tis plain enough:
Go, send Miss Constance instantly to me. [*Exit Marian*.
I'll do my best: it is a virtuous work,
And every gen'rous heart will give me praise.
[Enter CONSTANCE.]
Cons. Sir, I attend you—
Mad. Ha, Miss Constance, ha,
Do you know, Miss, that I rejoice to find
You and my daughter friends and confidents.
Cons. I love her, sir, indeed, with all my heart.
Mad. No fibs, Miss Constance; not with all your heart.
Cons. How! think you, sir, I do not truly love her?
Mad. Truly, no doubt, but not with all your heart.
Cons. Why this distinction, sir?
Mad. If you lov'd her
With all your heart, you could not love another.
Cons. Dear me, sir, what is it you would be at?
Mad. Ah, cunning baggage—but I'll to the point.
Cons. La, sir, what point?
Mad. Go to; come here—Pshaw! Hark ye:
Put bashfulness aside—
Cons. Good Heavens! what mean you?
Mad. Speak to me frankly: Do you seek my daughter?
Cons. Yes, sir.
Mad. No, no, 'tis not for her you come.
Learn, Miss, that I am an astrologer;
I have a spirit that obeys my call—
An airy spirit, that with subtile skill
Can pick the secrets from young ladies' bosoms
And bring them to me folded in a sigh.
Know my familiar, Miss, has been with you,
And found the reason of this early visit:
Not for the merry maid that stays behind,
But the poor youth that languishes and flies.
Cons. (*aside*) Surely some wicked imp has blabb'd the truth.
Mad. Is it not so?—deny, deny—aha!
I see the flame of pretty Cupid's torch
Warming your cheek and glancing in your eye.

Cons. If I perform, sir, what politeness claims,
Sure I deserve not to be so reproach'd.
Mad. Reproach'd! no, Miss, applauded to the skies!
Cons. Methinks, sir, you have cause for mirth to-day.
Mad. And you for sadness—But cheer up, sweetheart,
I'll make you happy in despite of fate.
Cons. Indeed!
Mad. In truth.
Cons. With what?
Mad. Two little words.
Cons. They must be words of magic potency.
Mad. Monsieur stays!
Cons. Stays!
Mad. What say you to my spirit?
Cons. You think then in love?
Mad. Dare you say no?
Cons. I do deny it.
Mad. Swear.
Cons. For such a trifle!
Mad. No, no, the truth is plain enough to me;
I'll do you good, and comfort your poor swain.
Cons. How! my poor swain!
Mad. I have found out his love;
And the proud motive that makes him depart.
Your father in the arrogance of wealth,
Will not give his consent—O I know all.
Cons. Much more than I do, or than I have heard.
Mad. Tell me the truth now; do you love Monsieur?
Cons. I will not longer, sir, refuse confession.
Mad. Then thank your stars that he loves in return.
Cons. This, sir, I do not know.
Mad. I know he does,
I tell you, to distraction.
Cons. Possibly.
But I have seen no verifying signs.
Mad. I am employed to influence your father.
Cons. My father knows that I esteem La Gloire.
Mad. But he must know it more assuredly.
Cons. Nor has he, sir, once said a word to me.
Mad. O, to be sure he should debate with you.—
But here comes Monsieur.
Cons. Give me leave to go.

Mad. Stay where you are.
Cons. I pray you, give me leave. [*Exit.*
[Enter LA GLOIRE.]
La Gloire. I come, obedient to your summons, sir.
Mad. Pray, have you seen my daughter?—What a sigh!
You look as wan and drooping as a lily,
Depicted in a hopeless lover's ditty.
I'm sorry, friend, to see you so dejected.
La Gloire. Alas! sir, wanting health, who can be gay?
It is the sweet that tempers fortune's sour,
And cheers the contrarieties of life.
Mad. And oft the dimpled cheek of buxom health
Is Cupid's target. Captain, pardon me,
I am a doctor, somewhat skill'd in wounds,
And yours, though deep and sore, I'll try to cure.
La Gloire. My wound, dear sir, is not my only ail.
Mad. I know it well; my daughter has inform'd me.
La Gloire. What! has she had the courage to disclose?
I pray you, sir, then pity my distress.
Mad. I do, I do.
La Gloire. I cannot, Sir, remain.
Already as the infant Hercules
Seiz'd the two serpents in his vigorous grasp;
The baby Cupid, cradled in my bosom,
Holds truth and honor struggling with their death.
Mad. But wherefore should they die?—we must relieve them.
Sir, the girl loves you, she herself has told me;
And your high blood and nobler qualities
Are worth a better price than all her dower,
Though with her father they may lightly weigh.
La Gloire. Her father! Heav'ns, Sir! Who is her father?
Mad. What, don't you know him then?
La Gloire. Ah me, who is he?
Mad. Old frosty-faced, gruff-speaking, Vanderclufe,
The beef-contractor, who thrives by the war:
A purse-proud fellow of gross appetites,
Who, fed and fatten'd by the laborer's sweat,
Stalks with the state of old nobility.
La Gloire. O I am lost, bereft of every hope!
Mad. This Vanderclufe comes seldom to my house,
Therefore I wonder not at your surprise—

But come, take heart, I'll try what can be done:
I am your friend, and as a friend command me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

CONSTANCE.

I cannot think La Gloire feels love for me;
He is, 'tis true, still gentle and polite,
Attentive to each little want or need,
But never shows the common signs of love:
The soft solicitation of the eyes;
The wish to whisper and be ever near;
The languishing prolongment of adieu
When we have parted—never have I seen.—
But here he comes, and with him Beatrice.

[Enter BEATRICE and LA GLOIRE.]

Beat. Forgive me, Constance, for detaining you.

Cons. Make no apologies, my friend; believe me,
I always find your company so pleasant,
That I at any time wait willingly,
And feel myself rewarded when you come.

Beat. There, captain, hear you that?—Batavian maids,
'Spite of their dull and foggy atmosphere,
You see, have spirits bright and generous.

La Gloire. That I have felt and known, and must remember.

Cons. I do her but the justice that she merits.

Beat. But let us not dispute of our own merits;
Monsieur shall judge.

La Gloire. Nay, you must find a better.

Beat. I know not where we should a better find.

Cons. He must perforce decide for the appellant.

Beat. In Paris, strangers always are preferr'd.

La Gloire. The Dutch, in that respect, are not less civil.

Beat. Ah! Constance, Constance, you have won the day.
But where so soon?

Cons. 'Tis almost dinner-time,
And my aunt Hidelberg expects my coming.

Beat. 'Tis yet too early; stay with us awhile.

La Gloire. Softly, dear Beatrice, do let her go.
Cons. What does he say?
Beat. Dear Constance, be not jealous,
He only whispers me to bid you stay.
Cons. I know not what to think!—
La Gloire. O let her go.
Beat. Do, Constance, stay—Sir, I take pains to please you.
La Gloire. In truth, in truth, I must be so consol'd.
Beat. Hear, Constance, hear; he says he is consol'd.
Cons. Dear Beatrice, I know your friendship for me,
And here, before you, I may freely speak:
Your father tells me news so very strange,
That without confirmation from La Gloire,
I dare not credit them.
Beat. Now this is frank.
I love you dearer, Constance, for this frankness—
I know what you would say.
La Gloire. O Beatrice!
What new perplexity is this you weave?
Cons. A few short words will be enough for me.
Beat. But, Constance, have you time to hear him now?
Your aunt, I'm sure, must wonder at your stay!—
O tell her, captain, do, pray tell her all.
La Gloire. Would that I might, but I have not the heart.
Beat. You see, my friend, how much he is distress'd—
Alas! he has a thousand things to say.
Cons. One little sentence is all I desire.
But one short word, if it be true he loves me?
Beat. Merciful me! art thou beside thyself,
To ask a question so unmaidenly?
I'm sure La Gloire, at least, has more discretion.
But lovers never wish for witnesses,
And I should leave you.
La Gloire. Stay, in mercy stay!
[Enter MADDERVAN.]
Mad. Aha, aha! a pleasant party this.
But why afoot; do, pray be seated, do.
Beat. Constance must go.
Mad. Must she?—Why must she go?
Beat. Her aunt expects her.
Mad. Constance, sit you down,

We may have need of you, and aunts can wait:
Your father will be here; I've sent for him.
He will no doubt look both with mouth and eyes;
But never mind—we want but his consent,
Which if he grant, 'tis fit you be at hand,
We'll call you in and finish the affair.

La Gloire. O Heavens! O Heavens!

Mad. How she is agitated!

Beat. She is indeed, and with excess of joy.

Mad. Leave all to me; stay here and dine with us.

Beat. She cannot, sir, to-day.

Mad Can't she?—how's that?

Beat. Because—because her aunt expects her, sir.

Mad. Poh! nonsense, nonsense!—What! a fusty aunt,—
A parsimonious, prim, inquisitive,—
Spare in her feasts, and plenteous in her talk,
Not leave her for a fond and youthful lover!—
You shall not go.

Cons. I will, sir, soon return.

La Gloire. How shall I extricate myself from this?

Beat. Fye, fye, La Gloire! A man bred in the wars,
One who has walk'd the utmost edge of danger,
And in the very whirl of life and death,
Accustom'd still to bear a mind prepar'd,
And yet in such a crisis, here to stand
Stunn'd and amaz'd!—fye, fye, attend your duty.

La Gloire. What do you mean?

Beat. See Constance to the door. [*Exit* Const.

Mad. Daughter, daughter, I say, Beatrice,
Why do you meddle with them in this way?
He cannot speak to her while you are bye.

Beat. He has, I do assure you, said enough.

Mad. Has he? What said he?—Did you hear it all?

Beat. Softly and low they spoke as lovers woo.

Mad. Go, Monsieur, go, and say what you would say.

La Gloire. O that I might! [*Exit* and soon returns.

Mad. Daughter, daughter, I say.
This conduct, Miss, I do not much approve.

Beat. La, sir, allow me but a little sport;
Lovers' perplexities are lawful game.
How pleasant 'tis to see La Gloire's despair—
Was it not I that first their flame discover'd?

And if all end as well as I desire,
I'm sure the captain will forgive my pranks.

Mad. O woman, woman, every day we see
Men learn from you; but you the serpent taught.
Ah, Beatrice, your time will soon come round;
The first good match that I can find, prepare:
What say you, Monsieur, to't?

La Gloire. All right, all right.

Beat. What business, sir, have you to say all right?

Mad. Do you expect I will not choose your husband?

Beat. Choose if you will, but find one to my taste.

Mad. Your fortune may ensure the very best.

Beat. Sir, Constance' father, may expect the same.

Mad. Think you, my daughter, but like Vanderclufe's.

Beat. But, sir,—

Mad. Go to, go to, I'll hear no more.

[*Exit Maddervan.*

La Gloire. Well, Beatrice, what think you of your scheme?

Beat. Who could have thought that he would have done so—

La Gloire. There is no remedy; I must depart.

Beat. This time I will not interfere.

La Gloire. O Heavens!
And must I marry Constance?

Beat. If you can.

La Gloire. What shall I do—must I disclose the plot?

Beat. And make me pastime for the scand'lous world!
All I can say—to go—no certainly—
Marry Constance!—Surely, never, never.
Divulge our plan—that would indeed crown all.
I can no more—But as you are a lover,
Find means to rescue—

La Gloire. I am in despair! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter MADDERVAN.

Mad. I think old Vanderclufe will surely come.
He is obliged to me; I lent him once
Ten thousand ducats to preserve his credit:
But now he's rich, he needs my aid no more;
And favors granted to such minds as his,

Fade like a name traced idly with a stick,
Upon the ebbed sea's unstable sand.

[Enter MARIAN.]

Marian. If not intrusive, I would speak with you.
Mad. Well, what would ye?
Marian. A small affair of mine.
Sir, with your leave and pleasure, I would marry.
Mad. Do, when you will, and much good may it do you.
Marian. I thank you, sir; but may I venture, sir—
Ten years and more I have been in your house,
I hope my service merits some reward.
Mad. It does, it does. But have you found a man?
Marian. Yes, sir.
Mad. Aha! and who is he?—I guess
'Tis Monsieur's servant, is it not?
Marian. It is.
I could not live so long nor know his worth:
He is a good, true-hearted, kind, young man.
Mad. And you would go the world over with him?
Marian. I could,—but, sir, I hope we shall stay here.
Mad. Yes, if his master too were fixed, you might.
Marian. No one knows better than yourself of that:
If you are satisfied, the thing is done.
Mad. But there are other bars—I hope removable.
Marian. Upon the lady's part, I'm sure there's none.
Mad. No, no, poor wench, she's past all cure I think.
Marian. I think so too.
Mad. But when would you be married?
Marian. Sir, if you please, the same day with my mistress.
Mad. How!—
Marian. Sir, with Miss Beatrice.
Mad. Softly, softly;
If so, there's time enough—you yet must wait—
Speak of the marriage ere the match be made!
Marian. And dont you know?
Mad. Know! what?—O I know nothing.
Marian. Did not you tell me, sir, that you knew all?
Is not the captain—
Mad. Poh! you're all awry:
Think you that I would give my only child,
With such a dow'r as I may give with her,

To one who has not wherewithal to live!

Marian. You told me, sir, his marriage would content you.

Mad. Well, well, what then?—I say again it will.

Marian. And who shall be his wife, if not your daughter?

Mad. Is there no other girl in Amsterdam?

Marian. He never goes to any other house.

Mad. Comes no one here—not Constance Vanderclufe?

Marian. Am I mistaken, or are you deceived?

Mad. What confidence has Beatrice in you?

Marian. She speaks of Monsieur always soft and kindly.

Mad. And so you thought her kindness came from love.

Marian. I did—I do—

Mad. You're wrong.

Marian. I also know
That he had in despair resolved to leave her,
Fearing her father never would consent.

Mad. Good, good!

Marian. And are not you her father?

Mad. Am I the only father in the town?—
Was Constance Vanderclufe bred in an egg,
And like a chicken only knows her nurse?—
Away, you minx! respect your mistress more.

Marian. Sir, I could stake my head that you are wrong.

Mad. Hence, impudence, away! go, get you gone.
[*Exit Marian.*
I will discharge this gipsy—saucy slut,
To think so meanly of her mistress. Ha!—
[Enter VANDERCLUFE.]

Van. Your servant, sir—

Mad. Welcome, my worthy friend.
Here, sit you down—

Van. My time will not permit.

Mad. Nay, do sit down; you have a deal to do—
'Tis long, methinks, since I have seen you, sir,
But you thrive well, I hear. 'Tis seven years
Since we have dealt, and then, like many others,
You had your own aloes against the world.

Van. Well—May I ask, sir, what you want with me?

Mad. You have a daughter,—

Van. Sir!

Mad. A worthy daughter,

As good as fair, and modest as she's fair,
Mild as she's modest, and as kind as mild:—
Do you not wish to see her fix'd in life?
Van. No, sir, not yet.
Mad. May I inquire your reason?
Van. I cannot yet afford to spare her dower.
Mad. (*aside*) A bad beginning. But, sir, if she love,
And to her choice you can make no objection,
It is, I think, your duty to consent.
Van. It may be so; but with one of two things,
Without a dowery, if she please herself,
And with a rich one if she pleases me.
Mad. I have, sir, something to propose to you.
Van. You will oblige me now by being brief.
Mad. You know La Gloire, the officer, my guest?
Van. Do you propose him for my daughter, sir?
Mad. And, sir, why not?
Van. A soldier and a Frenchman!
Nor with nor without dower!—
Mad. Why such aversion?
Van. To country and profession I object:
I loathe the French—they are our enemies:
Tygers in war, and worse than apes in peace—
A fickle race, as changeable in heart,
As lax in principles— made to be slaves
Alike to vices and to tyranny.
I have paid dear for learning what they are;
And never, while I can, shall they from me
Have aught but hate and heartfelt detestation.
Mad. But he of whom I speak is good and noble.
Van. Is he rich too?
Mad. He is a younger son.
Van. Sir, if not rich, what boots nobility?
Mad. Friend, not so fast; let us be calm, consider
That no one hears us, therefore give me leave:
A man like you, excuse my freedom, sir,
Blest with the means, could not bestow amiss
Part of his wealth for good relationship.
Van. I would not give a stiver for such geer.
Mad. Then pray for whom do you intend your daughter?
Van. The sum that I can give her should procure
As good a match as any in the land.

Mad. I doubt, I doubt, such matches will not have her.
Van. No!—why not, sir?
Mad. Because they will not take her.
Van. Why, sir, should they object to take my money?
Mad. They will not take your daughter—
Van. You grow warm
Mad. I do, that you should scorn so good a match.
Van. Why don't you give the officer your own?
Mad. Because I won't.
Van. That is my very reason.
Mad. There is some difference, sir, I think, between us.
Van. In what does it consist?
Mad. All know your rise.
Van. Well, and what then?—Who knows your end?
Mad. You grow impertinent.
Van. You are at home.
Mad. Sir, you may know and feel to whom you speak.
Van. I fear you not.
Mad. Go to the devil, sir! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room.*

MADDERVAN and LA GLOIRE.

Mad. Ass! scoundrel! savage! brute! to use me so!
If it were not—gods! I could knock him down!
La Gloire. Sir—
Mad. Beast!
La Gloire. Sir!
Mad. Dog! cur! toad!
La Gloire. Speak to me!
Mad. I beg your pardon, captain, but that—that—
La Gloire. May I inquire with whom you are offended?
Mad. With whom but Vanderclufe, the mud-worm, Vanderclufe!
La Gloire. How, sir! and will he not consent?—Alas!
Mad. Poor soul, my heart is very sore to see him!
Come, Monsieur, come, pluck up a soldier's heart.
La Gloire. Tell me at once the truth, has he refused?
Mad. Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur—but we mortal men
Should ever be prepared for evil chance.
La Gloire. Sir, by your leave,—
Mad. Stop! fly not to despair.
La Gloire. Have you not said enough?

Mad. Dont be cast down—
Poor Monsieur—Come, lad, cheer thyself, there's hope:
He is an old conceited, purse-proud dog;
But there are ways to be revenged on him.
La Gloire. Would you have me deceive her father, sir?
Mad. What will you do?
La Gloire. Return at once to France.
Mad. And can you leave her, and for ever too?
La Gloire. Ah, my good sir, you know not what you say.
Mad. My word is given to promote your suit—
But you surprise me, that so bold a man
Should lack of enterprise at such a time.
La Gloire. Sir, if you knew, you would not urge me so.
Mad. I do know this, that you'll not be the first
Who won a wife against her father's will.
La Gloire. May I, sir, marry without his consent?
Mad. This is the case—Let us consider well—
Here are his riches,—there your noble birth—
His wealth assists you, and your blood confers
Honor and quality on all his race.
La Gloire. But how, sir, can I ever look for pardon?
Mad. When it is done, and there's no help,—
His anger, doubtless, will awhile burn fiercely;
But when a few short days are past and gone,
His back and bristle will again be smooth,
And he must do as better men have done,
Receive you home, promote you as his son,
And joke at lovers' tricks.
La Gloire. May I hope this?
Mad. Yes, if you have the spirit to attempt.
La Gloire. I want not spirit.
Mad. Soft! I understand.
La Gloire. O Heavens! what will he next?
Mad. Here, here, make haste,
There's money for a jaunt—no thanks, no thanks.
Find Constance, fly; away, away to France.
No words, but fly—Write me when all is done—
Courage, my boy!
La Gloire. Fate is in this.
Mad. Away! [*Exit* La Gloire.
I have done wrong, but that curs'd Vanderclufe—
I have myself an only darling child—

How should I feel had he done so to me?—
But poor young Monsieur is a worthy soul,
Deserves assistance, and is nobly born—
And Vanderclufe is blind to his own good—
But Constance comes.

[Enter CONSTANCE.]

Away! what do you here?

Cons. Did you not, sir, invite me back?

Mad. Aye, aye.
But where is Monsieur?

Cons. How! is he not here?

Mad. He seeks for you—he's running to your aunt's—
Away, away.

Cons. Do you discard me, sir?

Mad. No, no, no, no; but quickly, quickly run.

Cons. For goodness, sir, tell me what means this haste?

Mad. Go to your aunt's, see Monsieur, he will tell—

Cons. Has something chanc'd anew?

Mad. Yes, yes, make haste.

Cons. What is it? tell me.

Mad. To your aunt's, I say.

Cons. My father has been here?

Mad. He has, he has.

Cons. Have you ask'd his consent?

Mad. I have.

Cons. For marriage?

Mad. Yes, yes, for marriage. Fly!

Cons. And with La Gloire?

Mad. And with La Gloire.

Cons. May I believe you, sir?

Mad. Go to your aunt's, I say; make haste, away.

Cons. For love and charity do tell me why.

Mad. Time flies, time flies, away, away, away!

[*Exit Constance.*

[Enter BEATRICE.]

Beat. Can it be true, sir, what La Gloire has told me?

Mad. What has he told?

Beat. That you advise elopement.

Mad. Eh! has he had this confidence in you?

Beat. He has. And that you too have lent him money.

Mad. He is a fool, and I repent my warmth.

Beat. Your silence, sir, confirms what he has said.

Mad. What is't to you?
Beat. I only wish'd to know.
Your humble servant, sir.
Mad. Where now? where now?
Beat. To Monsieur's wedding, and with joyous heart.
Mad. The ceremony can't be yet perform'd.
Beat. It will be soon.
Mad. I charge you, Beatrice,
As you have life, speak not a word of this.
Beat. O trust me, sir, but it will soon be known,
And you shall then have all the merit, sir.
Mad. Thou art, I see, a blithe, good-hearted knave;
Thy father's child, a chip of the old block. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

MADDERVAN and MARIAN.

Marian. Excuse me, sir, if I again intrude.
Mad. Well, what new nonsense have you got to talk?
Marian. You cannot say that I am now mistaken,
Mad. If 'tis not what you have already said.
Marian. I would speak only, sir, of what concerns
My own affair; and, as a faithful servant,
Humbly expect that when my marriage happens,
You will not think me undeserving favor.
Mad. You wait not for your mistress' marriage then?
Marian. No, sir, but—
Mad. What?
Marian. If it take place to-day,
Mine, with your leave, may be perform'd to-morrow.
Mad. Is this not nonsense?
Marian. Sir, I still must think—
Mad. In verity you have great need to think.
Marian. Do you still say my mistress is not—
Mad. Stuff.
Go get you gone, and hatch some other fancies.
Marian. You soon shall see, sir, who is the deceiv'd.
Did I not hear the Captain speak with Miss?
Hear them resolve to marry out of hand?

And saw not I, with these my looking eyes,
The purse of gold you gave, part of her dower?
Mad. Part of her dower!
Marian. I saw the purse, I did.
Mad. Go to, go to, thou art beside thyself.
Marian. Are these hands mine that I do look upon?
Mad. They are indeed a pair of ugly paws.
Marian. Then as I see these hands, I saw the purse.
Mad. (*aside*) Monsieur was wrong to risk discovery thus.
Marian. You slur my honesty, by not believing.
Mad. Go, hear the truth, and understanding ill,
Come brim-full back to me, and tattle nonsense.
Marian. I know, sir, what I know, and that is truth.
Mad. Go, get you gone; speak not so pertly, minx,
Or I may make you sing your oldest song.
Mar. Allow me, sir, to ask one simple question.
Mad. Now you are rational, you act discreetly;
To ask is to obtain, and wisdom comes
By sober questioning.
Marian. Where is my mistress?
Mad. Where should she be?
Marian. Is she not with the captain
Gone to her aunt's—to your own sister gone?
Mad. Ha! who comes here?—all's well enough, but Monsieur
Has not been prudent, that he must allow—
My sister lives not far from Constance' aunt,
And Beatrice is doubtless waiting there.
[Enter GASCOGNE.]
Gas. Your servant, sir.
Mad. Good morning, friend, what news?
Gas. My master sends his compliments, and says
That this will tell you all. (*Gives a letter.*)
Mad. Let's see, let's see—
How does he?—where is he?—How goes it, friend?—
Ha, here's another letter—from my daughter:
But let me see first what poor Monsieur says:
"Sir, your advice gave me the heart to do—"
There he says right; 'twas I that gave him heart.
"What all the force of love had never done.
"I have conducted, as you bade, the daughter,—"
He has met Constance in the street, ay, ay!

" And here we are. The aunt, moved by her tears,
" At last consented, and our hands were join'd."
As good as could be—All my doing this
" I can add nothing but implore your kindness."
What would he farther, he is married now,
And wants no help of me.—Now Beatrice:
" Dear father,"—What a pretty hand she writes!
A clever girl—thank Heav'n!—but let me see:
" I ask permission to fall at your feet,—
" Implore your pardon. It was only the advice
" You gave yourself that"—Slut! Slut! traitors! traitors!

Marian. Sir, what has chanced—

Mad. Help! help! support me, friends!

Marian. Heavens! what is this?

Mad. Undone, undone, undone!
Friends, quit me not!

Marian. Who was mistaken, sir?

Mad. Hold out your fingers at me, laugh and sneer,
Spit in my face, and call me old curmugeon!—
Hiss at me, call the rabble in to shout!—
I merit all—I give you liberty.

Marian. No, sir, no, no, we pity your distress.

Mad. I won't be pitied; I do not deserve it.

Gas. My master, sir, is worthy of his choice.

Mad. He has undone my daughter, ruin'd me!

Marian. Sir, you may soon put all to rights again.

Gas. Appease yourself with what you would have said
To Vanderclufe.

Mad. Do you upbraid me, scoundrel?

Marian. Sir, he speaks well—you merit his upbraiding.

Mad. And you too, gipsy—but ye serve me right.

Marian. Indeed, indeed, we pity you sincerely.

Gas. You prove the punishment of bad advice.

Mad. But they deceiv'd me, told me lies, all lies.

Marian. Love, sir, is cunning, and will find the way
To filch the happiness it is denied.

Mad. Had Vanderclufe consented to my wish,
O what a thing should I have been to look at?

Gas. Were you employ'd to ask for his consent?

Mad. They knew of all I did, and stopp'd me not.

Gas. Say rather, sir, you understood amiss.

Mad. They have betray'd me—they have cheated me—

My daughter is a good-for-nothing toad,
And Monsieur is—

Gas. Be cautious what you say;
Soldiers have swords, and know, sir, how to use them.

Mad. A proper finish it will be to kill me.

Gas. No, sir, my master will do no such things.
He'll ask your pardon, sir, I'm sure he will.

Mad. I will not see him.

Gas. He will bring his lady.

Mad. Lady! what lady?—Beatrice my daughter—
Oh Beatrice! and have I now no daughter!—
Perfidious girl! she was my pride and joy.

Gas. There is no remedy.

Mad. Peace, peace, I know't.

Gas. If you grow angry, sir, I must depart.

Marian. Oh, pity him, Gascogne—My poor dear master!
I hop'd my mistress would have liv'd with him,
Spent all her days in comforting his age,
And breeding little babes for him to dandle.
But dear, good soul, now he must mope alone.

Mad. I'm lost to happiness, to hope, and all.

Gas. How! think you, sir, my master can't provide
His wife with little ones for you to dandle?

Marian. Would they but stay, before a year goes round,
O what a pretty grandson you might see!

Mad. I hate the father, and would hate the child.

Marian. But blood is blood, sir, your own flesh and blood.

Mad. My heart is breaking!

Marian. Gascogne, now's the time.

Mad. What do you whisper—

Marian. I discard Gascogne—
Yes, he may go with his ungrateful master.

Mad. Go where?

Marian. To France.

Mad. To France!—my Beatrice!—

Gas. Sir, fare you well.

Mad. Ah me! when will they go?

Gas. They told me if I brought no happy answer,
To order horses; and I must obey.

Mad. And will they go so soon?

Marian. Alack, alack!—
Sad news, sad news for such a good, kind father—
Never to see his lovely, lovely daughter!—
Mad. Is not your master, sir, a savage born?—
A wolf—a wolf that robs me of my lamb.
Gas. No, sir, he'll bring her here if you permit.
Mad. How! what! does he expect my thanks for this?
Does he expect reward for his deceit?—
Go, tell him from me—tell him he's a wolf!
Gas. I understand you, sir; I take my leave.
Mad. And tell my daughter that I hate her name:
I will not see them, I will shut my eyes—
But stop, no:—go—yes, I will shut my eyes.
[*Exit Gascogne.*
Ah, Marian, how well I merit all!
Marian. Suppose, for pastime, just to keep you calm,
We talk a little more of my affair.
Mad. What! speak of marriage! I detest the word;
I'll ever listen to it while I live.
Marian. Alas! the world must then be near its end.
Mad. To me it is.
Marian. And who shall be your heir?
Mad. The devil!
Marian. What! not your own darling daughter!—
Your sweet, sweet daughter—your own looking child—
The very mind and picture of yourself—
Must she, O must she live in poverty?
Mad. Ah poor unfortunate—My Beatrice!
Marian. O will you die and not be reconciled?
[Enter CONSTANCE.]
Cons. This is a pretty trick, I needs must say.
Mad. I wanted only this—O I shall sink.
Cons. Did you not send me to my aunt's, and say
That I should find the captain waiting there?—
I waited till my very heart grew sick.—
Marian. Let me explain, and I will tell you all:
He told the captain to go to the aunt's;
And to the aunt's the gallant captain went
To meet his love, and his true-love he met;
And they are married—What a shocking thing!
The bride's not Constance call'd, but Beatrice!
Cons. How! is this true? Have I been so deceived—

Speak, sir, and tell me if she tells the truth?
Mad. If I endure it, surely you may.
Cons. Sir!
Mad. For you, for you, O I have lost my daughter!
Cons. What! how! for me?
Mad. Yes, yes, for you, for you,
I plann'd the fabric that has crush'd myself.
Cons. I understand you not; what is't you mean?
Mad. Be calm, Miss Constance, I will tell you all.—
Who have we here?—Would I were in my grave
Close covered up and underneath a stone!
[Enter VANDERCLUFE.]
Van. What do you here? Home, instantly home, home!
Cons. You never, sir, forbade my visits here.
Van. But I do now—I know for what you come.
Mad. Sir, you know nothing: O if you but knew
What I have met with, you would chide her not.
Van. I know but only what you said yourself;
Enough 'tis surely to make me resolve
That she shall cease to visit at your house.
Marian. Think you that she may marry without leave?
Van. Perhaps I do.
Marian. Unless my master there
Take her himself, she'll find no husband here.
Van. Where is the Frenchman?
Mad. Ah, he knows not yet!
Marian. Why, sir, the captain has my mistress married.
Van. Eh!
Mad. Oh!
Van. How now!—married—married, did you say?
Cons. Revenge the wrong and insult done to me.
They flatter'd, lied, deceived; indeed they did.
Van. O yes, your wrong and insult shall be punish'd
As close as four stone walls can keep you in.
And my good neighbour, for his hasty speech,
Shall do me justice with his shame and blushes.
Mad. I know, I feel, how much I did you wrong.
Alas! my dear friend, I have lost my child!
Van. Lost! if but married, sir, she is not lost.
Mad. I doubt, I doubt, I ne'er shall see her more.
Who knows but she is on the road to France!

[Enter BEATRICE, LA GLOIRE, &c. &c.]

Beat. O my dear father,—

Mad. You deceitful baggage!

Beat. Forgive, forgive, in charity forgive me.

Mad. You merit nothing, cunning, cheating baggage!

Beat. I must confess your anger justly rous'd.

Cons. Were I her father I would not forgive her.

Mad. Rise, Beatrice.

Beat. O not without your pardon.

Mad. Daughter, daughter, you have been my death.

Beat. Alas! you know it was your own advice.

Mad. Hush, hush! for mercy's sake, speak not of that!
Be silence the condition of forgiveness.

Beat. But, my dear father, without farther grace,—

Mad. Monsieur! not Monsieur, mention not his name.

Beat. Forgive him too, or we have met to part.

Mad. Perfidious hussy! can you tell me so!

Beat. My hand is his, and he may lead me hence.

Van. The deed is done, and cannot be undone—
Come, come, forget, forgive, be friends again,
And make all up before the story spreads.

Beat. Here, husband, kneel, entreat my father's blessing.
Here, father, here is Monsieur, take his hand—
Be quick, be quick, and nothing shall be known.

Mad. Well then, God bless thee, son—Alack! my son.

Cons. I cannot bear to look at that French knave.

Beat. Thanks, thanks, dear father, blessings crown your goodness.

THE END.

REMARKS ON

LOVE, HONOR, AND INTEREST.

In a former number we presented our readers, in The Word of Honor, with a free translation into blank verse of one of the best comedies of Goldoni. In that sprightly drama, the author has depicted the workings of jealousy under ludicrous impressions, with so much skill that the play has long been considered as one of the best comic delineations of any passion. In Love, Honor, and Interest, we have a similar version of another drama by the Venetian Advocate. The character of the piece belongs to a different class, but the simplicity of the plot, the distinctive features of the dramatic persons, and the true sentiment which pervades it, have made it be regarded by many critics, as none inferior to the other in point of contrivance, and much better adapted for stage effect.

The Genius of Goldoni had rather the power of discovering what was ludicrous in the actions and thoughts of mankind, than of painting them with humor. In the originals of his plays there is no wit, and the language of the dialogue is as familiar as the verbiage of the parlour fire-side, but when the incidents which he embodies are considered with attention, the variety and delicacy of his metaphysical tact will be fully admitted to the extent of all the claim that his most ardent admirers put in for the superiority of his talents. What we chiefly respect in the two pieces that we have been enabled to publish, is a kind of classical purity of arrangement which is much wanted at present on the English stage. No artifice is employed to produce the effects of the design, but the plot and result are developed by the moral collision of the charac-

ters as naturally as in affairs of common life, and the excrescence of an under plot does not disgrace this beauty.

There is such an austere simplicity in Nature that her physical operations cannot be changed but by the interference of a moral cause, nor the necessary course of her moral proceedings altered without employing physical force. The underplot in the drama is what the magical sword of Harlequin is in pantomime, and the phenomena which it produces are equally contrary to nature. To tell us that they are nevertheless interesting proves nothing. The transformations of the pantomime both interest and delight in despite of the understanding, but the delight and the interest is very different from those enjoyments which we expect from the drama. Mechanical effects are not legitimate dramatic incidents. They are contrary to the first principles of the drama, which is an imitation of those actions of men which originate in moral considerations.

But while we object to incidents which are made to arise from the arrangement of furniture or unexpected discoveries produced by stratagems of the minor characters, we are well aware that unless occurrences are represented on the stage, the spectacle must be as monotonous as a lecture. But such occurrences must obviously spring from the moral feelings of the characters, and the surprises which they may produce must be the consequences of the unexpected collision of effects which have arisen from the operation of the same cause on different characters. Thus it may happen that one man is led to prosecute a particular course of action in believing that he is justified in doing so by the conduct of another, and in the course of the play it may be brought about that he shall find himself in error, and the conviction of his error may be the effect of a sudden disclosure of the truth, as in the case of Maddervan in LOVE, HONOR, AND INTEREST, but in all this there ought to be no apparent predetermined result. While therefore we admire the exquisite artifice with which the screen scene is managed in the School for Scandal, we cannot but regret that the incident itself is not truly dramatic, and lament that the author had not chosen to produce an equal impression by some more legitimate arrangement. There surely might have been

another way of convincing Lady Teazle of Sir Peter's worth, and of Joseph's baseness But the truth is that the comedy is deficient in its original structure in not being founded on some event that had taken place before the point of time at which the performance is made to commence, and it therefore wanted something to produce a determinate result. The richness of the dialogue, however, conceals every defect in the construction of the plot. The fable of the School for Scandal is like the prop that supports a vine loaded with grapes. It has no value but by its connexion with the foliage and delightful clusters which it sustains.

ORPHEUS.

An Opera.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHARACTERS.

Orpheus.
Eurydice.
Charon.
Pluto.
Proserpine.
Thracian Men and Women.
Manes, Spectres, and Infernal powers.

ORPHEUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A View of a wild Region of Mount Rhodope.*

ORPHEUS, Solus.

[*Recitative.*]

The mountains lay open their caves for my home;
The trees bend like slaves with an offering of food;
The gaunt wolf comes fawning wherever I roam,
But an inhospitable race,
More cruel than the wolves that prowl the hills of Thrace,
Is thirsting for my blood.
Where shall I shelter find,
You savages to shun?
Before, around, behind,
They multiply in view;
They meet me and pursue,
O whither shall I run?

SCENE II.

Enter a Thracian man and woman, with the Chorus.

(Air for four voices.)

Man. We have found him, rejoice.
Woman. He shall not again depart.
Man. We shall hear his sweet voice.
Woman. He will teach us his art.

[*This stanza to be repeated by the chorus.*]

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]

What fury, Thracians, fires your souls,
That howling thus my steps ye hound?
Ha! sure some Deity controls!
For wond'ring mute they stand around.
With eyes appeas'd they kindly gaze;
Their fierce and dreadful energy
Is alter'd to a mild amaze!
They wait, they look with reverence meek—

What would ye, gentle Thracians, speak!
What gifts has wand'ring poverty?

Duet by a Thracian man and woman.

The softly-bleating lamb,
Heard afar in the night,
And the feather'd voice of spring
Fill'd our hearts with delight.—
But the voice of the fold,
And the song of the tree,
Delight our hearts no more,
Since we listen'd to thee.

Semi-Chorus. The mountain chace we quit for you,
And will where'er you fly pursue

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]

Apollo here his sacred influence shows,
And from a dismal fate rescues his bard;
Turning the rage of these relenting foes
To mild soliciting and kind regard.

[*Song.*]

O ever-glorious God of Song,
Behold this rude resistless throng,
Thy holy power obey,
With melting hearts and gentle mien,
They crowd the trembling poet's scene,
And ask the humanizing lay.

Chorus. Again, again, again!
Renew the warbled strain.

Semi-Chorus. All the day, all the night,
We shall listen with delight.

Chorus. Again, again, again,
Repeat the warbled strain.

Orpheus. [*Song.*]

O pity, O some pity show,
A wretch like me distress'd;
O could your bosoms only know
The fears that fill my breast.

The lark that hails the morning light,
Is hush'd beneath the moon;
The lone melodious bird of night
Sits silent when 'tis noon.

But shall the poet never claim
Sweet solace for his weary frame?

A Thracian woman. *Recitative.*
Ah, Thracians, sadly faint he sighs,
He needs repose, he asks relief;
Let us before he dies,
Before he cold and silent lies,
O let us soothe, with choicest fruit,
The tuneful stranger's grief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

ORPHEUS, Solus.
[*Recitative.*]

Propitious, sure, the Gods divine
To charity these dire barbarians turn;
But lov'd Eurydice, thou life of mine,
How long shall I thy absence mourn?

SCENE IV.

EURYDICE and ORPHEUS.
[*Recitative.*]

Eurydice. My love! my life! my Orpheus,
Why drooping, so pale, and dejected?
Orpheus. Eurydice safe! Eurydice!
By what God or what magic protected?
Eurydice. Deep in yon cavern, o'er whose gloomy door
Green ivy hangs in drapery,
Unseen I trembling sat obscure,
Spectator of thy jeopardy.
But in thy loving arms again,
I feel, nor fear, nor grief, nor pain.

SCENE V. *Enter the Thracians in procession, bearing branches and baskets of fruit, and singing.*

Th. 1. His couch shall be deck'd with the blossoms of spring,
Th. 2. We'll form him in summer an arbour for shade,
Th. 3. To his feet the ripe treasures of autumn we'll bring,
Th. 4. Nor his bright-blazing hearth shall the winter invade.

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]
Enough! your generous gifts suspend,
For all my fearful sorrows end,
And my Eurydice restor'd,

Restores to joy my bosom's Lord.
If e'er ye see her as ye range your rounds,
In pastoral haunts, or sylvan bounds,
With milder gestures and a tamer air,
Pass by the timid fair.
Not to contend in strength or strife,
Great Nature form'd the lovely sex,
But with their smiles to cherish life,
When anguish stings or troubles vex.
In her supreme and wond'rous plan,
A mutual blessing to impart,
She fram'd the much-defying mind of man,
And woman's much-enduring heart.
Him she prompts the wilds to roam,
To rouse the prey, to face the blast;
Her she taught to deck his home,
To tend the young, the sick, the old,
And garnish with contented smiles,
The labor-earn'd repast.

[*Song.*]

Of softer mould was woman made,
Man's rugged passions to appease:
To pain she brings her soothing aid,
And pleasure to the couch of care.

When pillow'd on her gentle breast,
The careful head is lull'd to rest,
And to her loving bosom prest,
The rankled heart is heal'd and blest.

[*Semi-Chorus, Men—sing.*]

Still as thou teachest, Orpheus,
Thy precepts we obey—
The fair divided from our toil,
Shall far from danger share the spoil,
When we pursue the prey.

Chorus. Hail, Orpheus, hail,
We yield to thee;
Bound by thy law,
Who would be free?

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Altar in a Grove.*

ORPHEUS and THRACIANS.

[*Hymn, by the Chorus.*]

The bright-ascending God of day,
Fills with his glory all the air;
Earth gladden'd by the heav'nly ray,
Lifts her broad forehead glowing fair.

But chiefly in the living frame,
Is felt the God's all-cheering power;
Life kindles as it darts in flame,
And Strength smiles from the night-built tower.

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]

Thus daily, when yon orb of fire
Its glorious round displays above the hills,
Here let the incense of your songs aspire,
To him that with his radiant eye
The world's vast concave fills.
And often, as the moon returns,
Re-lighted from his bright abode,
With higher pomp of solemn praise,
Adore the God.
For every star that burns by night,
And every gem, and minist'ring light,
That Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean hold,
Some emanated ray,
Some hue or influence unfold,
Of him that gives the day.

[*Chorus.*]

We will build him a temple, and his name shall be call'd
The glorious, the all-pervading beam—
At his altar continually the good and the fair
Shall nurse the emblematic flame,
And chant the solemn hymn.

Orpheus.

But where is my Eurydice, she that alone can give
All that the sun sheds on the green-clad plain,
Hoar-headed mountain, and blue-mantled main,
To all in Nature, and to all that live,

Or thought employ,
Light, life and joy—
O bring her to me, swains,
My ling'ring charmer bring;
I pine in wintery solitude,
O speed the tardy spring. [*Exeunt Chorus.*

SCENE II. Orpheus, solus.
[*Recitative.*]

What time the silv'ry harbinger of day,
Upon the eastern hill announc'd the dawn,
I left her, as she like Aurora lay,
The fringed curtain of her eyes undrawn;
And yet she comes not, though the flood of light
Has swept from vision the bright morning star,
And all the glittering dews in misty flight
Have viewless spread themselves in air afar—
And yet she comes not, though the voice of love
In vocal sweetness rises from the bowers,
And beauty emulous her charms to prove,
Invites abroad with fragrancy of flowers.
Why stays my fair? the morning freshness flies,
Awake, O glory of my sight, arise.

[*Song.*]

What is this tingling through my frame,
This fiery fondness in my breast,
This ever-pleasing, spreading flame,
This constant bliss, though never blest?

SCENE III. ORPHEUS and THRACIAN MEN.

Thracian Man.

In all her wonted haunts we sought the fair,
Where the clear streamlet sleeps amidst the green;
Near the white waterfall's thought-soothing blair,
In the cool grots, that fragrant branches screen,
And where the moss-crown'd naiads weep unseen.
But neither where the mossy naiads weep,
Nor grottos cool, where branches fan the air,
Nor where the waterfall leaps from the steep,
Nor by the placid stream saw we the gentle fair.

Orpheus—sings.

Silly fondling heart of mine,
In her absence thus to pine;

Pining thus at every chance,
That hides her from my anxious glance.

SCENE IV. Orpheus, Thracian Men and Women.

[*Recitative.*]

Thracian Woman.
While we, our bosoms light and gay,
Rang'd with Eurydice the height,
To yonder cavern, frowning fierce dismay,
The bands of Pluto bore her from our sight.

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]
O God of day, to whom my praise was given,
Where was thy power?—But I no more
Will chant thy pæans, flaming light of Heav'n!
I'll now the deity of gloom adore,—
To the pale Proserpine I must complain,
And never worship in thy beams again.
[*Exit Orpheus.*

Thracian Man.
Where runs the poet with such frantic speed,
Beneath his flying feet the grass scarce bends;
Ah, sure he meditates some desp'rate deed,
Alas, the cavern, see he now descends.
Down in that dismal cave forlorn,
A horrible and headlong road,
Leads to grim Pluto's dread abode:
His loss we can but mourn.

[*Dirge by the Chorus.*]

Weep, all ye flowing fountains,
Bend low, ye stately trees,
Moan from your caves, ye mountains,
Sigh every airy breeze.
With us deplore
The sweetest bard no more.

Droop your fair heads, ye flowers,
And shed your dewy tears,
Join, songsters, in your bowers,
And all that music cheers.
With us deplore
The sweetest bard no more.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Infernal Regions.*

Orpheus. [*Air.*]
Hail, everlasting fears, horrors and darkness, hail,
Welcome, profoundest hell, welcome, ye spectres pale.
[*Recitative.*]
Where shall I choose my way?
Where may my guideless feet not stray?
In this tremendous wilderness of gloom,
This labyrinth of Nox and death,—
O universal tomb!
Around me is silence, as still as the dead,
And these dim flames that sickly gleam
O'er Lethe's dumb black-rolling stream,
But darker horror shed. [*Thunder.*
Hark! shrill lamentings, and desponding cries,
Lo, on the pitchy Lethe's blasted strand,
Millions of pale and hazy spectres stand,
Shades of the tombless dead!—
Lo, now he comes, slow plying to the shore,
Charon, whom I must next implore;
His grizly charnel form,
Hoar beard, like vapor troubled in the storm,
Grim eye of ire, and knotted brow of thought,
With less-appalling power seem fraught,
Than those dread hands of wasted age—
What giant strength could with their youth engage!

SCENE II. *Charon comes from the boat, and addresses himself to the Spectres.*

Charon. [*Recitative.*]
Ye peevish shadows, tease no more,
Resign to other ghosts the shore,
Go, look for those that were your friends,
And new as each, from life descends,
Upbraid and wail to them—away—
Nor thus my fated task delay.
1 *Spec.* All my friends have long gone by,
And oft with many a sigh

They sought me slain in the Nemæan wood,
My murderers too have pass'd,
O, why am I the last,
Patient my weary century I've stood.

Charon. On board, tis now thy time.
2 *Spect.* Long moulder'd to dust are my gibbetted bones.
3 & 4 *Spect.* And ours, his ill-taught guilty sons.
Charon. Avaunt ye and your crime.

[*Duet.*]

Orpheus. (air.) O Charon, O Charon, one moment yet stay,
One moment, one moment, O Charon, delay.
Charon. Who art thou that pleadest with this strange art?
Orpheus. A wretch most forlorn,
From all pleasure torn.
Charon. Push off, push off, away, let us depart.
Orpheus. One moment yet stay,
One moment delay.
Charon. Alas, poor wretch, it melts my heart.

[*Recitative.*]

What would'st thou here, what dost thou seek?
Orpheus. Oh, one whose loss is worse than death and night;
With her is life and heavenly light.
So gentle, so lovely, so holy, so meek,
O my Eurydice! Eurydice I seek.
Charon. On board, on board, for now I see
Calamity is littering plagues to me;
A crew of wave-envelop'd seamen come.
The swarms of earthquake, nor the hives,
That the Volcano or the hero drives,
Can match the shipwreck's progeny—
All Hell is as their home.

[*Orpheus embarks with Charon and Spectres, and as the boat is pushed off, the Chorus of Mariners enters.*]

Chorus. Make haste, for us return,
Make haste, for us return.

Our corses on the sand are thrown,
And the bird with the flesh, and the dog with the bone,
Should serve for tomb and urn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A wintery view of Hell.*

CHARON and ORPHEUS.

Charon. [*Recitative.*]
This is mysterious Styges' side,
Dread ever-freezing, never-frozen tide.
Orpheus. O scene supremely drear.
Charon. The ceaseless snow, the rattling hail,
With everlasting rigor here assail.
Eternal winter rages in the storm,
Augmenting ever as it howls,
And ever changing form :
You may not linger here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A fiery view of Hell.*

Orpheus. [*Recitative.*]
Here on the brink of fiery Phlegethon,
Tremendous Charon bade me wait,
Here at the cavern's mouth of Fate,
Where three continual streams unite—
Streams that upward have no head,
But flowing from the den of night,
Encircle thrice the regions of the dead.
Heavier peals the loaded thunder,
The solid adamant is cleft asunder,
And lo, the palace of the gloomy God
Ascends to this infernal light,
As the burning ruby, bright,
Solemn, sublime, abode. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Palace of Pluto is seen rising. The domes and pinnacles first appear, and the whole edifice continues to ascend until the stage presents the interior of a court with an open door in the middle of the back scene, through which the interior halls are seen, with Pluto and Proserpine on their throne, and surrounded by their attendants.*

Hymn—sung within.

Dark Pluto, ever round thy throne
New miseries triumphant rise;
And shrilly, with the swelling groan,
The chorus of new wretches cries.

From thee, O joyless Proserpine,
The sorrows and the cares ascend,
And all the hopeless ever thine,
Still in thy dismal halls attend.

SCENE VI. Enter ORPHEUS.

[*Recitative.*]

Orpheus. The gates of living brass,
Sternly studded with fierce flickering eyes,
Opened to let me pass;
Consenting to my sighs.
And to my sad entreaty,
Black Cerberus restrain'd his triple bay,
And all subdued with pity,
Made free the dreadful way.
Lo, on his throne the King of Hell appears,
And by his side mild Proserpine, the queen;
He like a comet that inflames the spheres,
And she like the pale moon, that rules the night serene.

1 *Voice from within.*
What daring mortal seeks admission,
Marring Hell's council in high session?
2 *Vo.* Why came thy mortal feet to tread,
The awful regions of the dead?
1 *Vo.* Seek'st thou here relief from pleasure,
Chas'd too long, and back would'st measure
The hurried steps of wild desire,
Call sullen Suicide! and she
Will open wide all Hell to thee.
2 *Vo.* Or would'st thou to the goddess of the solemn eye
Of perjur'd love, or faithless friendship sigh?
The pale and meagre form of Woe,
Should guide thy lonely march below.
3 *Vo.* But if the pain of joy's voluptuous poison,
Nor friendship false thy bosom rend,
Nor guilt's recoiling sting,
Nor love's heart-wounding treason,
Why dost thou suppliant bend,
And dare the vision of our gloomy King?

Orpheus. [*Song.*]
O Pluto, from thy dreadful dome
My Love, my gentle love, restore,
Eurydice, wilt thou not come,
O shall we, fairest, meet no more!

[*Recitative.*]

They yield, they yield, Eurydice appears!
The sight, but the sight of her banishes my fears.
In her arms, in thy arms, my lost love again—
All sorrow is ended, and cured every pain.

Semi-Chorus. What God, Almighty God is this!
That finds in Hell the means of bliss.

Full Chorus. Sing aloud, and rejoice,
The wonder proclaim,
That Pluto was melted to pity—
And wrapping his face in his mantle of flame,
Consented to tuneful entreaty.

THE END.

REMARKS ON ORPHEUS.

The lyrical Drama is a species of composition but little known to the English stage. Nor, perhaps, is it ever likely to become popular in this country, without some previous radical change in the musical taste of the people. The English, perhaps, relish songs and martial airs quite as much as any other people, but of that higher and nobler kind of music, which aspires to express a continued train of feeling, and the varieties of impassioned sentiment, scarcely any notion has yet been conceived by the most popular native composers, and certainly not the slightest idea by the generality of the public. Sometimes, indeed, it has occurred to us, that the performance at Sadler's Wells was laying the foundation of an English original Opera: at least it is indisputable, that many more of the airs of the songs sung at that theatre become popular than those of the Lyceum, which has assumed to itself the style and title of the English Opera House—and the dialogue at Sadler's Wells is also, owing to an absurdity in an Act of Parliament, necessarily recited with music.

The author of Orpheus has had in view the allegory which is supposed to be couched under the story. The piece opens with the Musician's apprehension of being torn to pieces by the savage inhabitants of Mount Rhodope. It appears, however, that they only pursue him in order to hear him sing; but he has the sagacity to turn this circumstance to their advantage, by persuading them to divide the employment of the sexes to the most obvious and appropriate duties of man and woman—thus covertly describing the primitive institution of society. The second Act opens with the institution of religious worship, and concludes with a lamentation for the loss of Orpheus, which implies, that in the second stage of society the Gods are revered, and honors paid to the memory of the illustrious dead.

We are not certain that the author has carried the allegory any further, as the third Act seems only to relate to the

story of the piece; but perhaps he may have meant, that the transactions in Hell should indirectly apply to that third stage of society, when mankind, led by the honors paid to illustrious men, to think of their own future existence, give way to vain fancies, and theoretical conceits, as to the state of the spirit after death. It has occurred to us also, that under the denomination of Orpheus and Eurydice, the author may have remotely personified the soul and body; and that the third Act has some mythological relation to the mystery of their separation by death and subsequent re-union.

But it is of no use to guess about occult intentions, the piece is obviously a dramatic contrivance to produce a fine scenic spectacle. The part of Orpheus performed by Mr. Braham, with suitable pageantry, would probably render it popular for as many nights as the public endure the majority of modern Operas.

THE APOSTATE;

OR,

ATLANTIS DESTROYED.

A Tragedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

NO. XII. *N. Br. Th.* VOL. III. X

CHARACTERS.

YAMOS.	King of Atlantis, converted to Christianity, and Founder of the City.
OROOKO.	A Priest of the ancient religion of the Country, who has retired with a few followers into the woods.
ARAK.	An Officer of the Palace, in love with Mora.
SEDI.	An Elder of the tribes who constitute the people of Atlantis, and father of Mora.
ANTONIO.	An European, saved from shipwreck by *Yamos*, whom he has converted to Christianity, and instructed in the arts and polity of Europe.
IDDA.	The wife of *Yamos*, in love with *Antonio*.
MORA.	The daughter of *Sebi*, betrothed to Arak, but in love with Antonio.

Elders of the tribes—*Females* attendant on Idda—*Atlantines*—*Priests* and *Officers* of the Palace.

THE APOSTATE;

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Forest with openings, which disclose vast mountains and cataracts at a distance.*

Arak. (*alone.*) How holy is this calm magnificence
Of mountain, lake, and wood! The ceaseless blair
Of the hoarse cataracts, by distance soften'd,
Seems but the soothing lull of Nature's voice,
Charming all thought into tranquillity.—
Here I will stop till old Orooko come,
Nor on the simple worshippers intrude,
Who still with him refuse the Christian faith,
And 'mid these scenes of solemn loneliness,
With aimless rites and ineffectual prayer,
Adore the fancied powers, our nation served,
Till good *Antonio* from the ocean waves
Was sent by Heaven, to teach the truth divine.

Enter OROOKO.

Orooko. Who art thou, that within these hallow'd shades
Presum'st in that apostate garb to enter?
Arak. Do you not know me?
Orooko. Arak! is it thee?
Nay, no embrace,—Thou hast the Gods forsaken,
And I their priest must never more again
Receive thee to these arms, nor ever raise
My hands above thee, to implore their blessing.—
O ye unknown dread and beneficent!
Whose genial power all artless creatures praise,
Pardon these tears, forgive my weak old heart,
That would forget this hapless young man's sin,
And still receive him, as your gracious spirit
Taught me to look upon all human kind.—
Oh, then I knew not that such things could be

As man presuming to select his God.—
Yet, Arak, if in penitence you come,
Come to my heart, and with most joyful tears
I'll bathe thy forehead, and absolve thy sin.

Arak. I bring a message from the king to you.

Orooko. What would he now with me. Oh, he might spare
The little remnant I have left of life,
To the deserted worship of the Gods,—
His country's Gods,—Those ever-bounteous powers,
That blest his fathers from the first of time,
Nor ever once upon our happy tribes
Sent civil discord, till that fatal hour,
When on our coast the curs'd *Antonio* came,
Like something horrible cast from the sea,
To mar, with his perplexing arts and faith,
Our sacred rites and old simplicity.

Arak. Alas, Orooko, you will not discern
The good, the blessing in *Antonio* given.

Orooko. Within the bowers of these far-spreading woods,
We happy dwelt, and with the morning light
Our song as cheerful as the grateful birds
Rose to the powers that bless'd us—all the day
The active chace gave energy to health,
And when at night, our frugal meal dispatch'd,
We stretch'd ourselves beneath the fragrant boughs,
We fear'd no danger in the form of man,
For we had nothing then that could be stolen.
Spirit of Nature, did my tongue say nothing?—
Yes, we had happiness, and that sweet ease—
And the sea outcast has purloin'd them all.

Arak. But he has given us better, and tenfold—
Taught us to rear the safe and shelt'ring shed,
The woes that wait on perjury and crimes,
And the rich promise of a second life,
A glorious morning to the night of death.—
——But the king summons you.

Orooko. What does he want?
I cannot aid him in his new designs—
My heart grows sad whene'er by chance afar
My wand'ring eyes see, through the opening woods,
His rising town; and sad presages come,
Lest the dread Gods, whose secret throne of fires,

Deep in the hollow of the mountain glows,
Will burst the earth, and sweep in floods of flame
Th' apostates and their perishable homes.—
But what can *Yamos* now require of me?
O he was once the sunshine of my soul,
And never, never, did prolific Nature
A being fashion in the human form
So good, so kind, so modest, and so brave.—
Methinks I could have pardon'd all the tribes,
Had they rais'd altars to adore that youth,
For then they had but worshipped in him
Th' embodied excellence of all that lives.
Alas! that goodness has but caus'd this ill,
And but for it the fraudulent Antonio
Had been thrown back into the hungry sea,
When first he dared to slight our ancient rites—
But grief bewilders me—I lose myself—
Why does the king require me in *Atlantis?*
Arak. The queen of late, drooping forgoes his love,
And he desires that with your speediest skill
You would restore to him her wonted kindness.
Orooko. Though she too is apostate, I will go.—
Lead on, I'll follow: never, but to take
Some gentle essence of appeasing herbs,
To quiet sorrow, or extinguish pain,
Shall e'er my feet towards your city tend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment in the Palace of Yamos.*
YAMOS and ANTONIO.

Yamos. Thrice have the trees renew'd and shed their leaves,
And the fourth fruit hangs blushing on the bough,
Since thou, Antonio, child of Providence,
Wast on our shore, snatch'd from the greedy waves
To bless our wilds and world undivulg'd
To thy far countrymen, who dwell beyond
The rising sun. O ever since that hour,
How rich in knowledge hast thou made us all!
Teaching our docile youth the arts of peace;
The all-cementing harmony of law,
And like the new moon, out of darkness born,
Still more and more, to the full round of light,

Brightening our souls, though with the dim reflex
Of that eternal truth, which in thy land
Sheds the warm mid-day beam—In all this time,
With constant wisdom ever blessing us,
Thou hast thyself been still alone unblest.

Antonio. Most gracious *Yamos*, in what I have done
I feel my happiness a rich reward,
And the proud honors which the good unborn
Will pay my name, already I foretaste.—
The time will come, when from the Eastern world,
With spreading sail, some daring mariner
Will this way steer, then all these unknown scenes
Of inland seas and forests infinite
Shall be reveal'd. Oft, sir, as I have told,
Their winged vessels would the way explore,
And that in which I 'scap'd the waves to you,
Was sent in quest of this great continent,
Of which some dark report had long prevail'd :—
And when they come and find the arts of Europe
In sweet communion with the Christian faith,
My name shall rise to an equality
With that of Cadmus or of Bacchus, those
Who in the elder time brought westward truth.

Yamos. But wherefore wilt thou not be one of us—
Our nation shall to thy posterity
Give higher honors than to all our kings.
I pray thee, friend—or rather let me call thee
Creative genius of our rising world,
Consent to what we ask—the gentle Mora,
The daughter of the venerable Sebi,
Has long the influence of thy virtues felt—
Felt as the rose-bud feels the solar beam,
And to their brightness would unfold her breast.—
You seem perplex'd, why should my words disturb you?
Why do you sigh and look like one that heard
Unhappy tidings—tell me why is this?

Antonio. My heart is grateful to your Majesty,
But in the rearing of your infant state
I find abundant blessing—Did I yield
To soft endearments, my ennobling aims
Might sink abortive, and entail but woe.

Yamos. Thou hast, Antonio, yet but given precept,

Give us example too, that we may see
By thy bright practice how to guide ourselves.
The rights of fathers, husbands, sons, and men,
Thou hast prescrib'd to us. Take now a wife,
And by thy actions in the wedded state,
Show us in what our customs need example.

Antonio. There is a beauty, sir, in principles,
Which those who most in theory revere,
Cannot transfuse into their way of life.
I have denied myself connubial love,
Lest I should not in practice so conform
To the great precepts I aspire to teach.

Yamos. I will no farther press this matter, friend:
I humbly own the grandeur of thy motive,
I do thee homage for't; but while you thus
Appear a doubting, conscious, erring man,
Such virtue makes you glorious as a God. [*Exit the king.*

Antonio. O noble being, how art thou deceiv'd;
How black and horrible methinks I show
Beside the lustre of thy purer nature!
Thou dost sustain me, Yamos, in thy love,
As the new moon in its first hoop of brightness,
Holds in embrace the dark and rayless old. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment.*

YAMOS and IDDA.

Yamos. Alas, dear Idda, wherefore would'st thou shun me?
The time was once that I was all to thee—
The blossom breathing to the mid-day sun,
Its bosom's fragrance, never was more faithful
Than thy sweet love, the fragrance of the heart,
Was wont to meet me; but how art thou chang'd!
Ah me, how chang'd! looking askance upon me,
As at some hateful reptile that you fear'd—
And yet to thee I am entirely love.

Idda. I know not, Yamos, why I should be thus,—
I would be to thee what I was before,
But some foul vapor hath beset my brain,
And stain'd the wonted substance of my thoughts.

Yamos. Since good Antonio has not yet been able
To turn again thy far-reverted love
Back to its proper course; but still the more
This woeful change works to increas'd dislike,

I have sent Arak to the old Orooko,
To bring him with his genial simples here,
That we may try their power.

Idda. I'll none of them.
Leave where he lives that petulant old man;
What would he here, but fret, as he was wont,
Against Antonio, and with searching eyes
Make still more irksome my unquiet heart.

Yamos. Does he too, Idda, grow displeasing to thee?
Once that old man was to thee as a God;
And God-like was his fault, for it was kindness.

Idda. But is he not Antonio's enemy?

Yamos. He has refused to take the Christian faith—
But there's no enmity in his kind nature.
I'd think as soon Antonio bad and false,
As I could think Orooko would molest.

Idda. But wherefore bring him here?—I need him not,
And he may vex Antonio with his prying.

Yamos. Unhappy Idda, to what strange conceits
Thy thoughts and fancies turn. Why should he pry?
Nor from the freedom of a good old man
Can there be aught Antonio would conceal.
But thou art ill at ease; fair Mora droops,
And all our wonted medicines have fail'd.
Alas, poor Mora! solitary—still
With hopeless wishes must she ever pine.
Antonio has rejected her.

Idda. Rejected!

Yamos. He will not marry; constant to the bent
Of the great purpose that exalts his mind
Above our nature, he will never join
His fate to any woman's.

Idda. Did you ask?

Yamos. Even now I did.

Idda. And wherefore did you that?

Yamos. Can it offend you, Idda, that I sought
To make him happy, who has blest my people?

Idda. Had you no other motive?

Yamos. Ah what other?

Idda. But he rejected her, and will not marry?

Yamos. Why should that lighten up your eyes with joy?
When you might grieve to think ill-fated Mora

Must hopeless sigh in unrequited love.
Idda. Love! said you love! (*aside.*) Ah now I know the cause
Of her averse and fearful diffidence.
Yamos. My dearest Idda, my once gentle Idda,
Why should this news such angry looks excite.
Yes, Mora loves the excellent Antonio.
Idda. O not to love him were almost a sin—
But my fit comes—O Yamos, o'er my head
Methinks some hideous and unholy thing
Hath perch'd itself, and feeds upon my brain—
I would I were not what I am, or could
Again the fondness of thy love return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Portico.*

YAMOS, OROOKO, &c.

Yamos. Welcome, Orooko, give me yet thy hand;
Come, be not sad, but make our meeting joyous.
You were to me a loving father once,
And I am still to you a faithful son.
Orooko. I feel towards you as I always felt,
But here are sights afflicting to my eyes,
Turning the pleasure of this hour to woe.
Yamos. To me, to all, your re-appearance here,
Is cheerful as the sunbeams after night.
Orooko. And night it has been, Yamos, since we parted;
A night of dreams, whose phantoms still deceive,
O let me hope that thou wilt 'waken from them.
Yamos. And yet these gorgeous objects rising round,
The tow'ring city, and these royal ensigns
Of arts and polity, should teach my friend,
All is not fantasy.—The sleep was yours.
Like the sun-loving bird that sleeps in winter,
And wak'ning in the spring, finds Nature new;
Cover'd with blossoms and resounding songs,
You come among us wond'ring at the change.

Orooko. The arts, the ornaments which you admire,
Are as the speckles and the glittering eye
Of the fell snake, and these increasing sounds,
The stir of labor in your guilty town,
But as the rattle that announces death.
Yamos. Is there then nothing that can please your eye
In all this new magnificence?
Orooko. No, nothing.
Yamos. Would you we should resign the social arts—
The various pleasures industry makes ours,
And sink into barbarity again.
Orooko. I wish you only to cast off the vices,
Which with these gaudy garments you put on.
The virtues need no robes, they ever move
In healthy vigor, naked like your sires.
But these gay trappings of civilization
Are but the covers of offensive sores.—
As I came sadly to this spacious dwelling,
Two stately edifices met my view;—
One was too great, too lofty as I thought
For any use of man; the other seem'd
Too closely strong, even for the fiercest beasts.
What are they, sir?
Yamos. One is a temple hallow'd,
Open and free for our religious rites.
Orooko. What! does the God, the stranger has reveal'd,
Live like a creature local and limited.
Yamos. The God we worship is the God of Nature,
The spirit of the ocean and the earth!
Orooko. Then wherefore have you built to him a house,
When the whole universe is full of him?
In light and blossoms, and melodious sounds,
We know his beauty; in the fruits and sleep,
And in the gladness of the blameless breast,
We feel his bounty and enjoy his care;
The skies so vast and inaccessible,
With their infinitude of stars attest
To us his greatness; in the strength of hills,
The deep foundations of the steadfast earth
And the long fetching of his breath in tempests,
We own his mighty power; and when we question
Why we do live and all this world should be,

We recognise his undiscover'd Nature.
Is it to HIM that you have built a house?
Yamos. You will but see our works in your own way;
We have not rear'd the church for his abode,
But as a place in which we may remember
That he exists, and should be there adored.
Orooko. Does then your knowledge, your civilization,
Tend to make you forget him? Royal Yamos,
Our fathers never dreaded such a chance.
They heard him in the roaring of the waves;
They trembled at his anger in the thunder;
They fear'd the flapping of his wings in storms;
They hail'd his smiling in the dawn of morn;
They felt his kindness in the warmth of day,
And like tired children in their mother's lap,
They trusted to him in the nightly sleep.
O he was every-where and they were with him.
But for what purpose is your other fabric?
Yamos. It is a prison, an appointed lodge,
For such as wrongful injure one another.
Orooko. Stop, Yamos, stop. O swift retrace your steps,
To that simplicity that once was yours.
Already lo, your new-found arts require
Inventions to remind you of the God.
Already they have taught you to prepare
Abodes for men, men worse than savage beasts;
If in a few short moons all these are needful,
Think what shall rise when future ages come.
If there are men that must be shut in dungeons,
The bad in time may overtop the good,
And make them to their wicked purposes
Offer themselves in hideous sacrifice.
Yamos. I will no longer now debate with you.
Come in and see the Queen, and if you can,
Restore her errant love again to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *An apartment.*

ARAK and MORA.

Arak. Why will you, Mora, ever thus avoid me,
Why ever thus averted turn your eyes?
O look upon me; let me see again,
That gracious loveliness which won my heart;

But still, O still, must I in vain address you,
Your cold and alter'd looks in vain deplore?
Mora. Leave me, good Arak, leave me to myself,
I would I were deserving of thy love.
Arak. Alas, what frenzies now are rife among us!
Yamos bewails his consort's faded love,
And must I, Mora, also mourn for thine?
Mora. It had been better, had we never known
These gay and festal arts Antonio teaches,
Than thus to feel all ties of truth relax'd.
Surely from them this sad perversion springs!
Arak. O say not so, believe not so, dear maid;
Say rather he has taught us to cast off
Our savage nature, and with purer thoughts
So temper'd and refin'd our base desires
That we are rais'd into a nobler state.
Alas, perchance the passion of my heart,
Is but some dross of my barbarity,
Not yet remov'd. Ah it appears to thee
So gross and foul, that thou hast turn'd away,
Tir'd of my fondness, and with royal Idda
Delighted shar'st his ever-varying wisdom.
Mora. O spare me, Arak, spare me, noble youth!
Arak. Ha! why is this? O wherefore do you weep?
Mora. Most true it is that I have been too oft
A happy listener to Antonio's voice.
Arak. And mine no more is pleasant to your ear.
Mora. But grieve not, Arak. I am innocent.
Arak. Innocent! could you have e'er been guilty?
Guilty! of what! you are not yet my wife,
And if your heart be chang'd, though I must mourn,
Alas, must languish without hope of cure,
Why should the change be link'd to thoughts of guilt?
No, Mora, no. I long have fear'd this truth:
Antonio's virtues, like the solar beams
Which by their brightness quench the dim dull hearth,
Have all thy former love for me extinguish'd.
But gentle maid, to me for ever dear,
I will no more molest thee with my suit.
But speedily with all my earnest thoughts
Devise the means to make thee blest with him.
Mora. O Arak, Arak, you know not the man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another apartment.*

OROOKO, YAMOS, and IDDA.

Orooko. Why do you chide your lord, why is his love
Thus bitterly repell'd?
Yamos. 'Tis her disease;
Be not, Orooko, wroth with her, but try
Some kind appeasing med'cine to allay
This fretful ecstasy of peevish thought.
Idda. I am not ill, old man, trouble me not
I want no med'cines, but the cooling charm
Of your desir'd absence. Give it me?
Orooko. I do not think you ill of malady,
But some infection taints the conscious mind.
What fatal wrong have you done to your lord,
That you look on him with such eyes of hate,
While love and tenderness so melts in him?
Yamos. All things, Orooko, seem to thee revers'd.
Orooko. 'Tis meet I should converse with her alone.
Yamos. Bear with him, Idda, let him have his way,
He is a man full of most bounteous feeling,
And comes obedient—not to my command,
But to the gentle spirit of himself
To cure your bosom's pain. I beg, Orooko,
That you will mercifully hear her chidings,
Think what she once was to me, loving kind;
O this dire change but serves to make her dearer.
Yes, the remembrance of our former love
Stands in bright contrast to the void of loss,
Making the beauteous and delightful past,
Compar'd with the unhappy vacant present,
Like the sad lesson of a rosy child
That smiling gambols round a yawning grave.
Be kindly in your speech—and if her thoughts
Be touch'd with aught that hath perplex'd their course,
In pitying care the remedy apply. [*Exit Yamos.*
Idda. Well, Sir, what would you?
Orooko. How! so soon at ease?
Then you do fear the King as well as hate him?
What is the wrong that you have done to him?
That you should dread his sight, and in his presence

Be weak and trembling, looking with such eyes
Upon that goodly and most gracious man,
As if he were some creature venomous?
What is the cause?

Idda. Came you not here to find it?

Orooko. Such maladies as yours were never known,
When all were true to their forefathers' virtues,
Therefore the cause—Ay, lady, mark my words,
The cause must come from this new state of things.
Why do you look at me in such amaze?
Then it is true, and your apostasy
Has changed the frame and temper of your heart.
O ere more horror falls in curses on you,
Abjure the subtile stranger's unblest rites;
And on the mountain's top, that altar rais'd,
By all-seen Nature to the all-felt God,
Lift thy pale hands and deprecate thy doom.
What! do you smile, and scornfully at this—
The mind has then no part in your disease—
You mock my piety, and when I bid
You turn repentant from the stranger's Gods,
You do not hear me as a proselyte,
But with the heartless and contemptuous scorn
Of one that reverenc'd not any God.

Idda. I wonder much that you, so wise reputed,
Should waste your ineffectual breath on me.

Orooko. [*aside*] They have built dungeons for those that do ill—
This woman must be one that has done ill,
For she no longer hath that modesty
With which our faithful mothers heard reproof.
Your royal husband called me from the woods,
With herbs and simples to relieve your ail;
But the disease is far beyond the search
Of all the inquisition of my skill,
And I may sorrowing to the woods return. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A garden.*

ARAK and ANTONIO.

Arak. That the fair Mora loves you tenderly,
And has for you forgone her love to me,
I doubt no more, nor can I blame the change,

When I contrast my naked ignorance,
With that rich-crown'd, that flowing vestured knowledge,
Which makes you ever to my wond'ring eyes,
Appear the sovereign wisdom of all times.
But while my tongue thus says, what I should say,
My heart, alas, still in its savage grossness,
Yearns at the sacrifice and speaks in tears.

Ant. No: generous Arak, thy true heart is right,
And 'tis thy judgment that mistakes in this.
I am not worthy of fair Mora's love,
Reclaim her yet, re-win her for thyself,
Would she were worthy thee, and I like thee,
Could merit her by so resigning her.

Arak. O hapless Mora, fated like thy lover,
To feel the anguish of rejected passion!—
Have you no charm that you can give to me,
To lure her truant heart to its first love?
Or some endearing cordial for yourself,
To make you see her with fond eyes like mine!
But see, Orooko comes. If he can turn
The Queen's affection to her lord again,
Perchance his skill may Mora's too reclaim.

Ant. [*aside*] O Heavens, what horror am I doom'd to suffer?

[*Arak during this soliloquy has advanced towards Orooko.*]

How the pure fancies of this guileless race
Make the foul odium of my guilt appear!
They look on me as on the orb of day;
O little think they that the light they worship
Gleams but from dead and guilty rottenness,
Compar'd to which they are themselves Heaven's stars.

[*Enter Orooko, and Arak returns.*]

Orooko. Unhappy Arak! I will speak to him.

Ant. [*to Orooko.*] Have you been able to relieve the Queen?

Orooko. [*to Ant.*] You only can do that,—why do you start?
The ill that taints her bosom came by you—
And you should, Sir, in bringing such disease,
Have brought with it the needful antidote.
Are such distempers common in your country?

Ant. I fear they are.
Orooko. The gentle Mora too,
Arak's betroth'd, has caught the same infection;
Sir, you seem greatly mov'd. I mean no harm,
I only grieve that with the arts you teach,
Such fearful and appalling reprobation,
Should thus destroy the ties of faithful love.
Arak. But Mora is not, like her royal Mistress,
Afraid and angry when I speak to her.
She owns her love and treats me as a brother.
Orooko. She owns her love! what love?
Arak. Love for Antonio!
Ant. (*aside*) Ha! he has caught the truth!
Arak. What means all this?
Orooko. Leave us, dear Arak—leave us for a while.
[*Exit Arak.*
Stay, Sir, you must remain, a word, a word.
The giant bark that brought you to our coast
Seem'd as it welter'd on the surfy shore,
Some monstrous thing presaging woe to us.
From all the haunts of all our woody land,
Successive came our wand'ring tribes, to see
The awful sight. And with compassion mov'd
Our youthful monarch, *Yamos*, took thy hand
And plac'd thee by himself, an honor'd guest.
At that dire hour your dreadful work began.
You taught us arts—divided us in bands,
These for the chace, and those to seed the soil,
And when your tongue had learnt our simple speech,
You spoke of life and worlds beyond the stars,
And call'd our ancient rites of gratitude,
To the great Spirit—aimless superstition.
Ant. In doing so, I know that I did well.
Orooko. The proof of that must show in the effect.
But I proceed—Dissensions rose among us—
Your altars prosper'd, while with hapless me
A few undaunted faithful chose the woods.
Here, here enchanted by your seeming wisdom,
Thousands on thousands swarm'd to raise the town,
And it was rais'd. For this eternal temple,
High in whose measureless concave the sun
A lamp of everlasting splendor shines,

You have th' Apostates from their father's God,
Led to a mansion built by their own hands,
And made them kneel before such feeble emblems,
As the soft-breathing of a bird, might quench;
And you have dungeons rear'd.

Ant. O let me fly—

Orooko. Fly! whither. No.—You shall hear all your works,
Now answer me.—The gentle Mora loves you,—
For you her heart has turn'd from gen'rous Arak,
And yet she sees him with nor hate, nor fear—
Thy pallid visage tells me all I ask.—
Go to thy temples, prisons, knowledge, arts,
And find some means to purge our tainted tribes,
From these new sins that thou hast brought with them.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A vestibule.*

ОROOKO, SEBI, and ARAK.

Orooko. Go, summon without preface or delay,
The honor'd elders of the tribes to meet.

Sebi. They hold the magistracy of the town.

Orooko. No matter, go. Tell them I would impart
Things of most high concernment to us all.
They were not wont in the old better time,
To wait for dues of ceremonious state. [*Exit Sebi.*
Who is with Yamos? who is with the King?

Arak. He is alone.

Orooko. What you here, Arak! Arak?

Arak. Ah me, Sir, what has chanced? (*aside*) He is perplex'd,
His thoughts coil inward, and his eyes are fierce,
As the fell snake's when it infolds itself
To spring upon its victim.

Orooko. Where is the stranger?

Arak. Antonio?

Orooko. Where has he fled?

Abak. How fled?
I saw him scarce a hundred breathings since,
Enter the portal of the Queen's apartment. [*Exit Orooko.*
Surely some hideous madness touches all,
For thoughts, and fears impossible, appal me,
And when I told him where Antonio was,
He shriek'd as if he had a serpent trod. *Exit*

SCENE II. *An apartment and Couch.—music without.*
YAMOS and ATTENDANTS.

Yamos. Bid the musicians cease. Let them forbear.
The soft melodious sadness of their song
Awakens in me but unhappy thoughts.—
Methinks the ghosts of all my ancestors,
Hover around me, and in piteous silence,
Look on my grieved and melancholy mind.
O sure some dreadful woe unseen impends
That thus my heart feels cold as kneaded clay.
Send for Antonio to me.
1 *Attend.* He is here.
[Enter ANTONIO]
Yamos. Art thou too sad, my friend, pray thee draw near,
Sit here by me, I would converse awhile,
To learn why thus my anxious spirit pines,
And questions oft the use of all our labors?
Ant. Such weary thoughts, sir, frequently arise,
When the exhausted spirit needs repose.
They are the dreams of reason, and molest,
Like the night visions, only while they last.
Yamos. And shall I wake from this unhappiness:
Shall my lov'd Idda chearfully awake?
And take me back with those endearing arms
With which she press'd me to her virgin breast?
Alas, you sigh—there is no hope of that.
[Enter OROOKO.]
How now, Orooko, why these looks of rage;
What new discov'ry in the town alarms?
Orooko. Stranger, avaunt.
Yamos. What change is this, Antonio?
Orooko. He shall not stay, let him at once retire!

Yamos. Treason, Guards, ho! Dost thou menace, old man?
What hast thou done, that thou dar'st thus insult
Our royal presence with this fierce demeanour.
Antonio, fear him not. I will protect thee.
Though mutiny and rash rebellion rise,
By his incitement. I am still thy friend.
You weep and tremble—weeps Orooko too?
Friends, why is this?

Orooko. Let him retire. Retire. [*Exit Ant.*

Yamos. Now he is gone, what would you say to me?

Orooko. The thunder's voice heard in the summer's calm,
Nor the great Spirit's when he heaves the woods,
In wilder billows than the roaring ocean,
Speaks no such horror, as I must unfold.

Yamos. Orooko, tell me, is my Idda dead?

Orooko. Curses descend on her. Let fury come,
And wide and numberless as all the leaves,
That the winds scatter when the forests fade,
Disperse the ashes of her guilty form.

Yamos. Thou art not mad, Orooko? yet thou speak'st
More frantic ecstasy than the loose wrack,
Of scatter'd thought, in the disorder'd mind
Hath ever yet assum'd.

Orooko. The Queen is false.

Yamos. False, False? Repeat what thou hast said—the word.
My ears ring fearfully—repeat the word.—

Orooko. False with Antonio,

Yamos. Hoary liar, ha! (*strikes him down.*)

Orooko. (*on the ground.*)
Gods of his fathers, take my thanks for this.
Now must the noble soul of Yamos feel,
By this dishonor he has done himself
In striking me, his own, his father's friend!
What shame and woe springs from Antonio's guile.

Yamos. Th' infection works, in every joint I feel
The withering horror seizing on my strength.
It was delirium! and I heard it not.
No one did say to me my wife was false—
Antonio! O to what wicked thoughts

The idle fancy will betake itself!
While the musicians sang, I closed my eyes,
Strange fears oppress'd me. I would see Antonio,—
He came and he was sad. Orooko came—
Is that Orooko on the ground before me?

Orooko. (*rising.*)
Distraction kindles in him, help, O help!—

Yamos. Hush, hush, we will be calm, we will be calm.
(*They sit down.*) Come, sit thee down—we will discourse of this—
And first I will relate my dream to thee—
Antonio—no, he is not.—O my heart,
It swells to thrice three hearts, and stops my breath.
Once I did think he fondly look'd at her,
And she responded with familiar smiles,
Such as no wife may blamelessly express.—
And when I chid her for't, that hate began,
Which no imploring love of mine could alter,
No tend'rest grief since that dire hour appease.

Orooko. Did you observe their love?

Yamos. What love? what love?
I but beheld a free unseemly glance.
What have you seen?

Orooko. Alas, dear noble Yamos,
Such looks unchaste were never known before.

Yamos. Ha! is it for that, you have so tortur'd me.
And for your worship and availless rites
Would tempt me thus to sacrifice my friend.
Away, old man—back to thy wilds again;
Provoke me not with guilty imputation,
To think as ill of thy respected self,
As thy f[illegible] bigotry would say of others.
What is this knowledge, that with painful throes
My mind would bring into the world of thought,
And on it, as a mother o'er her child,
All other things forsaking, fondly doat—
Suspicion! Suspicion! O forerunning shadow
Of coming woe—more hideous than the substance.
If this Antonio be the wretch you think;
If Idda be the victim of his guile;
What may ensue?—Nothing more ill than is!
And the good springing from Antonio's knowledge

Must still be good, let him be what he may.
Orooko. How know you that?
Yamos. I will endure no more;
If thus I listen to thy venomous tongue,
I shall believe the glorious sun himself
Black as eclipse—Away, away, and leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Apartment.*

IDDA and MORA.

Idda. Find me Antonio; bring him to me here:
For old Orooko thinks what he should not,
And we must turn the current of his thoughts.—
Why do you stand? Go, bring Antonio to me.
Mora. Forbear, I pray you—While Orooko's here,
Seek not that fatal man. O royal Idda,
Ere yet too late, if it be not too late,
Snatch your affections from this headlong stream;
It draws you swiftly to a deep perdition!
Idda. I am not, Mora, to be told, your eyes
Betray the wishes of your throbbing heart
Towards Antonio. Pray thee, gentle maid,
Give me not reason to suspect thy truth,
By the great virtue which thy tongue affects.
Mora. O I am conscious of my erring nature,
My mind contemning what my heart desires;
But surely, surely, it becomes not you
To blame a fault that I have still restrain'd!
Idda. Obey my orders.
Mora. Freely in all else.
Idda. Do you refuse me then?—Ha! Arak here!
[Enter ARAK.]
Why come you here, sir, with such looks of terror?
Arak. Where is Antonio?
Idda. How! He is not here.
Arak. Orooko, by his old prerogatives,
Convenes the magistrates, and they assemble:
I would Antonio were prepared for this;
Such convocation bodes to him no good.
Mora. Ah, royal Idda, do not doubt my faith.
Arak. Is not Antonio here?
Idda. What should he here?
Arak. That were not fitting for me to inquire;

But if I saw him, and might speak to him,
Perhaps I could such signs of trouble tell,
That he might shun the danger they forewarn—
Stern thoughts have gain'd the solemn mastery
Of old Orooko's wonted gentleness.

Idda. Go, seek Antonio then—Go, Mora, too:
Here I shall languish for your swift return.

[*Exeunt Arak and Mora*

My heart shrinks in me, and I tremble all,
Like one that has pernicious berries ate,
And 'gins to feel the ill juice in her blood,
Clotting the pulses of the vital stream.

[Enter ANTONIO.]

Ant. But for the woman's sympathetic lewdness
Stirring the vice in me that I had quell'd,
I might have left, in this new world, a name
To match the brightest of antiquity.

Idda. Antonio!

Ant. Ha! what would'st thou?

Idda. Softly; hear me—

Ant. No more, no more.

Idda. Do you Orooko dread?

Ant. We have together drank a fatal draught,
And now the poison burns straight on to death.

Idda. Hear me, Antonio—

Ant. Horror and Death
Have seiz'd upon me, and in folds of flame
The one envelopes my distracted soul,
While the cold other with his icy fang
Grasps me immoveably.

Idda. Will you not answer?

Ant. Well, what would you?

Idda. Do you dread Orooko?

Ant. I dread myself—O rather let me say
I have done that which I cannot undo,
And by the guilt made awful forfeiture
Of the high destiny that once was mine.
This having done, and from all honor driven,
I know not what extremity of guilt
My out-cast doom may draw me yet to do.

Idda. Hush, hush; this fierce impassion'd rage repress—
Into my chamber, where we shall be safe.

Ant. To hell at once !—O I already suffer
The torments of damnation in the thought
Of what I was, of what I might have been.
Idda. We whirl in jeopardy ; the tide of fate
May sweep us from the chance within our reach,
If we delay to catch.
Ant. Then let us sink,
And time close over us as smooth and trackless
As the deep ocean o'er the bottom's sand.
Idda. O it is true what our old warriors say ;
The lofty mansion and the stately couch
Unnerve the body and impair the mind.
Thou hast not manhood in thee to endure
The test which our heroic youth were wont
To rise refulgent from—Adversity !
The worst that can ensue to both of us,
What is it but to die ?
Ant. The death of life,
The dagger, or the stake, appal not me.
Idda. What then dismays you ?
Ant. Fame and honor lost.
Idda. Were they not lost till old Orooko came ?
Has his suspicion, which makes us unsafe,
Chang'd too the quality of our fond love ?
Before this day you never own'd alarm ;
But now when he menaces to destroy,
Behold, the memory of fame and honor
Comes like a ghost to frighten your repose.
Ant. Yes, yes, from sleep—I am indeed awake !
Idda. And being so, up and appear the man,
And show your brightening forehead to the storm.
The coward creatures are the prey of man ;
And he who fears like them belies his form.
But we are open to intrusion here ;
Into this chamber—Nay, but you shall come.
[*Exeunt into an apartment that opens in the centre of the scene.*
[Enter YAMOS.]
Yamos. I will not credit what Orooko thinks :
His mind has ever been adverse to all
Antonio's mighty purposes. Old age,
That makes experience wisdom, grows to folly,

And the good man may have outliv'd discretion.—
It is not, cannot be, that one so great,
So lofty and prospective in his virtue,
Should fall to such perdition. But my Idda!
O Heaven and Nature! if 'tis not disease
That hath the sweet love of her bosom chang'd—
Ah, who art thou, so ghastly and so grim,
With grasp'd dagger, and blanch'd quiv'ring lip,
That beckons me towards horror?—Revenge!
Hence from my soul, delirious suggestion.
Murder Antonio! What hideous guilt
Must in the issue of such treach'ry lie,
That my unhappy spirit should devise
Indemnity so terrible?—No, no:
They are not guilty, and my mind is cleft
From all propriety in thinking them.
O righteous Heaven! with some oblivious blessing,
Quench in my memory Orooko's venom,
And heal my heart to confidence again.—

(He goes to the door by which Antonio and Idda had retired, and on opening it starts back: Antonio and Idda come from within and fly off at one side, while Orooko and attendants enter from the other: after a pause Yamos comes forward in a state of stupefaction.)

Orooko. O hapless Yamos, what unhallow'd vision
Enchants thine eyes to look that way so wild?—
Speak to me, Yamos, tell me what thou see'st?—

Yamos. Nothing—they are not there—they were not there
I saw them not—I thought but what did seem—
(to Orooko.) Art thou not, wretch, some false bewildering devil,
Mocking my sight with good Orooko's form?
O thou hast bred with thy soul-tainting breath
Thoughts of such horrible and hungry crave,
That I must needs be wicked—It is true!
A sword, a sword!—Now well I know the cause
Why he enticed us to unbelt our swords:
He fear'd that in detection we might use them,
And so made passage for a safe escape.

Orooko. Speak you, sir, of the stranger?

Yamos. Of the fiend!

He came to me so piteous and forlorn,
That my weak heart could not but do him kindness.
He seem'd to me so wond'rous and so wise,
That my poor thoughts could not but do him homage.
O little thought I when religiously
He used to tell me of the luring wiles
With which the foe of God seduces man,
That he was him, and then betraying me.

Orooko. Still you are free, though Idda be his victim.

Yamos. O Idda, Idda! Rose of my delight!
The odious worm voluptuous with thy beauty,
Has turn'd my love to loathing—Damn her, damn her!

Orooko. Does other proof than my suspicion move you?

Yamos. O yes.

Orooko. What!—who?

Yamos. My eyes!

Orooko. How, Yamos! where!

Yamos. Earth, make me part of thy insensate mass;
Let me be kneaded by the heel to clay,
(*throws himself down.*)
Rather than bear the memory of that vision!

Orooko. O thou renewing spirit of the air,
Whose genial power informs the sleeping spring
When to put forth her young hands to the ray,
Revive to hope the withering soul of Yamos.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *An Apartment.*

ANTONIO. (*solo.*)

The sin was Nature's when she made me thus:—
These limbs she moulded; link'd the vital chain
Of lively pulses circling through my heart;
Gave that love-darting lustre to my eyes
Which the fond fair so willingly obey;
And tun'd my voice to that persuasive mood,
Which wins so easily whate'er I ask:—
Can I then doubt the promptings of desire,
Come not as issue and effect from Nature,
And if they do so, wherein lies the ill?

I cannot choose, when beauty meets my sight,
But instantly to feel its thrilling charm
Enticing to embrace. Good is but pleasure,
And that which pleases must be good to me;
If others find it harm, is the fault mine?

[Enter ARAK.]

Arak, my friend, approach—Why stand you back?
Why look you on me with such awful dread?
What would you with me? Why these alter'd looks?

Arak. The consecrated elders of our tribes,
Convened by old Orooko, send for you.
I am their messenger; say, will you come?

Ant. But tell me first, why thus you are so sad—
My sin is but an error of my blood,
Call'd into action by the queen's alluring.

Arak. The consecrated elders of our tribes,
Convened by old Orooko, send for you.
I am their messenger; say, will you come?

Ant. Well, I will go: but Arak, do inform me—

[*Exit Arak.*

My friend! ha, gone! without a word, retir'd!—
Save but his solemn summons twice repeated.
O vain delusion! to persuade myself
That the delinquency of mine offence
Belong'd to Nature, or that others would
Ascribe my guilt to the primeval sin.
It is not what a man thinks of himself
That constitutes him bad or virtuous,
But as his actions touch the hearts of others.—
Yes, that same bounteous and divine endowment
Which fills the bosom with alert aversion
Against all odious and injurious things,
Excites the hate that guilty deeds inspire.—
The loathsome scorpion, whose envenom'd fang
Strikes cruel death, nor the remorseless vulture,
That plucks the eyeball of the hero dead;
O not the yellow and abhorred worm,
That riots on the breast where youthful love,
Once hop'd for bliss, is to the sense so hateful,
As I am now to the affrighten'd thoughts
Of this confiding, good, and gentle race. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Vestibule.*

YAMOS and OROOKO.

Orooko. It cannot be that this deceitful man
Derives his blood from our primeval sire:
He nor his nation, nor the God he worships,
Can have affinity with us or ours.
We, till his fatal tread deform'd our shore,
Did ever deem that chief most worthy honor,
Who least appear'd to need another's aid.
He would have taught you but for this blest crime,
I call it blest, since it dissolves the spell
Of his deceit—yes, had persuaded you
That they deserve the ritual of the knee,
Who are themselves of all mankind most helpless.
Before the round of many moons had wan'd,
We should have seen the ties reciprocal,
Of chief and follower slacken'd from all use,
And man to man in opposition set
Upon the plea of rank inherited.
Has he not told that in the eastern world,
The man most honor'd is the slave that tends
The largest count of slaves? Were not his arts
To quench the instinct which the mighty spirit
Bestow'd to guide us, giving the conceits
Of human frailty and invented reason
Hostile supremacy o'er nature's wisdom?—
Were such the customs, such the precepts ever
Of your great sires who never own'd a slave,
But conscious lords of all the breathing world,
Held each with each th' equality of kings.
Their only vassals were the prey that paid
A prompt obedience to the speedy shafts
Which levied their revenue—You attend not?

Yamos. Be you, Orooko, judge, I am not fit:
The vengeful influence of his treachery
Distorts to me the rightful aim of justice.

Orooko. No, Yamos, no; this solemn cause demands
That you should prove to the audacious stranger
Our old inborn superiority.
It must not seem that our selected chief
Should e'er in his great office stand perplex'd—

What! shall we hold the frail and feeble wretch
Who shrinks at the affliction of a wound,
Rejected of our tribes, and not require
From you, our chief, that firm impartial mind
Which would adjudicate against itself?

Yamos. Against itself!—You know me well, Orooko,
Nor have I swerv'd from my integrity;
But I do feel my spirit apt with ire,
To be vindictive by the sword of justice.

Orooko. How! is thy nature then indeed so tainted,
That all its hate of the exotic crime
Is turn'd on him who had thy own permission?

Yamos. Much I can bear, Orooko, from thy chiding,
But chafe me not too far—my rage is hungry,
And will have prey before it is appeas'd.

Orooko. Do you refuse the duty we expect?

Yamos. How now, old man, you frown rebelliously:

Orooko. What if I, in the name of all the tribes,
Assert the privilege the elders ever
Have held in times of public jeopardy?

Yamos. And what was that?

Orooko. To change the ruling chief.

Yamos. What have I done to cause me such dishonor?

Orooko. You do refuse to execute your trust.

Yamos. I would refuse it in this, my own cause,
But I do not refuse.

Orooko. Then follow me
To where the assembled elders of the tribes
Have form'd the circle of avenging justice,
And wait but for your coming—This way, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment.*

IDDA.

O what is this that weighs upon my heart
Like the oppression of a dead man's hand—
Methinks all nature is alarm'd around,
Rous'd by the omens of some dreadful change,
Whose coming horror far and black descried
No mortal can describe. I seem to stand
Like one deserted on the frozen sea,
While o'er the waves, beyond the stretching ice,
Dark as mid night, a brooding tempest glooms—

O'er head, the sea-birds screaming seek the land—
The bold seal-hunters hurrying without prey,
Look wildly wond'ring at the fated wretch,
And sullenly speed home—Loud under foot,
Th' imprison'd ocean raging to be free,
Tears with the earthquake's strength.—What is my doom?
[Enter MORA.]
What will they do with me—what is decreed?
Mora. There is a rock, two bow-shots from the shore,
Whose tangled head, till half the tide is run,
Lies hid beneath the waves.
Idda. Well, Mora, well.
Mora. What time to-night the evening star shall rise
Above the mountains, that mysterious rock
Will from his forehead lift the watry veil.
Idda. O Mora, be not so oracular,
But tell me quickly all. What horror waits
On the appearing of that dismal sign?
Mora. I can but only echo what I heard.
Idda. Proceed, proceed, there's boding in thy voice;
And the sad portent of these solemn eyes,
Alarms me more than were the sun eclips'd,
And the bright stars that gem the winter's night,
Seen through the myst'ry of the summer's noon.—
When the black forehead of the rock appears,
What hideous work begins?
Mora. In silence then,
Two sable boats shall slowly quit the shore—
Idda. Bearing me and Antonio? No? What then?
Mora. In one shall sit the dumb dejected man,
Who knows all things that other mortals know,
But wants the organs to embody speech—
And he shall bear in his right hand——
Idda. O heavens!
Mora. A funeral torch, to kindle on the rock
The signal fire of death.
Idda. The other boat?
Mora. Shall follow freighted with a sentenc'd victim.
Idda. Which?
Mora. You.
Idda. Alone?
Mora. Alone.

Idda. Tell me what then?
Mora. The boats will leave you on the rock to perish,
With no companion but the deadman's fire,
By which, when the refluent tide has quench'd it,
Th' assembled tribes, collected on the shore,
May know your life was with the flame extinguish'd.
Idda. My throat is parching and my breath becomes
Like suffocating ashes—air! air! air! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Wood: the town seen beyond. The Elders of the tribes assembled in a semi-circle on the ground.*

OROOKO, YAMOS, ANTONIO, &c.

Orooko. This warmth is counterfeit, notions so fanciful,
Spring not in Nature from th' impassion'd heart—
They are but fire-flies, startled from their resting,
And not the inborn blossoms of the bough—
Answer expressly to the charge we make?
Antonio. How may I to your stern demand reply?
I own the guilt! I ask the punishment!
If aught the tortures of your fiercest fires
Can add of anguish to the thoughts I suffer.
But Oh, forbear to blame the truth I taught,
Nor think the sin of my ill-destin'd frame
Can taint the bright intelligence of Heaven,
To which I am but as some hateful reptile,
Whose slimy back reflects the glorious sun.
O royal Yamos, noblest injured man,
I seek no mercy for my odious self,
Though thy blest nature, form'd for higher good
Than the heroic spirit e'er inspir'd,
Would e'en to me, whose devil-serving passions
Have made such wreck of all thy soul held dearest,
Find naught so easy as to grant me pardon.
Let not the thought, that my detested crime
Is ever sequence to the taste of truth,
Enter the temple of thy blameless heart;
But onward bravely in thy great career,
And be to all succeeding ages known,
As he who first amidst the Atlantine wilds,
The altars of eternal knowledge raised.
Yamos. But what will that avail?

Antonio (aside). Ha! does he doubt?
Yamos. Turn not away, I speak not to reproach—
Unhappy man, I ask thee but to tell
How will the praises of the far-unborn
Repay the sacrifice that must be made,
Before the fruitage ripen into use?
O yes, Antonio, once I thought like thee,
That to be class'd with those immortal kings,
Whom all the sages of thy eastern world
Deem wisdom best devoted in revering,
Were a triumphant recompense for braving
My fathers' ghosts, whose unembodied voices
Spoke sternly to my thoughts. Alas, when oft
Amidst the falling trees we fell'd to raise
Yon guilty roofs, I heard them sigh around,
My fearful heart had foretaste of its woe,
And felt, it knew not why, th' alarm of guilt,
But still the flattering pageant of renown
Rose bright in view, and my enchanted mind
Beheld as 'twere an image of myself,
High rais'd refulgent, while in spreading circles
Appear'd the millions of succeeding times,
Filling the vast horizon to its bound,
And shouting loud my name. The dream is past!
And yet methinks I am not well awake.
The hideous nightmare sits upon my breast,
And while I see around these towers and domes,
I strangely hope my sense is but abus'd
By some delusion of unwholesome sleep.
Idda, my love! art thou not at my side?
Where art thou, Idda? O where is my love!
Orooko. Yamos, Yamos, what madness fires thy mind,
That thus in the great synod of the Elders
Thou darest this breach of all solemnity?
Yamos. See'st thou that pallid wretch, whose evil eyes
Have glanc'd eternal blight on all my hopes?
Orooko. Come to thy seat again, and give the sentence.
Yamos. But will the word of power, that dooms to death,
Restore my bosom to its wonted calm?
Orooko. This wildness must not further be endured —
Never before did warrior of our tribe

Insult the presence of th' assembled Elders,
With such a rapture of entranced passion.

Yamos. Never before were any of our tribe
Pain'd with the anguish of a grief like mine.

Orooko. (*to the Elders*) Ye, who have felt in youth's imperious prime,
The goading insult of a foeman's frown,
Rouse your bold spirits into leaping rage,
That would not be restrain'd; blame not in him
These transports at irreparable wrong,
But pardon his irreverence —take your place—
Come, noble Yamos, look, the Elders wait.

Yamos. What would they more?—Antonio has confess'd,
And Idda ye have doom'd—O why should I
Be further tortured in this dire probation?

Orooko. Say but the sentence, and it will be finish'd.

Yamos. Then let him live.

Orooko. How live?

Yamos. Aye, and may Heaven
Punish his crimes with constancy of health,
Prolong'd beyond the utmost term that love,
E'er in the hour of rapture wish'd to live.
For he is noble, and the sense of guilt,
With keener agony than tonguing flames
Lick to the bone, will be his punishment.

Orooko. Shall he live also free?

Yamos. Yes, free and public.—
Beware that none of the accustom'd homage
Towards him be withheld—else might the thought,
The angry thought that springs from punishment,
Defeat th' intended horror of our sentence.—
Antonio, friend! why dost thou hang thy head,
And clasp thy hands distracted in the air?
Once thou didst tell me of some secret law,
By which the evil germ in different breasts,
Holds mystic sympathy, and to ill deeds
E'en passing strangers suddenly constrains—
This truth of all you taught, I find first true,
The devilish charm of your perfidious guilt
Stirs in the latent vices of my blood,
And makes me cunning that I may be cruel. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A Street open to the sea, the rock seen.*

ANTONIO.

Shall I thus solitary ever live,
And in these haunts, scenes of my pride and triumph,
Alone like one of those dejected ghosts,
Whom poets in their mournful frenzies deem
The hov'ring witnesses of joyous rites,
Held by the friends they thought would weep their death,
Move unregarded, or be seen with fear?—
It were a state less hideous to be doom'd
To constant penance in some dread cadav'ry,
Where the dim death-light shows the mould'ring dead,
Grinning as 'twere in horrible derision,
As the contemptuous spirit of decay
Throws from its seite the long unfasten'd scull.—
To sit alone in some forgotten ruin,
Far in some distant long untravell'd waste,
Where, save the thirsty serpent's ceaseless hiss,
No sound is ever heard:—To see from thence
The red and arid sun's unvaried orb,
Roll o'er the brazen skies and sink to night,
Day after day, in dull monotony,
And all the story of remembrance lost,
But one black thought, the memory of my crime,
Would not, methinks, be such a solitude,
As that which now environs me around,
In the denying looks of former friends.—
Here comes my enemy—O thought unjust;
He was no foe, had I myself been true.

[Enter OROOKO.]

Orooko. There stands the wretch so woeful and forlorn,
That my relenting nature melts to see him.

Antonio. I would speak to him, and enquire the doom
Pronounced upon the queen. He will not answer,
And yet there's more compassion in his eyes
Than e'er I witness'd, more than they express'd

When hapless Yamos sav'd me from the sea.
[*The sound of a shell or horn is heard.*]
Orooko. Hark! the sad sounding of the funeral shell,
Gives dismal warning that the hour approaches.
Antonio. Tell me, Orooko, what these sounds denote?
Orooko. The prelude of a solemn sacrifice.—
Thou start'st!————
Antonio. A sacrifice!
Orooko. Yes, to our Gods!
The Gods of nature and of innocence!
Antonio. Ah, stern old man, dost thou impute to mine,
The instigations that have made me guilty;
Or think'st thou that my better part denies
The justice of the punishment I suffer.—
Now, that no more my faith may taint thy tribes,
Nor thin the worshippers around thy altars,
Wilt thou, for once, allow me to repeat
The grounds of my religion.
Orooko. Fatal man!
Dost thou presume with me to try thine arts?—
Spirit of everlasting life, and light,
Avert their influence, and keep me firm,
Against this new contrition that begins
To mine into my heart! (*to Antonio*) What would'st thou say,
Would'st thou rehearse to me that tale of fancy,
Which thou hast told of worlds beyond the stars,
Where vital brightness in the beams of wisdom,
Still kindles with intelligence eterne;
And bid me break the bread and drink the wine,
As my acceptance of admission there?
Or would'st thou frighten me, if I refuse,
By the grim terrors of that other region,
That dread abyss beneath the midway ocean,—
Beneath the deep foundations of the isles,—
That hollow vast of everlasting fires—
Sapping the arch on which great Nature stands,
Predoom'd to fall with hideous crash, and hurl
Into the billowy and exasperate flames,
There sink for ever and for ever down,—
Would'st thou tell this, and ask me to believe?

Ant. No, Sir, and yet by your impassion'd voice,
You seem to tremble, lest it may be true.—
But I would tell you how th' eternal mind
Abhors the guilt of its corporeal agent,
And ask you whence such strange division springs,
If that which thinks, and that which acts in man,
May not exist apart?
Orooko. And if they may?
Ant. Shall then the thoughtful element be left
In unappropriated listlessness,
When into dust its mortal dwelling falls?
Or should we deem all the recoil of action
Fix'd to the limit of our biding here;
And lift the aims of human thought no higher
Than the mean instincts of our sensual wishes?—
If man be as you say but animal,
Why am I punish'd, where was Idda's crime?
[*Sounds of the shell.*
These dismal sounds of sacrifice again!
And this way rolls the throng!
Orooko. O stay not here,
Stay not to witness what must here be done.
Alas, Antonio, thy mysterious thoughts
Perplex my spirit in an awful hour [*Exeunt.*
[Enter SEBI and MORA.]
Mora. Where shall I fly that I may but forget
The hideous look of horror and despair,
With which she glared on me her last farewell.
O father, father, hold my bursting head,
Her glance was lightning, and has fired my brain.
Sebi. Unhappy child!
Mora. Do you not hear her cries?
Hark!
Sebi. All is silent. [*the shells sound*
Mora. Ha! the shells again,
She struggles still, they drag her to the shore.
O bear me hence, support me, father, hence—
I dare not that way look, and yet my eyes,
Charm'd by her horror, will not be withdrawn.
Sebi. Why will you linger, asking still to fly,
Come, dearest Mora, come?

Mora. They hold her fast,
The dumb torchbearer steps into the boat;
They bind the victim—wretches, hold! hold! hold!
[*Exeunt towards the side by which they entered.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment.*

YAMOS and ARAK, and Attendants.

Yamos. Heard ye that shriek? It came upon my ear
As the quick lightning flashes on the eye,
Startling the soul—How awful is this silence
Which has succeeded to that glance of sound!
Methinks it has affinity with death,
And should be named with epithets of blackness.
Where is Orooko?
Arak. At the sacrifice.
Yamos. What sacrifice! Why dost thou turn away—
It was the victim's cry then that I heard?—
O 'twas my Idda, loveliest, still belov'd!—
But I forget that justice claim'd her doom,
And Guilt with clammy and opprobrious clutch,
More hideous than the mouldering grasp of death,
Tore our incorporated hearts asunder. [*the shells sound.*
Hark! again, O Idda! down my heart, lie down.
Summon the choristers, bid them sing shrill,—
Wake all your instruments of wildest sound,
And drown th' afflicting discord of her cries.—
[*Music*] No more, no more—Tell me, is it yet done?
Has the bright star, that should to night arise
At the returning of the tide, appear'd?
Arak. It just begins to glimmer o'er the sea.
Yamos. O ere the tide shall reach its wonted bourn,
The beauteous orb, that crown'd my life's fair dawn,
Must set for ever in the gloomy wave.—
Has not Orooko come?
Arak. We have not sent.
Yamos. Why am I not obey'd, wherefore is this,
That you deny the duty of your place?
Go bring him instantly—yet stop—not yet.—
She may not yet have reach'd the fatal rock,
How long time thinkest thou?—

Arak. What would you, sir?
Yamos. No matter, Arak—we'll towards the shore,—
Command Antonio to attend me there. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Rock and fire—The coast and town seen in perspective, the boats pass.*

IDDA.

O they are gone, and will return no more,
And I am left to perish here alone!
Stay yet awhile—stay but to see me die!
Suspend your oars till the returning wave
Has quench'd my life and this dull flame together.
Alas! alas! they heed not my entreaty!
But swift and steadily make to the shore!—
The shore is throng'd, piled with a countless crowd;
Hear me, O hear me!—O my feeble voice
Fails in the midway of the dismal distance,
And I am here an off'ring on death's altar,
Like some lost wretch by eager heirs interr'd,
Awak'ning from his trance within the grave—
O horror, horror, is there then no hope! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Street.*

OROOKO, SEBI, and ANTONIO.

Orooko. What would the crowd with all these pitched brands?
Sebi. They think that when the waves o'erwhelm the queen,
Yamos will then restore our ancient rites,
And bid the town be fir'd.
Orooko. Who told them that?
Sebi. 'Tis but their fancy.
Orooko. And yet they prepare,
As if th' ordonnance of it were proclaim'd!
Such strong assurance in the public mind,
Denotes some feeling in the frame of things,
That proves the pregnant future almost ripe
With some great offspring in the line of fate.
'Tis as the sadness that pervades the air,

Before the coming thunder. In the town
Far-stretching necks from the close-crowded windows,
And all eyes turned the same way in the streets,
Do not more certainly presage th' approach
Of solemn pageants, than parentless rumors,
Foretell th' occurrence of some high event.

Sebi. You seem alarm'd—I thought you would rejoice.

Orooko. Hast thou heard this, Antonio?

Sebi. He's entranc'd,
And hears not what is said.

Orooko. Antonio?

Ant. Well!

Orooko. See'st thou the throng so busily intent—
Look how the young men cleave the splint'ring pine,
While in the seething pitch their fathers dip,
The riven fragments which the children gather,
And serious women in their aprons bring.
What think'st thou of this solemn preparation?

Ant. O righteous Heaven! now is my doom complete.
Must that blest germ which I had planted here,
For my aggression be so soon destroy'd.

Orooko. Who told thee that?

Ant. You to the truths I taught,
Ascribe the guilty working of my blood,
And to suppress the truth will burn the town.

Orooko. Antonio!

Ant. Speak, what mean you!

Orooko. I believe,
If that which thinks in us survives the tomb,
That thou wast right in teaching us to rise
Still more and more out of the sensual life,
Into th' intelligence which after death
May raise our being to a higher state. (*Ant. kneels.*)

Sebi. What sudden blessing dissipates his gloom,
And makes him thus in thankful transports kneel.

[Enter Arak.]

Arak. Unhappy Yamos, wand'ring in his mind,
And with the crowd wild-mingling on the shore,
Commands you to attend.

Orooko. Antonio rise.
Alas, I would thou might'st remain behind.

For at the sight of thee his rage again
May burst in outrage fatal to the wish,
Which my expanding heart begins to cherish.
Ant. Come let us go. Whatever may befall
Cannot be evil, if on you descends
Th' inspiring mantle of immortal truth.
Yes! o'er the funeral ashes of the town,
A pure celestial light shall ever shine,
To which the scatter'd tribes will oft return,
In holy pilgrimage, if you will guide
Their wand'ring spirits in the devious way
Of knowledge, which, alas, so slipp'ry winds
Through tangling brakes, where many a serpent lurks.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. THE SHORE. *The rock seen at a distance, nearly covered, the star high in the Heavens, and the water rising.—The crowd of the town on all sides.—Yamos with his back towards the rock.*

Enter OROOKO, ANTONIO, ARAK, and SEBI.

Yamos. Approach, Antonio, come—thou wast my friend,
I did believe thou wast, for I was thine,
And lov'd thee well, yes, I was kind to thee,
And lov'd thee for the kindness I bestow'd,
More than the misers of thy distant world
Doat on the coffers where they lay their treasures.
How hast thou answer'd my confiding friendship?
But come, draw near, why dost thou shrink apart?
The ill which thou hast done will soon be ended.
Behold this throng, whose every eye is turned
Towards a part of the dark rising sea,
Where I can never look—What see'st thou there?
Well may'st thou tremble—Tell me what thou see'st.
Ant. A dim red flame.
Yamos. And nothing more?—no sign?
Ant. Yes, ever and anon it is eclipsed,
As if some busy figure intervened.
Yamos. Idda is there alone—Nay, do not sink:
Thou hast a part in this terrific rite,

And I expect the full and dread performance—
Attend and answer me—What now appears?

Ant. O take my life, and save me from this torment.

Yamos. Be mute in all, but to my questioning—
Burns yet the light?

Ant. It does.

Yamos. See'st thou no sign?

Ant. The billows rolling on the rising tide,
By fits obscure its dim and lurid glare.

Yamos. Does it still burn?—Slave, slave, perform thy task.
What means that deep and universal sigh?

Ant. The light is quench'd.—

Yamos. My Idda is no more!
And the suppress'd affliction of my soul
May now take all its frenzy.

Orooko. Hold his hand!

(*Antonio stabs himself and falls.*)

Yamos. Ha! which of you did this?

Orooko. Himself.

Yamos. Himself!

Orooko. With his own guilty hand he aim'd the knife.

Yamos. Stop! touch him not! lest the self-murder'd corpse
Cause some contagion worse than this new crime.
Now, now, Orooko, loud, with all thy voice,
Command the sacrifice.

Orooko. What sacrifice?

Yamos. A victim meet for our apostacy;
Lead on the multitude and fire the town!

Orooko. Stay, Yamos, stay; suspend thy rash design;
For if the crime of this self-slain arose
From causes adverse to his truth and science,
What deeper guilt had stain'd his short career,
But for their blest restraining—Heavenly truth,
Like the bright sun's unquenchable effulgence,
Which, from the foul and aguey fen, exhales
The foggy pestilence and dries its poison;
Receives no blemish from terrestrial vapor;
Serene, sublime, it holds its destin'd course
Above the momentary clouds that shadow
The human Chrysalis, whose mortal term,

By the slight tissue, spun from its own breast
Is pass'd in darkness and captivity.

Iamos. (*to Orooko.*) Ha! is the demon that in him deluded
Transferr'd to thee, who wast of all the world
The most oppos'd to his great mysteries?—
Then spread thy wings, and speed into the sun-shine!

(*He stabs Orooko who falls.*)

Come now, Atlantines, hurl your brands around,
Till but the ashes of the sacrifice
Be all the trace of our apostacy.—
Ghosts of our sires, pause in your airy chase,
And, as the flames of these proud towers ascend,
Around in hov'ring circles, view them burn.

[*Curtain falls as the town is set on fire.*

REMARKS ON

THE APOSTATE.

The story on which this drama is founded, was probably suggested by that obscure rumor which had prevailed from the days of Plato, to those of Columbus, respecting the existence of the western continent. It is, however, a subject, perhaps, more suitable to descriptive narration, than calculated to produce such a degree of dramatic effect as would render it impressive in representation.

The motives of the author in making choice of a fable so entirely fictitious, seem to have been of a two-fold nature; the originality of the incidents which it allowed him to introduce, and the opportunity which it afforded to him of placing the two great crimes, peculiar to the civilized state, ADULTERY and SUICIDE, in a strong and striking light.

Several of the ocular circumstances, though questionable as his inventions, will readily be admitted to equal in the terrific any thing which the stage exhibits. The situation of Idda left to perish on the rock, is one of this description, but it is perhaps not thoroughly dramatic; for when she compares herself to a person untimely interred reviving within the grave, she only gives us another view of her own horror without adding any new feature to the frightfulness of the original idea, or eliciting any thought which might enable us to participate in her feelings.

The expiring of the penal fire seen by the spectators, is founded on a real occurrence mentioned in the life of

Admiral Byron; and the imagination cannot conceive any spectacle more awfully interesting. Had it been an invention, the author might have obtained the praise of contriving one of the most sublime scenic spectacles in the whole range of the drama.

The characters, like the incidents, are perhaps rather possible existences than delineations of human beings. In Orooko, however, there are traits of individuality, which make it probable that it was in some degree intended for a portrait. Antonio, as a development of constitutional licentiousness counteracting moral intentions, may lay claim to some consideration. He is of a species familiar enough to the stage, but of a class that authors have been diffident in embodying so fully. Yamos is only a young Othello, and Arak is not sufficiently prominent to interest us much in his fate. The character of Idda, is not graced with any amiable feeling. It may be doubted if the author has acted judiciously in making so naked a delineation of the debasing effects of the animal propensity; for the fastidious spirit of modern criticism is offended if the snaky length of SIN be not concealed by a petticoat.

The train of moral sentiment in this piece is evidently derived from Rousseau's celebrated essay against the arts and sciences; and the reader of voyages and travels will probably discover an indirect endeavour of the author to give a fabulous account of the origin of that inexplicable antipathy which the Indians of America cherish towards the effects of civilization. He informs us that the ideas which he has given to Orooko, were principally drawn from an authentic description which he had received of the manners and notions of the Indians, from a person who once spent a hunting season with a party that was in the practice of making an annual visit to the city of Philadelphia. In this respect, the piece possesses a degree of originality, *wholly* independent of the poet, and of a kind which deserves attention without reference either to the verse or the language.

The reader alone can determine whether the sub-

ject of this play has been so managed as to interest the mind; for whatever may be the claims of originality, as to invention or appropriation of incidents, the tragedy can have but little merit as a drama, if the story is not interestingly developed.

We are requested to state, that the outline of Antonio's character was suggested by the manner in which Mr. Kean performs the character of Iago—It certainly has appeared to many good dramatic judges, that the air of libertine gaiety which that excellent actor assumes in this part, does not accord with the general impression which the text of Shakespeare makes in perusal. Perhaps the objection made to Mr. Kean's performance is well founded. The versatility of his talents requires a various part to produce their full effect, and the Iago is so uniformly a villain, that the defect of Mr. Kean may be owing to an attempt to vary the odious sameness of the character.

Iago is one of the strongest drawn, but the worst completed of all Shakespeare's characters. It is equally unnaturally wicked and consistent. The attempt of Mr. Kean to make it more human, is a proof of his good taste; and his failure in this part is rather an honor to his judgment, than a disgrace to his powers.

FATHER AND SON,

OR

FAMILY FRAILTIES.

A Comedy.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

SIR HARRY WILDAIR.

EDWARD WILDAIR, his Son.

SIR RICHARD HARTLEY.

SORREL, farmer on Sir Harry's estate

GREGORY GARGLE, valet to Sir Harry

JAMES, footman to Sir Harry.

WOMEN

DOWAGER COUNTESS WOLMORE, Sir Harry's Sister.

MRS. EMILY ELTON, (assumed name.)

ANGELICA, Sir Richard's Sister.

MRS. VOLUBLE.

LYDIA, chambermaid to the Countess.

A Maid-servant.

FATHER AND SON.

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Sir Harry's Dressing-Room.*

GREGORY *discovered in a white linen jacket and apron, behind a chair, waiting for his master*—SIR HARRY *enters from his bed-chamber, dressed in his combing gown, violently yawning, sits down and gets his hair dressed.*

Sir H. Well, why dont you answer?

Gregory. Your honor put no question to me.

Sir H. Did you not hear me yawn?

Gregory. Very plain.—

Sir H. When I yawn, it is always to be understood as if I had asked, "is there any news to-day?"

Gregory. (*pointing to the table.*) A billet from the little Italian.

Sir H. (*slightly*) From the Commachini; there cannot be much news in that neither, as I passed all yesterday evening with her. (*opens the billet and runs quickly through it.*) It requires no reading—How is the weather?

Gregory. Sun-shiny.

Sir H. Let the carriage be ready by one.

Gregory. Very well, sir.

Sir H. Any thing else?

Gregory. (*recollecting*) Sir Romeo Courtall has got a superb new curricle.

Sir H. How much did it cost him?

Gregory. One hundred guineas.

Sir H. Is it more elegant than mine?

Gregory. I almost think it is.

Sir H. Then I must have a new one.

Gregory. How it blazes! how it glitters!

Sir H. I'll have one at two hundred guineas.

Gregory. That's a deal of money. (*sighing.*) The widow Brown, to whom your honor allows a pension, is dead.

Sir H. Indeed! has she left any children?

Gregory. Two poor babes: the mother has always been industrious and earned a livelihood; now she is no more, the children are become destitute.

Sir H. In that case the pension must be doubled: mind that, Gregory, doubled!

Gregory. (*combing with one hand, and wiping his eyes with the other.*) I thank your honor.

Sir H. Zounds, man, dont pull out all my hair, I have'nt much to spare already (*pause.*) But how came you to mention the curricle first, and then the poor widow?

Gregory. Your honor's benevolence to the poor widow's children is neither blazing nor glittering.

Sir H. (*without the least sanctity.*) Who knows, Gregory, but this may also glitter some day or other—Is my sister up yet?

Gregory. Not yet.

Sir H. She has a most bewitching chamber-maid.

Gregory. Aye, she's well enough.

Sir H. A little prudish vixen.—

Gregory. That's the very thing the young squire complains of also.

Sir H. My son?—that chap is always poaching in my grounds.

Gregory. Perhaps he does not know that your honor goes a hunting that way.

Sir H. Nor is it fit he should, for the sake of parental dignity; mind that.

Gregory. He shall not learn any thing from me, I warrant you. I have a real English heart, sir.

Sir H. Then take good care of it; it is a thing well worth preserving.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Servant. Farmer Sorrel begs leave——

Sir H. Sorrel! is he arrived at last;—let him come in directly. [*Exit Servant.*] Hark ye, Gregory, exert all your talents to-day; I have lately got acquainted with a

female, the devil knows who she is, and by what accident she came to my farmer's.

[Enter SORREL.]

Hush!—Good morning, honest Sorrel, how do you do?

Sorrel. Pretty hearty an please your honor.

Sir H. How does your family come on?

Sorrel. They pray, work, and love each other.

Sir H. Have you executed my orders?

Sorrel. (*shrugging up his shoulders.*) Yes, your honor.

Sir H. Why do you shrug up your shoulders at my question?

Sorrel. Because—I beg your honor's pardon—because I—I did it rather against my inclination.

Sir H. On what account?

Sorrel. I was obliged to tell so many falsehoods on that occasion, and we are a sort of people not much accustomed to that.

Gregory. There's another English heart, your honor.

Sir H. Be quiet.—However, Sorrel, you have brought the lady along with you?—stop, let me recollect her name—

Sorrel Mrs. Elton.

Sir H. Exactly. You have conducted her to Mrs. Voluble's?

Sorrel. I have.

Sir H. Are the apartments to her satisfaction?

Sorrel. Poor good-natured soul, she will be satisfied with any thing.

Sir H. Does she know already?

Sorrel. She knows nothing, no more do I.

Sir H. True—

Sorrel. I presume your honor caused her to come up to town to place her in a more suitable situation?

Sir H. Certainly.—

Sorrel. To procure her a decent and honorable maintenance in't, your honor?

Sir H. You are a saucy busy body—Did she show herself very ready to follow you?

Sorrel. Exceedingly so; she longed impatiently for the hour of parting.

Sir H. (*aside*) A favorable omen—(*aloud*) Has she brought all her things with her?

Sorrel. What she carries on her back is her all.

Sir H. Very poor then I suppose.

Sorrel. Poor indeed, but worthy, very worthy; there will be strange work among my children when they see me return home and not bring the good gentlewoman along with me.

Sir H. You have only to tell them that she preferred remaining in town.

Sorrel. I think she really does; for when at a distance, she descried the steeples, she seemed quite delighted.

Sir H. There's a proof of it.

Sorrel. She has an acquaintance in town, whom she particularly wishes to see.

Sir H. An acquaintance, indeed!

Sorrel. A certain lieutenant.

Sir H. Lieutenant too!

Sorrel. She told me his name, and requested me to enquire after him.

Sir H. Do it if you dare.

Sorrel. I should not be able to trace him out even if I were to attempt it; I can hardly find my own way in this great town.

Sir H. So, an acquaintance: a lieutenant—away then with all scruples; a handsome young woman, who goes in quest of a lieutenant, is most probably no bestab—Come along, Gregory, powder my hair, and mind this spot particularly; (*pointing to his grey hairs*) you comprehend?

Gregory. I do. [*Exeunt Sir Harry and Gregory.*

Sorrel. (*solus*) A good kind-hearted gentleman, that's true, but always so young—there are people who cannot on any account shake off the habit of being young through all their life—however, I fancy we have not much to fear from him: if I was not sure of this, I'd sooner carry the lady home again on my own back: nay, she has about her such an air of quality, something so respectable, that she will know how to keep him at a proper distance; and let him only perceive that, I'll lay any thing he will behave to her as a father, even as he does towards every one of us.

[Enter EDWARD.]

Edward. Is my father as yet up?

Sorrel. Why it's almost noon, his honor is having his hair powdered.

Edward. Who are you, my honest fellow?

Sorrel. Farmer Sorrel, from Wildair Hall.

Edward. Aha: what news do you bring from the country?

Sorrel. I brought two roebucks and a woman.

Edward. A woman! does my father also breed such game in his warren?

Sorrel. It's an unfortunate person for whom his honor charitably intends to provide.

Edward. Most likely an old woman?

Sorrel. Oh no, very young.

Edward. Really! and beautiful?

Sorrel. As a fair morning.

Edward. How did you get acquainted with her?

Sorrel. By accident.

Edward. Is she a native of your country?

Sorrel. No, Mrs. Elton is a stranger.

Edward. Elton! from whence?

Sorrel. That I dont know; soon after the harvest was over, a gentleman, with two ladies, came in a very crazy chaise to our village, they had also an old servant maid with them, who was so fatigued from the jostling occasioned by the rough roads over the mountains, that she could not proceed any futher; we all feared that the poor old woman would not survive it. When I beheld the distress they were in, I offered to take the maid into my house, and nurse her there: they held a long consultation about the matter, and seemed reluctantly to part from her:—I always had a saying, "Unfortunate folks are like bars of iron that are forged together in the fire." Well, as they would not leave the old one alone amongst strangers, Mrs. Elton at length determined to stay behind, as she said, out of duty and gratitude to the old person who brought her up.

Edward. And the gentleman—

Sorrel. Felt very much at parting; he was about to leave me some money, but, on beholding his lank purse and lean countenance, I was ashamed to accept any thing: the ladies fell a crying most piteously for some time, so that I could not help feeling some dust in my eyes too, you comprehend me: the gentleman promised to return soon, and so set off with the other lady.

Edward. Well, is he not returned?

Sorrel. Not yet.

Edward. Has he not written either?

Sorrel. He may, for ought I know. Mrs. Elton has indeed received some letters, and had always red eyes for two days afterwards.

Edward. Perhaps the stranger was her husband.

Sorrel. Perhaps so.

Edward. Did you never inquire about that?

Sorrel. Not I.

Edward. Why not, that you should have done.

Sorrel. Your honor, it is a custom with us country folks, when we perceive a person to have a sore spot on him, not to meddle much with it, for if you handle these things ever so gently, still it will cause pain.

Edward. Let me tell you, my honest fellow, this story of yours is very interesting.

Sorrel. Interesting! no, not I indeed, I am not interesting at all, I did not ask a single farthing, the old woman died some days ago, I had her decently buried, paid for a deal coffin, and made our schoolmaster write a very lamentable happytoft, to be engraved on her tombstone, for she lived and died a most pious old virgin.

Edward. Heaven rest her soul.

Sorrel. I defy any body to say that I am any ways interesting—when his honor your father came down into the country in the sporting season, he did me the honor to breakfast at my house and offered me money, for he directly took a fancy to Mrs. Elton, but there his honor was much out. Old Sorrel can still afford to cut a morsel of bread gratis for his poor fellow creatures, and who can tell but some time or other it may be rewarded on my own children.

Edward. (*aside*) Old Babler—(*aloud*) and so my father is determined to take care of Mrs. Elton in future.

Sorrel. That he is I warrant you—after all I am very sorry for it, for I would fain have kept her to myself.

Edward. Where is she at present, in this house?

Sorrel. No.

Edward. Where then?

Sorrel. I must not tell that, Squire.

Edward. Why not?

Sorrel. I cannot say, though that I have been positively forbidden to do so.

Edward. Well then.

Sorrel. To be sure there can be no harm with your father, such an old respectable gentleman.

Edward And I am a young respectable gentleman.

Sorrel Aye, aye, respectable enough that's true—I am only thinking—

Edward (*hypocritically*) Surely you do not think that I harbour any sinister design against the lady

Sorrel Why your honor youth, as the saying is—

Edward Nay, I am quite of a different cast, you dont know me in that respect

Sorrel (*good-naturedly credulous*) Indeed!

Edward Modesty is my principal virtue.

Sorrel Really

Edward. The ladies banteringly call me the young moralizer

Sorrel Only think

Edward I am known through all the town by the name of the chaste Joseph

Sorrel You don't look much like it though. Well only let me get home

Edward How so?

Sorrel Last summer my girls were in town, and when they got home, they said they had been informed by all their acquaintances, that young Squire Wildan was hankering after every petticoat.

Edward Nothing but slander! by the bye have you pretty daughters?

Sorrel I should not praise them seeing I am their father, but still I will take upon myself to say, that there are ne'er a couple of neater and lovelier lasses in all the county, that I will

Edward Your's is a fine sporting country, isn't it? really I must take a trip down and come a

Sorrel You'll do us much honor.

Edward But to return to Mrs Elton, you I am determined to do something for he find her a modest and virtuous person.

Sorrel That she is upon my soul.

Edward. I am glad to hear it, and will let m

know of it: do you know my aunt, a respectable rather elderly lady? I'll introduce Mrs. Elton myself into the house, where did you say she is?

Sorrel. Round the corner at Mrs Voluble's.

Edward. Very right—Mrs Voluble's.

Sorrel. Up one pair of stairs to the right.

Edward. Charming!

Sorrel. Thank heaven that the worthy lady is fallen into such good hands.

Edward. Into the best in the world.

[Enter Sir Harry.]

Sir H. Still here, Sorrel, how are you son—(*to Sorrel*) Well you may go home, Sorrel, and don't forget to give my love to all the worthies at your place.

Sorrel. What joy there will be again when in the evening I sit down to smoke my pipe under the great tree at my door. Young and old crowd around me whenever I return from town, to hear me relate something concerning our kind landlord, and then they generally drink his health, and pray sincerely that God may bless him for the love he bears towards them all. God has blessed him already, he has bestowed on him a worthy and dutiful son another Joseph—good bye, your honor, good bye— [*Exit Sorrel.*

Sir H. You a Joseph—What does he mean by that?

Edward. Very likely he does not know that my name is Edward.

Sir H. (*rings a bell, enter servant*) Chocolate.

Edward. Pray order some for me too, sir,

Sir H. Two cups.

Edward. Four cups. [*Exit servant.*

Sir H. Are you hungry?

Edward. As a wolf.

Sir H. Have you had no supper?

Edward. Devilish little, and devilish bad.

Sir H. Where have you been?

Edward. Chance led me to the little dancer Commachini.

Sir H. (*struck*) How!

Edward. She is under the protection of an old gentleman, whom she is not at liberty to name.

Sir H. Indeed!

Edward. Just as we were going to sit down to supper

on a most delicious pheasant, the old gentleman was heard hobbling up the stairs.

Sir H. What became of you?

Edward. In a trice I was in the back parlor, with the chambermaid, no ugly creature I assure you, they sent us the remainder of the supper, it seemed the old gentleman had a keen appetite, for he almost devoured every morsel of the nice large pheasant.

Sir H. Go on.

Edward. At midnight he trudged home, but then it was too late to get another supper; poor Signora made a thousand apologies, I could not help laughing though I was nearly famished.

Sir H. You are right enough served (*takes privately the billet from the table, and destroys it with stifled anger.*) You said she would not let you know the name of the devourer of the pheasant.

Edward. On no account—I suppose he is some rich gouty old fellow; whose money in her company compensates for loss of youth and vigor.

Sir H. Aye, aye, I fancy it is so—but you son ought to be ashamed of yourself in the course of life you lead: I have no objection to your paying your addresses to the fair sex, only with discrimination and delicacy.

Edward. Very right, sir, decorum is every thing—sometime ago I formed an acquaintance with a lady that would have captivated even Pericles himself.

Sir H. (*curious*) Young! handsome?

Edward. Young, handsome, insignificant words to describe a form in which the peculiar graces of the Helens, the Aspasias, the Clorindas and the Danaes are most admirably blended.

Sir H. (*aside*) A devil of a fellow all in a blaze (*aloud*) go on.

Edward. Languishing eyes.

Sir H. Dark or blue.

Edward. Blue. Cheeks and lips as if suffused with the radiance of the rising sun.

Sir H. (*still more animated*) Lips rather pouting—eh!

Edward. To kisses inviting, her whole shape so elegant, so undulated.

Sir H. Undulated, I like that indeed.

Edward And her hands, oh, such hands.

Sir H. Well her hands, I'm a great admirer of hands.

Edward. Then her feet, oh dear sir, such feet.

Sir H Aye, her feet.

Edward What shall I say of her feet.

Sir H Little, tiny

Edward That wont do.

Sir H. Neat, delicate.

Edward. That wont do

Sir H. Then speak

Edward If the girl were of quality, I really could—

Sir H. Commit some rash action

Edward. Perhaps the wisest I ever committed.

Sir H. But who is she?

Edward She knits, she embroiders, and does all sorts of fancy works.

Sir H And I suppose you are her constant customer?

Edward. I am obliged to be so, for she wont accept any presents.

Sir H Hem, that's genteel, I should like to lay out some money with her myself—where does she live, quite by herself?

Edward Bless you, no, she lives with her brother, whom I take care as much as possible to avoid.

Sir H. Does he observe the same etiquette with you?

Edward Oh no, he is here on the search after something, I dont know what, and is seldom at home.

Sir H (*aside*) Seldom at home (*aloud*) These people live most likely in very uncomfortable lodgings.

Edward They desire no better.

Sir H (*sounding*) In some narrow lane or other, I dare say

Edward. To be sure, in the back lane adjoining the market

Sir H I know you mean at the grocer's.

Edward Aye, in the very attic story.

Sir H In the attic! that's going towards heaven indeed.

Edward. To be sure

Sir H But one loses one's time in such pursuits.

Edward It cannot be better lost.

Sir H One's money!

Edward. No matter for that.

Sir H. And frequently still more.

Edward. The heart you mean, well, was it not made for that purpose?

Sir H. Not to be lost, but to be exchanged.

Edward. So much the better.

Sir H. But in exchanging, it sometimes occurs, as in a well known game, where the parties change their cards with each other, that one parts with better than he receives in return.

Edward. The contrary also happens.

Sir H. Upon the whole, cards and hearts are very similar to each other, both smooth and clear on the outside, unless they have been frequently played with: none is permitted to look into them, till after they are dealt round, and many a one who sat down of high expectations, when he held them to the light, has called dejectedly for a new suit.

Edward. Rather a new suit than lose the game.

Sir H. Have you entangled yourself too deep already? look you Ned, it is very high up to the attic, yet out of parental affection, I will not mind the trouble. I'll go to her—I'll tell her—

Edward. He that loves a woman, must tell it her himself, a third person would reduce the most sublime ode to cold and humble prose.

Sir H. Poetic lovers are seldom good for any thing.

Edward. When I shall have reached your age, dear father, I will also lower myself down to prose (*with modest pleasantry*) in the mean time I am come to inform you that I shall soon again have occasion for money.

Sir H. You spend a great deal of money.

Edward (*kissing his hand*) My dear dad, you are rich and generous (*going*)

Sir H. Whither now?

Edward. On important business: I bought yesterday a beautiful bay, which I must sport this morning in the park: from thence to Countess Malcontent, to criticise the play brought out last night, then lounge a while up and down Bond street, then to the fruit-shop or coffee-house, then to the riding-school, then to dress for dinner, then—oh my head is so full— [*Exit.*

Sir H. (*solus*) A true chip of the old block—my

dancing days are over, and yet I could not have thought the Commandant capable of such infidelity (*viewing himself in a glass*) I am still a man who— No, no, Signora, we have done this time I happily, fortunately got hold of the pheasant otherwise I should have provided a supper for my son to eat - fine doings indeed, no, no, your most obedient -it is my turn next to serve him a trick—the pretty girl in the back lane at the grocer's in the attic story.

[Enter LYDIA.]

Lydia My lady begs to know—

Sir H How do you do, my charming girl, have you at last found your way hither, come sit down, let's talk—and—

Lydia God forbid, the respect I—

Sir H Hang respect, I cannot bear to hear of pretty girls talk to me of respect

Lydia But her ladyship—

Sir H. Is a great lady, and you are a little beauty now beauty was at all times esteemed superior to quality, therefore no ceremonies, but tell me where you got that coyness of yours, tell me where you have been—educated

Lydia At home.

Sir H Well the French girls are not so, at least they were not formerly, I have been in France myself

Lydia. I suppose a good many years ago, when your honor was young.

Sir H To be sure I was then a few years younger, but I am not yet too old to love—love is like the sun whose invigorating rays infuse their heat equally into old and young persons You Lydia ever since the moment I saw you step out of the coach with my sister, you appeared so light, so airy, it was but yesterday I saw you trip along the square—by the bye, it was a cold day yesterday, very stormy weather still, you were dressed as thin as if going to a ball

Lydia. Oh I am used to that.

Sir H. But it wont do, child, you'll catch cold, contract a cough, fall into a consumption and die, stop a little, I yesterday bought a fine India shawl, bought it only for you, what say you now? It is as rosy as

your lips. I must leave you for a moment, but I will be back again in a trice. [*Exit.*

Lydia. (*sola*) Bought a shawl to make me a present of, so it seems; but for what purpose? to make me overlook his wrinkles: in that case he had better wrap himself in the shawl: how strange it is all the world wishes to grow old, and yet no one likes to appear so!

[Enter EDWARD.]

Edward. Are you here, Lydia, I have searched all the house for you; what the devil are you doing here?

Lydia. I am sent by her ladyship.

Edward. Look ye, I am going to take a ride, my horse is already at the door, but I cant move from the spot before I've got one kiss from you.

Lydia. Then you may as well order your horse to be unsaddled again.

Edward. Nonsense. I am sure that I dont look like one that will put up with a refusal. (*going to embrace her*)

Lydia. (*resisting*) I shall certainly cry out, sir.

Edward. I dont care if you do.

Lydia. I'll tell your aunt of it.

Edward. I'll tell her myself.

Lydia. Your father will be here in a moment.

Edward. If the devil himself should come.

Lydia. There's a wicked man, well to get rid of you— (*presenting her cheek, Edward going to kiss her, enter Sir Harry with the shawl in his hand*)

Sir H. Faith charming this (*Lydia screams and runs off, Edward draws back somewhat confused, and quickly tears one of his gloves*) I thought you were already in the park.

Edward. I was just going.

Sir H. Is this proper, in the very anti-chamber of your father?

Edward. Pardon me, dear father.

Sir H. Do you suppose that I can tolerate such things here?

Edward. I only wanted—

Sir H. Your aunt sent this innocent young woman hither, because she knows that with me, nothing but the strictest modesty prevails, no more could she suppose that

my spark of a son does not even spare his father's apartments.

Edward. I had just now torn the top off one of my gloves, and was going to request Lydia to sew it on again.

Sir H. Have you indeed! but a kiss is no needle. (*tears angrily the glove out of his hand*) No, no, son, I must tell you that it is very wrong to be after every woman without the least distinction; have you heard the like of me?

Edward. I once more beg your pardon, and will take better care in future, perhaps you had some message to my aunt, and now the silly girl has run away. I presume you intended to send her this shawl.

Sir H. (*embarrassed*) To be sure that was my intention.

Edward. Then permit me to—

Sir H. There's no occasion now, some other time.

Edward. Pray now—I should be very sorry—permit me to repair my thoughtlessness at least in some degree, her ladyship is about to go abroad, it's cold weather, she may want a warm shawl, I fly to her (*snatches the shawl and runs off.*)

Sir H. (*with the glove in his hand*) Damned boy, kisses the girl, carries the shawl to my old sister, and leaves me a torn glove.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room at Mrs. Voluble's.*

MRS. ELTON *sits pensively at a table,* MRS. VOLUBLE *stands before.*

Mrs. V. Yes, my dear madam, exactly as I tell you, longer than five years, have I lived with my late husband, five years two months and one day, so it stands recorded on the tombstone which cost me sixty eight shillings and nine-pence, witness the stone mason's bill. You behold on the tombstone on the right hand side, the figure of Patience carrying a little cross, which was intended to represent my own deplorable person. To be sure I had a deal of patience with him: heaven had not blessed our

conjugal couch with children, but I have always been sadly troubled with the cramps. I have inherited nothing but this here house, by means of which I make shift to earn a subsistence as good as these hard times will allow, and heaven be praised, I have no reason to complain, my apartments are seldom empty—but, my dear madam, you pay no attention to what I am telling you. I do all I can to raise your spirits, and dont mind the pain it causes me, for I have extremely weak lungs, and am besides not much given to chattering; come take comfort, good lady, hold your head up, you wont find any consolation on the floor, we must look upwards when we stand in need of assistance.

Mrs. E. (*not paying attention to her*) Only tell me, dear Mrs. Voluble, what detains Farmer Sorrel so long, he has been gone these three hours.

Mrs. V. He is out on business, and may probably not return before dark, but there is no occasion for him here. I imagine you are in want of nothing, you have only to command, and every thing shall be provided according to directions I've received.

Mrs. E. I begged of him so urgently to search for Lieutenant Hartly.

Mrs. V. Dear me, where is he then to search for him? the town is large, there are a number of lieutenants, but they are very difficult to be met with, scampering about all day, now here, now there, attending the love assignations, hunting after the pretty girls.

Mrs. E. Oh, not he I am speaking of, certainly not.

Mrs. V. My dear madam, dont tell me about lieutenants, they are all of one cast, there is no trusting any of them: I had once myself a great admirer in a lieutenant, but in the strictest decency. I was then about seventeen years old, and wore one of those Russian caps then in fashion, that cap became me wonderfully, here all round the forehead, there was a trimming of fur, and from the left side was suspended a gold tassel: now whenever I shook my head that tassel played so waggishly on my shoulders; (*Edward enters unperceived*) well what should happen, the devil plays his tricks with tassels as well as with hearts, I once at twilight crossed the hall, all of a sudden, a young gentleman takes hold of my hand (*at this moment Edward takes her hand, she screams*) oh!

Edward. Did you then scream too?

Mrs. V. Who are you, sir, what do you want here, sir, why do you steal in here, sir, like a fox into a pidgeon-house?

Edward. Now dont fall into a passion, my dear old pidgeon, am I not here at Old Voluble's?

Mrs. V. At Mrs. Voluble's, yes, sir.

Edward. I beg your pardon madam, I came to seek Mrs. Elton, and by the description given, I fancy I have found her.

Mrs. E. Me!

Mrs. V. Mrs. Elton receives no visits here.

Edward. Not even from Sir Harry Wildair?

Mrs. E. Sir Harry Wildair!

Mrs. V. Aye, if he should come.

Edward. He is here already.

Mrs. V. Indeed is his honor already on the staircase, I must hasten down to receive him [*Exit.*

Edward. Madam, my father has deserved well of this town, by prevailing on you to fix your residence therein.

Mrs. E. Your father prevailed upon me!

Edward. It was in fact rather invidious of you, madam, to bury so many charms in a rustic cottage.

Mrs. E. I do not comprehend you, sir.

Edward. You have perhaps been impressed with an unfavorable idea of the metropolis; your graceful modesty has been alarmed, but be at ease, madam, those eyes, that mien, conspicuously bear a stamp of virtue, they would strike with awe even the most determined rake.

Mrs. E. I must repeat it sir, that both your visit and discourse are equally mysterious to me.

Edward. (regarding her tenderly.) Then I wish that my eyes may be more fortunate than my tongue.

[Enter MRS. VOLUBLE.]

Mrs. V. But where then is his honor Sir Harry? I've been below at the street door, and have not met with a soul, much less a baronet; what is the meaning of all this? are they going to play the fool with me in my own house eh, do you know, sir, who I am, eh?

Edward. Now, my good woman—

Mrs. V. How good woman, the devil is a good woman,

do you comprehend me, sir, what do you mean, sir, what is your business here, sir, whom do you look for, sir?

Edward. Dear madam, only tell me why you are in such a rage.

Mrs V. (appeased a little) I am in no rage sir, I am only a little vexed, but when people talk to me genteelly, and in a civilised manner, I am the most politest woman in the world, and in the coolest temper possible. I ask who you are, sir.

Edward Have I not told you before, madam, that I am Edward Wildan.

Mrs V What, the son of Sir Harry Wildan?

Edward. Yes, the identical son of my father.

Mrs V I beg you will pardon my rudeness, indeed sir, I am distressed.

Edward No matter, madam my father has been suddenly seized with the cholic, and therefore directed me to bid Mrs Elton welcome in his name.

Mrs V. The cholic, that's charming, I know a sovereign remedy for that, an excellent essence of wormwood, which I prepare myself with my own hands, the subscription descends from my god-father's uncle, whose father-in-law's brother was an eminent physician; stop, let me recollect his name, a very odd name, it is to be sure something of the Latin.

Edward. Never mind the name, madam, you will do my father great honor, if you will have the kindness to proceed immediately to the preparation of the wonderful essence of wormwood.

Mrs. V. (with many courtesies very friendly) You shall be accommodated immediately. [*Exit.*

Mrs. E. Before you proceed any further, sir, I must positively insist on an explanation who you are, and in what manner you are interested for me.

Edward. I am Edward Wildan.

Mrs E. That I understand is your name, but I cannot conceive—some expressions have escaped you, which lead me to dark apprehensions, even the mistress of the house seemed to comprehend you.

Edward. Well, she does, are you not the same Mrs. Elton who lived for some time with Farmer Sorrel?

Mrs. E. The same.

Edward. On my father's estate?

Mrs. E. Exactly.

Edward. Who by his directions was brought to town, in order to be placed in a more genteel situation?

Mrs. E. (*much surprised.*) I know nothing of this.

Edward. Was not my father some weeks ago a hunting at Wildair Hall?

Mrs. E. I recollect.

Edward. Did he not converse with you?

Mrs E. He certainly appeared to be kindly interested for me, but no such scheme was ever mentioned.

Edward. That's his way, he likes to do good without ostentation.

Mrs. E. Farmer Sorrel had occasion to come to town, I also wished to make a journey hither, and so I joined him.

Edward. This was all preconcerted.

Mrs. E. Preconcerted!

Edward. I see into the affair, my father feared to hurt your delicacy by making you previously acquainted with his plan.

Mrs. E. (*in some anxiety*) What plan? I am a stranger and helpless, I hope nothing dishonorable is intended against me?

Edward. Nay madam, the inhabitants of this town respect the laws of hospitality. My father being rich and fond of doing good in secret, on learning your misfortune, and the trouble you were in, has taken these apartments for you, and is determined to supply your further wants, only desiring that you will return this paternal solicitude with filial confidence.

Mrs. E. You amaze me, sir, how have I deserved so much attention?

Edward. By your beauty, your modesty, by all those female charms which irresistibly captivate both youth and old age. I beg madam you will not feel yourself perplexed, how to evince your gratitude, do only accept with the same heart as he gives, and you will make him ample amends for these trifling expenses. What were indeed the [use] of riches if they enabled us only to purchase pearls, not at times also a grateful tear.

Mrs. E. I am so surprised, sir.

Edward. Be perfectly at ease, madam, let no cares for the future disturb you, it is true my father is far advanced in years, you may be deprived of him, but I am his heir, and you will permit me to consider you as the most valuable part of the family jewels, which are never alienated, but transmitted with veneration from father to son.

Mrs. E. So much benevolence to a stranger!

Edward. I guess your thoughts: no, madam, we have not the remotest design to pry into your secrets, your bright eyes and serene countenance bespeak them worthy of being deposited in so fair a bosom; allow me at times to share your solicitude, honor me with the title of brother. I never had a sister, my imagination has often painted to me in the most glowing colors that tender affection which subsists between brother and sister; however, among noble souls the ties of friendship amply supply those of consanguinity, I am susceptible of all that is good, and fair, and therefore you will not find me undeserving of your intimacy. Give me leave to confirm this enchanting hope (*presses her hand fervently to his lips, at the same time Sir Harry enters abruptly; on seeing what passes, he stops short in surprise, Edward starts back, making a respectful bow to his father, Mrs. Elton looks alternately on both with great astonishment.*)

Sir H. How, son, have you already found your way to this place to—

Edward. I learnt that—

Sir H. What the devil have you learnt? (*politely to Mrs. Elton*) Madam, I rejoice to see you (*ironically to his son*) is the park well attended?

Edward. Tolerably well—

Sir H. (*to Mrs. Elton*) Welcome to town, madam, and welcome to this homely dwelling which is certainly not adequate to your merits.

Mrs. E. Sir Harry!

Sir H. (*to Edward*) Was your horse much admired?

Edward. Exceedingly so, I have had already offered me fifty guineas profit.

Sir H. Then go instantly and close the bargain. (*to*

Mrs. Elton still looking askant to Edward) Madam, I had a desire to atone in some measure for the whims of fortune. (*to Edward*) I thought you would have stept into the fruit shop.

Edward. I had rather not now.

Sir H. Your aunt expects you to dinner.

Edward. I have no appetite.

Sir H. But you have, you dog, and a great one too. (*to Mrs. Elton*) This young gentleman has got the start of me. I hope that he did not break in upon you with his usual effrontery.

Mrs. E. This young gentleman is modesty itself.

Sir H. Is he, egad, I am very glad to hear it, particularly as it is the first time: (*slow and peevishly to his son*) pack off, sir, d'ye hear. (*aloud and friendly*) You may go, son, if you please.

Edward. Will you not allow me first to hand you to your carriage?

Sir Harry. No, No, You need not trouble yourself.

Edward. Consider the very severe fit of the gout which you had yesterday.

Sir Harry. (*slow*) Will you be quiet? (*Enter Mrs. Voluble with a phial and spoon.*)

Mrs. V. Dear me, there is old Sir Harry himself.

Sir Harry. (*muttering between his teeth.*) Curse your old Sir Harry.

Mrs. V. I am incomprehensibly rejoiced to wait upon your honor in my own house, and what adds to my satisfaction, is your honor's being attacked by so violent a fit of the cholic.

Sir Harry. What does she mean by the cholic?

Mrs. V. (*without pausing.*) Which affords me so favorable an opportunity, to make your honor acquainted with the marvellous virtues of my miraculous essen of wormwood.

Sir H. Essence of wormwood!

Mrs. V. It descends from the celebrated physician, Doctor, Doctor, I have it, from Doctor O'Kill, and has in numberless instances effected wonders on men and cattle.

Sir H. What is all this to me? the devil of any cholic

Mrs. V. Therefore I have made all the haste I could with the preparation of this precious essence of wormwood.

Sir H. For me!

Mrs. V. (*pours out a spoonful, and presents it to Sir Harry*) Only swallow one spoonful, it spreads itself like a firework through—

Sir H. Hold! by all that's good, the woman is mad.

Mrs. V. It is the most probatest remedy, only please to swallow it.

Sir H. Will nobody release me from this frantic woman?

Mrs. V. What I an antic woman! are these the thanks for my good-nature! This young gentleman had scarce opened his mouth, and related that his father was attacked by the cholic—

Sir H. Did he tell you so? (*Edward endeavours to steal off.*)

Mrs. V. I ran up stairs, and down stairs.

Sir H. Do, Son, stop a little while longer.

Mrs. V. I rummaged all the closets, overset all the boxes —but ingratitude is the common course of the world—my little Joley behaved quite different, he did not snarl at me like certain persons whom I do not choose to name, who fancy because the cholic went off so well, it will not come again, but I warrant you it will come again, but let it, and certain people will cringe for pain, like a worm that's stuck on a needle; then I shall stir neither hand nor foot, no, not I indeed. (*going*) I am going now to carry my essence of wormwood to my room, and lock it up for ever in my medicine chest, for mine and Doctor O'Kill's satisfaction, and if all the world should perish by the cholic (*exit, the last words are heard from behind the scenes.*)

Sir H. (*to his son*) Well, sir.

Edward. I am waiting your commands.

Sir H. (*to Mrs. Elton*) The past scene must have appeared strange to you. I blush for my son.

Mrs. E. Indeed, sir, I am at a loss to think of all that is going forward here.

Sir H. This is nothing but this young gentleman's doings, who is now twisting and turning his hat like a country boy:, he found it proper to give me the cholic in

order to have a plausible pretence for his importunate visit —Are you not ashamed of yourself, Ned?

Edward. If you will have it so, papa.

Sir H. Well, dont stand here before the lady for all the world like a school boy.

Edward. It can be nothing new to such a lady, to see men appear so before her.

Sir H. What is she to think?

Edward. That she has made a wonderful impression on me.

Sir H. Do you suppose your designs cannot be divined?

Edward. The heart is seldom able to contain itself.

Sir H. Be quiet (*aside*) egad, by and bye he will make her a love declaration before my very face. (*to Mrs. Elton*) Let me caution you, madam, he is the most perfidious rake in all the town.

Edward. I may have been an hour ago.

Sir H. Stuff! stuff! even your charms would hardly fix him for a whole month.

Edward. I only count by years.

Sir H. Dissimulation, nothing but dissimulation: be gone, sir, and let me never find you here again.

Edward. Madam, you are sensible how improper it would be to contradict a father. therefore my tongue is silent, but it is not in my power to control my eyes, and what they say you may safely believe. [*Exit.*

Sir H. His eyes! he wanted to make use of them to supersede his father, but this time he has not succeeded. (*aloud*) Madam, pardon the young spark.

Mrs. E. Upon my word, sir, I have nothing to pardon in him.

Sir H. I will tell you between ourselves, he is not yet his own master. I certainly allow him a decent income, but still I keep him rather short, do you comprehend me? I presume he has boasted of what he intended to do for you, but believe me it's all swaggering, nothing else.

Mrs. E. He only informed me of his father's benevolent intentions, he told me that I was brought to town by your directions, it being your paternal wish to alleviate my destiny.

Sir H. My wish, certainly it is, paternal did he say? oh

the sly rogue; but I think this epithet is here not very applicable.

Mrs. E. (*surprised*) How, sir!—

Sir H. Dear child, let us deal ingenuously with each other. I have a fancy to you, and solicit your friendship. I am rich, none of the youngest to be sure, but constantly in a good humour. I feel an attachment towards you, which in time may perhaps grow to a passion.

Mrs. E. What means this?

Sir H. You shall not be in want of any thing—I have but one singularity; even friendship, you know, is jealous.

Mrs. E. Sir—

Sir H. I know that you have caused inquiries to be made after a certain lieutenant—I suppose some old connexion—which must be broken off now.

Mrs. E. Heavens, to what am I reduced!—

Sir H. Nay, child, I do not mean to make you any reproaches on that account, nor will I take the least notice of what has passed, previous to our acquaintance; I am only speaking in regard to the future.

Mrs. E. No more, sir. Do you remark any trait in my countenance that would encourage such an ignominious proffer? if there be such, heaven knows, my countenance deceives: or is it the profligacy so usual in great towns, that impelled you to hold forth that language to me? then know, sir, I do not understand it. If levity, I pity you; you boasted of your wealth, but you are poor indeed; the lieutenant, you have alluded to, is incomparably richer than you—you would take advantage of my indigence; that is ungenerous; you would exchange my poverty for disgrace; that is infamous. I could make you blush by disclosing to you my real name, but here the name is immaterial, female innocence ought to be equally sacred to you in the lady as in the beggar. Go hence, sir, and never more appear before me. [*Exit into the closet.*

Sir H. (*solus*) What the devil have I been about here; is all this real, or mere dissimulation?—but, damn me, a fair one who is strolling about and inquiring in great towns after a lieutenant, cannot be deemed a pattern of virtue—Stop, did not she say the captain is richer than I?—oh, oh, that accounts for it; I did not explain myself clear enough, I only spoke in general terms what I meant to do.

for her—Blockhead that I was! had I but mentioned a good sum, talked of diamonds, promised an equipage—But how in all the world could I foresee that I should light upon a lieutenant, who is richer than I—After all, I dont believe her, it is a mere trumped-up story; she only designs to wind up my passion by dint of resistance—well, as to that, she has pretty much succeeded—Confounded sixty-three—she hinted at my grey hairs; that was not polite at all.—But patience, let me only once put some diamond pins in her auburn hair, and she'll swear that mine is as black as ebony. [*Exit*

[Enter MRS. ELTON, *shy from the closet, goes to the door and looks out.*]

Mrs. E. He is gone—I can pretty well conjecture where I am, and what is designed against me: no doubt, but he will return, and his son also; I must endeavour to prevent it. (*calls at the door*) Mrs. Voluble—she hears not—madam.

[MRS. VOLUBLE, *without*]

Coming, dear madam. (*Enters*) Are the gentlemen gone?—Well, I declare, I have not felt such vexations these seventeen years. Seventeen years ago my late husband—

Mrs. E. (*interrupting her*) Can you tell me, ma'am, whether Sir Harry Wildair is married?

Mrs. V. Well, he has a son, of course he must have a wife, or at least had.

Mrs. E. I fancy I have heard Sir Harry mention her. Follow me, and I will give you a letter I would wish you to send to his house immediately. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A meanly furnished Apartment.*

ANGELICA *at the tambour-frame, and* SIR RICHARD HARTLEY.

Ang. Wont you go yet, brother?—it is time.

Sir R. It is indeed; but what will it avail? I shall take another round, call at every door, and find nobody at home. I go very reluctantly about it.

Ang. I really believe it, dear brother, but I will endeavour to cheer you with the last loyal song you wrote me.

Sir R. You are kind.

Song. ANGELICA.

Glory round the British shield
Spreads abroad her mighty boast,
Gallant soldiers in the field,
Gallant navies on the coast.
Hence, obey the high command,
'Tis the spirit of the land.

Neptune fears no dangers nigh,
Mars extends his radiant shield,
British heroes loudly cry,
Drive the tyrant from the field.
Again obey the high command,
Spirit of the sea and land.

Glory bids her sons away,
Spain's proud ensigns are unfurl'd,
Gallic soldiers yield the day,
While our navies dare the world.
Hence again, and take command,
Spirit of the sea and land.

Sir R. Thank you, I feel better; yet you cannot conceive, sister, how shocking it is, it gnaws the very vitals, when a man is conscious of his worth; when his mind, his heart, and his birth, entitle an honest man to claims—and yet he is constantly obliged to make room for others, because his coat begins to wear out, when the antichamber reptiles look down upon him with a species of footman's condescension, allowing him, as it were, graciously, a spot to stand upon, whilst the rabble lounge on damask chairs, with their legs stretched out, humming and whistling—I know that such a fellow can neither bring me honor nor disgrace, I know that very well; notwithstanding, it vexes me.

Ang. You are not used to it.

Sir R. If prosperity should once more deign to smile on me, I would most strictly enjoin my domestics to observe civility towards strangers, in whatever garb they may appear, so that such a poor devil, should he not succeed in

his application, if he has but met with a kind reception, may perhaps depart with a tear in his eye, but certainly not with rancor in his heart.

Ang. Had you not much better relinquish the scheme entirely?

Sir R. And on what then subsist?

Ang. Have we not hitherto subsisted? besides, look, here is still money to maintain us a whole week.

Sir R. Will you make me blush?—shall I beg a livelihood from my sister's hand-work?

Ang. (*hurt*) Beg, Richard!—

Sir R. Steal then—

Ang. Neither: that which moves both my hands and heart for you, is sisterly affection.

Sir R. Even this may be a burthen.

Ang. Nay, that cannot, must not.

Sir R. He whom sacrifices do not depress, does not deserve them.

Ang. What sacrifice do I make you, when I am working to pass away the time?

Sir R. When frequently long after midnight your light is the only one seen burning in the street; do you call that pastime?

Ang. You think I keep too close to my work; this may be remedied; we will fetch Emily; society alleviates every toil.

Sir R. Has the poor faithful soul not endured trouble enough with me already?

Ang. She suffers only when she is absent from you.

Sir R. Can she leave our old Margaret?

Ang. (*shrugging up her shoulders*) Certainly not.

Sir R. Can we ever forget the fidelity and attachment with which the honest creature has served us? therefore Emily must continue where she is; her last letter gave some hopes of a speedy termination being put to Margaret's sufferings, this will put an end to the sad absence which has already lasted so many weeks, then I shall know where to recruit my strength when fate's scorching winds blow over the desert of my life and I sink down exhausted; till then Distress rouse me every morning from my gloomy slumbers, drive me hence to the street, to the palaces, and

teach me the hard task to exhibit my undeserved wretchedness, to undeserved fortune. [*Exit.*

Ang. (*sola*) Good brother, your shoulders are not weak, only they are unused to the burthen; adversity is new to you: grandmammas and aunts have spoiled, and affluence has pampered you: talent and industry, which we can carry with us, and turn to advantage, wherever we go, are the only true riches; as for men, when they cannot make their way with sword in hand, when Providence only leads to success, there they will not do at all, our sex understand this better, we bear—forbear, hope and triumph—

Edward. (*introduces his head in at the door*) Well, have I been as good as my word?

Ang. (*rises*) Mr. Wildain—

Edward. Three days, three long tedious days, have I staid away; for I respect even your caprices.

Ang. You come most likely about the waistcoat.

Edward. About the waistcoat! no, not I, faith, I came to see, to hear, to love, to admire you, and do not care a pin for all the waistcoats in Europe.

Ang. How often have I entreated you to change that tone?

Edward. But it is my native strain.

Ang. The waistcoat you have ordered with me is finished.

Edward. Is it? I am sorry for it.

Ang. And yet you lately seemed so urgent.

Edward. Yes, I pretended to be impatient, to have a pretext for frequent inquiries.

Ang. Here it is.—

Edward. Beautiful! charming! no doubt, again for a trifle.

Ang. Three guineas. (*Edward takes a handful of gold out of his waistcoat and shoves it under her cloak, Angelica perceiving it*) No, sir, positively not, you have long been convinced that I never accept of more than what is due to me.

Edward. What is due to you—heavens! where is there one rich enough to make you this offer!

Ang. Take it back, sir.

Edward. I will not.

Ang. I beseech you, sir—

Edward. I am determined not

Ang. Then I will call up the first poor man I see and give him the money.

Edward. Call him up directly.

Ang. This instant.

Edward. And thus you will rob me of the inexpressible happiness of being alone with you—No, no, we will save the poor man the trouble. (*throws the money out of the window.*)

Ang. What are you about, sir ?

Edward. I am throwing the money out of the window, to convince you that it never occurred to me to lay you under an obligation by making you accept of it. Do you think I am not conscious of your worth ? or do you suppose me capable of putting merit in competition with money, your constant good humor, your fortitude in adversity, your modesty, your industry, your magnanimity, your amiableness,—

Ang. All this is foreign to the question at present.

Edward. Pardon me, all this is very much to the question.

Ang. What are the people in the street to think ?

Edward. Nobody will suppose that the guineas flew out of the third story.

Ang. I have not courage to go to the window.

Edward. Is it then so unusual a thing here ? there are many people in this town who throw away their money, though not out of the window.

Ang. You are a singular man, with a mixture of goodness and frivolity, of folly and sense.

Edward. Then you believe I have some sense ?

Ang. Yes, a little.

Edward. I desire no more, for I daily see that those very wise personages are the most insupportable beings.

Ang. They find a support in their own merits.

Edward. True, they revolve round their own axis, and nothing but a comet could turn them out of their orb. Only tell me, my dear, lovely girl, of what benefit can it be to the world if, for instance, Mr. such-a-one has been so fortunate to find out the derivation of an Arabic word, or if Mr. such-a-one succeeded in decyphering the hieroglyphics of Persepolis, has ever any one of those gentlemen put his legs in motion to ascend three pair of stairs in

search of beauty, virtue, and merit?—and if by chance he has soared so high, perhaps for the purpose of exploring a satellite to the planet Saturn, would he have been susceptible of the charms of that Venus, whose satellite I've the honour to be?

Ang. Mr. Wildair, you think me a sensible girl.

Edward. O yes—

Ang. Wherefore then this flattery? sensible women do not like it.

Edward. Excuse me, I am like one who is floating in the water, and grasping at a blade of straw to save himself—After all, I am glad to find that flattery is deemed base com here, but tell me what I must do to excite in you some interest for me, that is to say a good deal.

Ang. Would you wish that seriously?

Edward. Strange question!

Ang. Then you are not so good as I supposed you to be.

Edward. Good! indeed I am good; have always been so, and am become much better since I knew you. With all the gaiety with which you see me now before you, when I have been with you in the morning, I can be serious till night.

Ang. What is it that makes you so serious?

Edward. Various things;—that I would fain be constantly with you, that you will not perhaps, cannot permit it, as it is the same with conveniencies as with new-year's compliments, which are insupportable to all the world, and yet must be attended to and returned—in short, you should not be a milliner, nor I the son of a baronet.

Ang. But for once it is so.

Edward. Alas!—

Ang. Therefore if you have any regard for me, come less frequently here.

Edward. Am I forward, indiscreet?

Ang. Far from it; you are more, a good deal more than one should expect at first sight.

Edward. You are perfectly right.—

Ang. But my brother is seldom within, I am mostly alone at home, and, Mr. Wildair, a good reputation is all I possess—I am sure you can be serious, reflect on it a moment. (*laying her hand on his arm*) I have nothing but

a good reputation; my brother is unfortunate, but a gentleman: his consolation is honor; mine, innocence; our inward consciousness nobody can deprive us of; but the world sees neither through these walls nor into hearts, therefore, dear sir, come less frequently to see me, and I shall always with pleasure think of you.

Edward. What a ravishing tone! what a heart! why am I not—(*presses her hand fervently to his lips, Angelica is moved; enter* SIR RICHARD, *stops surprised, Edward and Angelica separate in confusion, Sir Richard comes forward, makes a short bow to Edward, and casts an inquiring look at Angelica.*)

Ang. (*collected*) Mr. Wildair, whom I mentioned to you several times.

Sir R. Much honor.—

Edward. (*still a little confused*) You are seldom at home, sir.

Sir R. Business. I have just now witnessed such an odd scene from one of the windows of this house—Some fool or other has thrown down a handful of guineas.

Edward. Fool, sir!

Sir R. Of course, sir, a sensible man would never commit such an extravagant action.

Ang. (*anxiously*) Brother!

Sir R. (*motions Angelica to retire*) Retire a few minutes, sister, it is necessary, do, I'll follow you immediately.

Edward. (*impetuously*) It was I who threw the money down, sir.

Sir R. You, sir!

Edward. And I demand you will retract the fool, sir.

Sir R. It was very inconsiderate of you, sir.

Edward. You add abuse to abuse, sir.

Sir R. I think I have expressed myself much too mild. (*with increasing rage*) Thus the pretty expressions I have just heard below were aimed at my sister's windows, at which the boys significantly pointed with their fingers.

Edward. Sir, you ought first to have waited for an explanation.

Sir R. I am persuaded nothing unbecoming has passed here; I know my sister, but who except myself knows her? thoughtlessness is here equally reprehensible as vice:

she is a poor girl, the wealthy man can make no reparation here; our happiness has long since been annihilated, and now our reputation also.

Edward. You forget yourself, sir.

Sir R. Heavens! am I still standing here with my sword still in my scabbard!—You would not put up with the fool, sir; well then I will retract it, and supply its place with villain!

Edward. Hell and fury! this requires satisfaction.

Sir R. I demand satisfaction from you.

Edward. Away this instant.

Sir R. When you choose. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A retired spot in the Park.*

Enter EDWARD and SIR RICHARD HARTLY.

Edward. This is the proper place, sir, here nobody will interrupt us. (*draws his sword*)

Sir R. Stop a moment, sir.—

Edward. Not one second; never did a Wildair put up so long with an affront.

Sir R. I will not depart from hence without affording you ample satisfaction, I give you my word of honor upon it; but I shall not fight without having first spoken.

Edward. No evasions, no excuses.

Sir R. Evasions, excuses! —what do you take me for? —what I want to say, does not regard myself, but two distressed and amiable women.

Edward. First blood, then words.

Sir R. It might be too late then—in short, sir, you may kill me, but I am determined not to draw my sword before you have heard me.

Edward. You were much quicker with your tongue.

Sir R. Say whatever you please, you will not provoke me, the walk hither has cooled me, you have nobody to provide for, I have a wife and sister.

Edward. Do you mean to screen yourself?

Sir R. (*agitated*) Sir, I have pledged my honor to give you satisfaction, now let me speak, for speak I must.

Edward. (*leans impatiently on his sword.*) Well, go on, sir.

Sir R. You have offended me and I you, my blood or yours must atone for it, that's a decided matter; you are

a gentleman, and rich, my sister assured me you were also susceptible of generous feelings; I am poor and unfortunate, what is to become of my wife and sister if I fall?

Edward. You ought to have considered this before.

Sir R. This is not the answer of a rich and generous man; now you are thirsting after revenge, that will be over in a quarter of an hour, what would you answer me then if I could then ask you?

(*Edward places his sword under his arm, observes him for some time with a penetrating look, Hartly views him with a melancholy countenance.*)

Edward. I will provide for yours.

Sir R. That's what I expected.

Edward. And now———

Sir R. Hold, I must explain myself further.

Edward. Still further explanation!

Sir R. They are material to the business, mine are strange and helpless in this great town, they must not remain here. I will require no other assistance from you, sir, than that you send to a female relation who lives in Wales—will you comply with my request?

Edward. I will.

Sir R. Here is my pocket-book, (*lays it on the ground between them*) should I fall, you will find the documents of my rank and misfortunes.

Edward. Very well.

Sir R. Promise me to hold sacred the virtue of my wife, and innocence of my sister, vow to me that you will respect my misfortune, engage yourself to see neither of them, let whatever you propose to do for them be executed by a third person—will you do so?

Edward. I will.

Sir R. If you will keep your word, I will bless you dying, but should you violate it, then my blood will denounce you before God. (*draws*) Now, sir.

Edward. You spoke of your rank.

Sir R. I wear a uniform, be this sufficient for you—now to the point.

Edward. Your words, your behaviour puzzle me; you have an amiable sister, a worthy noble girl; I do not know your wife, perhaps she resembles your sister, it pierces my very heart to murder this moment two such creatures stil

more unhappy than they are already without this, for let happen what may, you must be sensible, that the issue can never be favorable to you; if I fall, flight or prison will be your lot.

Sir R. I know it.

Edward. And what will be the fate of those who depend on you?

Sir R. I have made up my mind.

Edward. The peculiar distress under which you labor induces me to do what, by heavens, I would not have done on any other account; I will admit of an apology, one simple conciliatory word, in the room of bloody satisfaction—you say nothing

Sir R. (*pause*) Nothing.

Edward. Then I have nothing to reproach myself with. (*They fight, Hartly makes but a weak defence; after some turns he abruptly exposes his breast to the discretion of Edward; Edward withdraws alarmed.*) What is the meaning of this?

Sir R. (*resumes his position.*) Go on, go on.

Edward. Hold, sir, will you make an assassin of me?

Sir R. Have you satisfaction?

Edward. (*considering a moment*) I almost think I have, (*pause*) your life was in my power, was it not?

Sir R. Possibly.

Edward. You were resolved to die.

Sir R. I am not to account to you.

Edward. But I am to account to myself. (*pause*) Sir, I hereby declare that I consider you as a dead person, (*puts up his sword,*) consequently I may now, without any impropriety, examine the contents of this pocket-book, (*takes it up from the ground.*)

Sir R. What are you going to do, sir?

Edward. I am a man of honor, sir; answer me like an honest man; you demanded my word to provide for your spouse and sister, I gave you my word on it, and now you would have me kill you; have I conjectured right?

Sir R. (*in excess of grief*) I am an incumbrance on my family, and have not a morsel of bread to give them.

Edward. No more of it, you have insulted me, for which I have just now run my sword through your body. You dont speak very naturally, for you are dead. I still

perfectly recollect your legacy, and my promise: now, my good deceased sir, it will appear whether I am a villain, now I have a claim to your confidence; your family is now mine, I have given my word, and by heavens I will keep it.

Sir R. Extraordinary young man! yes, you inspire me with confidence, but lest my disclosing my situation to you should incur the imputation of begging, you must first promise not to offer me any assistance.

Edward. A curious condition indeed! dont you know, sir, that you must not prescribe me any terms at all—you are dead, and this pocket-book will fully instruct me what I am to do. (*opens it*)

Sir R. Give yourself no trouble, I am—

Edward. (*having meantime taken a letter out of the pocket-book, reads the direction*) Sir Richard Hartly!

Sir R. The same.

Edward. Baronet.

Sir R. Yes.

Edward. Why did you keep that secret, why did you go simply by the name of Hartly, and your sister is—

Sir R. A mantua-maker.

Edward. What of that, virtue and merit are the same in those who make dresses, as in those who wear them. I have a greater esteem for the man who lives the protector of merit and virtue in the third story, than he who resides in pomp and grandeur in the first.

Sir R. Very few are of that opinion.

Edward. Oh yes, only they do not seem to think so; now I myself for instance—you thought me a rich rake of quality and nothing else, but by heavens I am more than that.

Sir R. (*shaking hands with him*) Infinitely more.

Edward. Look'e, this shaking hands I consider as a formal apology.

Sir R. It is.

Edward. Then blush at your false delicacy. Would I then have offered your sister gold, would I not have offered her my hand.

Sir R. Mr. Wildair!

Edward. Nothing but the disparity of our rank deterred me from before asking my father's consent, but now—

Sir R. Have you discovered the real virtue of the girl, would you without any consideration respecting fortune—

Edward. Come along with me to her and convince yourself.

Sir R. First, once more I ask your pardon for my impetuosity; I was just returning for the fourteenth time from the door of a great man, where pampered footmen spurned me away; I was full of rancour against all men, against all those that are called noble, and nobly do not think; I returned hopeless, despair filled my breast, when I listened carelessly to the gossiping in the street; in this humor I came up stairs, beheld you pressing my sister's hand to your lips, and learned at last the history of the guineas, conceived my sister's honor injured—and my heart, my oppressed heart, did vent itself—pardon me.

Edward. I will pardon every thing, excepting your intention to make me your murderer.

Sir R. It was the highest pitch of despondence, despair of every hope, the extinction of the last glimmering prospect of support; nurtured in prosperity I never learned to suffer, an incumbrance to my family, a useless member of the community I thought death—

Edward. Enough, the unfortunate man must not be called to an account by the fortunate, to whom the practice of every virtue is easy, but where is the merit? come let us go arm in arm to your sister, that I may this very day—but hold, a dreadful thought suddenly strikes me; if she should prefer embroidering roses on waistcoats to strewing them in the path of my life—how then?

Sir R. I have no reason to apprehend that from what she spoke of you.

Edward. Indeed, what did she say, do tell me, brother, what were her heavenly words?

Sir R. There is another thing to be considered, sir, you have not yet obtained your father's consent, and that is to be the principal dowry for my sister.

Edward. Yes, you are right, first let us go to him, and then to her, my duty and your sister's honor requires it; now let us part, to meet soon again, not a word to your sister of what has passed, or rather you may let her know you ran your sword quite through my body—and then observe how that report will affect her; whether she screams,

—whether she bursts out into tears, or even faints away,—ecstatic thought, I could run mad with joy, mind, my dear fellow, if she should happen to faint, send for me instantly, I'll throw myself at her feet, then she'll revive, behold her sink into my arms—damn'me I must go, or else I shall faint away myself.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Apartment of the Countess.*

COUNTESS and LYDIA.

Countess. (*holding a billet in her hand*) Who brought this billet?

Lydia. A lad.

Countess. Strange (*reads the superscription*) "to Lady Wildair." I am not Lady Wildair.

Lydia. But it was your ladyship's maiden name, and since there exists no other Lady Wildair at this place—

Countess. You think I might open it without scruple.

Lydia. Certainly.

Countess. I can't help thinking but there is some mistake.

Lydia. The only way to discover it, is to open the letter.

Countess. You are right. (*opens it*) 'An unfortunate stranger pursued by your spouse and son, entreats your protection, Baroness Hartly,' very droll indeed. It is now two years since I became a widow, besides I never had a son, and am requested to check his persecutions.

Lydia. A thought strikes me.

Countess. Let me have it.

Lydia. As your ladyship resides in this house, it is probable that the stranger imagined you to be the spouse of your brother.

Countess. Probably so—but if she did, what then?—I dont think that my brother—

Lydia. (*archly*) Why not?

Countess. At his age.

Lydia. I hope your ladyship wont take it amiss, what

is bred in the bone, will never be out of the flesh, that very shawl your ladyship wears—

Countess. Well.

Lydia. Was originally intended for me.

Countess. For you!

Lydia. As a compensation for a kiss.

Countess. But how then came I by it?

Lydia. That I dont know.

Countess. Old Corydon, I'll make you pay for that.

Lydia. The young squire is no less a gay gentleman.

Countess. Most surely I perceive the persons alluded to in the letter, are my pretty relations—Hark'ee Lydia, you must leave me this shawl for the day, to-morrow it shall be yours.

Lydia. I thank your ladyship.

Countess. We must devise some trick now, that Lady—she calls herself Baroness, an unfortunate person, she may be an impostor too,—is the lad still there?

Lydia. He is waiting for an answer.

Countess. Go let the stranger know I shall be glad to see her immediately—stop (*considering*) If I let her come here, my brother or my nephew may meet her; better that I go to her, but will this be proper?—If she should turn out a common impostor—no matter, she calls herself unfortunate, to be deceived by an impulse of humanity is no shame, go and inquire where she dwells, I will go thither myself. (*exit Lydia*) Well very fine indeed, my brother cannot see his own foibles, mercy on an aged female with a young heart, then there is a continual jeering and scoffing—but really such things are much more pardonable in women than in men, we are born to love and be beloved, and is it wrong in us, when we endeavour to maintain this prerogative to the very last—but such an old lord of the creation, in whose hoary locks Zephyrs play—who had rather join the Romans of old in erecting a temple to the god of coughs—hush!

[Enter SIR HARRY.]

Sir H. Good evening, sister, I came to ask whether I shall have the pleasure of your company to the theatre?

Countess. What piece is performed to-night?

Sir H. The Constant Couple.

Countess. That's your history.

Sir H. I am still very partial to that humorous piece, it has established my fame in the fashionable world, and for a long time after it came out it facilitated many a conquest to me.

Countess. A long time after; you were not very good then.

Sir H. But you'll allow me to have been a handsome fellow—and still have some remaining features (*looks in a glass.*)

Countess. What age are you now?

Sir H. Really it is astonishing how I have preserved myself.

Countess. What age are you?

Sir H. Especially if you consider that I have lived pretty freely.

Countess. What age are you?

Sir H. And that the fatigues of a campaign—

Countess. What age?

Sir H. (*impatiently*) Hark'e sister, one may easily perceive that you have spent the greatest part of your life in the country, for you have not the least grain of good manners.

Countess. Excuse me, I fancied it was a man I spoke to, or perhaps you allude—oh now I recollect, indeed brother you are right, I have not yet returned you my thanks for your handsome present.

Sir H. What present?

Countess. The beautiful shawl you sent me this morning by Edward.

Sir H. Is that it?

Countess. Aye, I never felt one so soft, so comfortable

Sir H. I am glad of it.

Countess. Only tell me what inspired you with this gallant idea?

Sir H. Why I—I was going through Bond Street——

Countess. Thought of me.

Sir H. Of course thought of you.

Countess. And so you bought this for me?

Sir H. Yes, yes, for you.

Countess. Oh this was charming of you, and I really must give you a kiss for it. (*embraces him*)

Sir H. Your very humble servant.

Countess. To be sure it was not the kiss of a young pretty girl.

Sir H. How you talk, those times are past, such thoughts no more disturb me.

Countess. Oh, I know that,—I know that you now give up those frailties to your son.

Sir H. (*ludicrously sighing*) Aye, to my son.

Countess. But I must really think of some return.

Sir H. There's no occasion.

Countess. Oh yes there is, such an elegant token of your brotherly attention must not remain unrewarded. I will summon all my wit, to do honor to the name of Wildair. (*taps him on the shoulder with her fan*) Adieu little rogue. [*Exit.*

Sir H. (*solus*) Away with you, old tabby, I love thee with all my heart, but at present thou art rather in my way.—I really believe she spies me now and then—there appeared to be something ambiguous in her words: so the women in general act, in their youth, they suffer us to pay our addresses to them with downcast eyes, but when they become old, they open them wide to observe where addresses are paid to others: (*listens*) the chariot draws up, she is gone, now for the roguish chambermaid (*opens the closet door*) Lydia, Lydia.

Lydia. (*within*) Who calls?

Sir H. Come hither, make haste, a propitious moment this—sister gone, two servants gone along with her, my spark of a son abroad.

[Enter EDWARD *hastily.*]

Edward. My dear father.

Sir H. Zounds what the devil brings you here again.

Edward. I have been looking for you every where; understanding you were at my aunt's, I flew hither.

Sir H. I wish you had flown in an air balloon to Egypt.

[Enter LYDIA.]

Lydia. Your honor called, what is your pleasure?

Sir H. (*at a loss*) I called!

Lydia. I thought so.

Sir H. Oh, oh, I only wanted to ask whether my sister—

Lydia. She is just gone abroad.

Sir H. Very well, child, that's all I wanted to know, that's all.

Lydia. Then I'll return again to my work. [*Exit.*

Sir H. Now only tell me, you damn'd busy body, what is your business with me, do you want money again? there, and now pack off

Edward. This time I want something far more invaluable—your blessing—

Sir H. Blessing, with all my heart, heaven bless thee and bestow on thee ten such precious sons as thou thyself art, are you satisfied now?

Edward. I wish to marry.

Sir H. Marry! I am glad of it, exceedingly glad indeed mind, that will tame you—Well, and who do you wish to marry?

Edward. Miss Hartly.

Sir H. I dont know her.

Edward. She is utterly unknown here.

Sir H. That is bad.

Edward. She is very poor.

Sir H. Still worse.

Edward. Her brother is a lieutenant in the army.

Sir H. Oh oh, Lieutenant Hartly—I have some knowledge of him.

Edward. He is in search of preferment.

Sir H. And is himself sought after.

Edward. He is of a good and ancient family

Sir H. I know—

Edward. The girl is beautiful, well born, and well bred.

Sir H. A very angel, of course.

Edward. In short, dear father, it is the pretty mantua-maker of whom I spoke to you this morning.

Sir H. How, do you mean to marry a mantua-maker?

Edward. But I tell you she is of quality.

Sir H. Can you suffer such stories to be imposed on you?

Edward. I have proofs.

Sir H. Hark'e, Edward, I have a great respect for pretty mantua-makers, they are a class of people I am very fond of but as for a daughter-in-law, that will never do.

Edward. But she is not what she seems to be.

Sir H. No matter.—

Edward. (*very modestly*) Yet I know—that my father—once deemed my mother—still less—

Sir H. No more.

Edward. Shall the noble-minded girl be disdained for having stooped to work for the maintenance of a brother! Shall Miss Angelica Hartly—

Sir H. Angelica! is her name Angelica?

Edward. She bears the name of my mother.

Sir H. (*with some emotion*) And yet she was but a poor strange girl—Such a girl as your mother was, you will not find in half Europe.

Edward. Then my Angelica, I suppose, belongs to the other half.

Sir H. Nonsense!

Edward. Do but behold her, dear father—only speak to her.

Sir H. What will that signify? she'll prepossess me, I don't doubt that; she is young and pretty, and on such occasions, I am not of marble neither—But her stories of birth and family, and so forth, she will never be able to pass on me, they will only do for your age.

Edward. But the documents I have,—

Sir H. Besides, I have no good opinion of that lieu tenant her brother.

Edward. He is a gentleman, in every sense of the word.

Sir H. However, he is in quest of a commission, and has, besides, some amours, that I know.

Edward. He!

Sir H. Yes, yes, I know that.

Edward. Probably that in better days.

Sir H. But he should give it up now; love never thrives in poverty; every school-boy will tell you that.

Edward. Upon my word, dear father—

Sir H. You are in love, so I can't take your word.

Edward. His thoughts are not about the women.

Sir H. Then all the women think of him.

Edward. I know, my dear father, you will rejoice to see your son possess what you once enjoyed yourself, undisturbed felicity at the side of a poor but modest girl, whose sense of gratitude embellishes the charms of love,

and enhances the price of virtue, who will neither ruin me by her foolish pomp, nor make me ridiculous by fashionable levities.

Sir H. A mere romance.

Edward. It is in your power to render it a matter of fact.

Sir H. I see there is no getting rid of him.

Edward. Will you go and see the girl?

Sir H. Perhaps I may.

Edward. (*entreating*) Soon, soon—

Sir H. Be gone now.

Edward. Even this very day?

Sir H. If you stop two minutes longer, I am determined never to go.

Edward. I am going—may I in the interim tell my bride?

Sir H. How! bride!—we are not come to that yet.

Edward. Oh, you'll have a charming daughter-in-law; take care, dear father, you'll fall in love with her yourself. [*Exit.*

Sir H. (*solus*) Fall in love with her myself indeed!—and so I will; I will revenge myself on you, my boy, for so often crossing my designs. (*going to the closet*) At last the coast is clear again—Zounds! the door is locked. (*peeps through the key-hole*) Lydia! Lydia!

[Enter GREGORY GARGLE.]

Gregory. Your honor.

Sir H. Has the devil again invented another plague for me? What dost thou want, old Gargle, be brief.

Gregory. I have delivered the ear-rings to Mrs. Elton.

Sir H. She accepted them.

Gregory. Aye.

Sir H. Huzza!

Gregory. Here is likewise a billet.

Sir H. From her?

Gregory. Aye.

Sir H. Give it me, and pack off. [*Exit Gregory smiling.*

Sir H. (*solus, reading a letter*) "The landlady is a "babbler."—True, so she is. "As soon as night comes "on, you'll find me in the park:" Charming! "you will "discover me by a white veil, Emily Elton." Most ex-

cellent, oh, the ear-rings have done wonders, stop, let me recollect, how did she say (*mimicking her*) "Female virtue ought to be equally sacred to you in the lady, as the beggar." All right, that's the general cant, "Go, sir, let me never see you again," that is to say, let me never see you without the diamond ear-rings, this "after night sets in"—but it is dark already (*going to the closet door*) good night, Lydia—this time thou must remain in solitude, like Penelope employed at thy tambour frame; out of coquetry, thou hast shut the door, and for thy punishment thou shalt be supplanted.

SCENE II. *A walk in the Park, night, moonshine.*

Edward. (*solus*) Shall I go to her? Dare I, without my father's consent—I carry hope indeed, but only hope, no certainty, if he should change his mind—if she should not please him! if he should give a positive refusal—I really believe it would make me wretched indeed: wretched! what is that? I never was wretched, still I begin to fear I likewise may be so—he! he! he! there is a fine sight, indeed; young Wildair walking by moonlight, "sighing like furnace to his mistress' eyebrow." It is very plain I am now in love, most terribly in love (*sits down on a bench*) oh thou hallowed and chaste moon, for these many years thou hast been witness to all the foolish pranks which men have committed in thy sight, only tell me how it is possible they do not notice thee laugh?—I am in a pettish humor, and would fain vent my ire on thee, thou insipid moon, thou art perpetually smiling like a courtier, showest always the same face like a married man, and trudgest continually up and down the same track like a sentinel (*pause*) oh, that gives me no relief either, I wish I could get into some scrape or other, something lively, I would not mind a little sparring or so, I am just in the humor to give or receive a good drubbing. (*enter Countess and Mrs. Elton, both veiled*) What have we got here, a couple of females? I suppose they are come to pay their respects to the moon, and veiled too, hush, this bids fair to become interesting.

Countess. (*slowly*) Take courage, if the directions were right.

Mrs. E. He gave it me in his first letter after he reached town.

Edward. (*aside*) They are talking about letters.

Countess. My footman will be back immediately.

Edward. The ladies would make me believe they keep a footman.

Countess. You may expect to see your husband even to-night.

Mrs. E. I tremble through fear and joy.

Edward. (*aside*) Their voices are not quite unfamiliar to me.

Countess. Be easy, dear Baroness—

Edward. (*aside*) Baroness, that's a good one.

Mrs. E. Alas! my dear Countess.

Edward. (*aside*) Still better, we shall have a Duchess presently.

Mrs. E. In such a great town, what would have become of me without your protection?

Edward. (*aside*) Even the same, as Miss appears to be now.

[Enter JAMES, *wrapt in a great-coat.*

James. Madam, I have found out his lodgings.

Mrs. E. (*in joyous emotion*) Found out—

Edward. (*aside*) Found out what?

Mrs. E. Was he at home?

James. I believe he was.

Mrs. E. Is he well?

James. I can't say.

Edward. (*aside*) There's a tender enquiry.

Countess. Then we have attained our view.

Edward. (*aside*) The devil you have!

Countess. I will witness your transports.

Edward. There is no need of that, transports of this nature are better felt without witnesses.

Countess. Withdraw, my dear friend, I perceive coming yonder a figure wrapt in a grey cloak somewhat slow and unsteady. I'll venture a trifle it's our hoary knight, go my dear, my equipage waits at the gate.

Edward. (*aside*) Equipage too—

Countess. Go, James, wait at some little distance from my house, from thence drive to his lodgings: I'll follow you in a hackney coach.

Mrs. E. Generous woman!

Countess. Dont talk of generosity, I only endeavour to

hide, not expose the frailties of my relations, with parental charity. [*Exeunt Mrs. Elton and James.*

Edward (*aside*) One goes the other stays, how will this end?

Countess It is he his gout is in conflict with his impatience. (*Enter Sir Harry, wrapped in a grey cloak, appears* [illegible] *the back ground and coughs the Countess repeats* [illegible])

Edward (*aside*) [illegible] coughing, very well, I may cough too (*coughs*)

Sir H [illegible] you, my fair lad !

Countess [illegible]

Edward (*aside*) [illegible] A rendezvous

Sir H [illegible] this place is so exposed, that [illegible] its very chilly weather.

Edward [illegible] for shame, old gentleman, never mind a little cold

Sir H I think we had better go

Countess (*in a* [illegible] *her voice*) Any where you please.

Edward (*aside*) [illegible] if you shall, this is not fair. I was [illegible] now I shan't come off without my share [illegible] (*to him*) whither now, sir ?

Sir H (*his face wrapt up in his cloak so as to disguise his voice*) What is that to you sir ?

Edward I cannot remain a cool spectator when a woman is carried off, at least by such a hobbling old fellow as you are

Sir H (*aside*) Father and son, by heavens.

Countess (*aside*) My nephew ! charming

Edward. Well, what is all this whispering for, you see me determined to make one of your party this evening, provided the lady is handsome, which I dont doubt, and you a jovial old buck, which I am much inclined to believe

Sir H Young man

Edward I hope my youth is none of my greatest imperfections.

Sir H You take liberties.

Edward Dam'me if I an't the most modest man in the world, another in my place would have made you sneak off an hour ago.

Sir H Stand off there

Edward. You dont stir.

Sir H. (*discovers his face*) Impudent boy!

Edward. (*starting*) What!

Sir H. Get out of the way there.

Edward. What the devil—I really believe—this voice—I'll be shot if this isn't my father.

Sir H Who meets thee every where, where thou shouldst not be.

Edward. I beg a thousand pardons.

Sir H. Go to hell!

Edward. How could I possibly suppose—

Sir H. Begone this moment!

Edward. (*ironically*) That my father at the age of sixty-three—

Sir H. Be dumb—

Edward. At this time of the night in such company.

Sir H. This puts me in a rage.

Edward. Ha! ha! ha! now, dear papa, you must allow this to be a devilish good joke.

Countess. (*throwing back her veil*) For shame, Edward.

Edward. Bless me, my aunt!

Sir H. (*lets go her arm*) Damnation!

Countess. Are you not ashamed to harbour such suspicions against your venerable father?

Edward. Is it you indeed, Madam.

Countess. It is to be sure, is there any thing surprising in it? it's a fine night, and your father had a mind to take a walk, is it not so, brother?

Sir H. To be sure.

Countess. And then comes such a saucy boy, and stands in our way uttering such a volley of impudent language, and perhaps at last of all, supposes the old father to be as abandoned a rake as his son.

Sir H. Indeed it is shocking to lay such things to me.

Countess. Faith, I admired your forbearance.

Sir H. To me, who in all modesty and decency, took a walk with my own identical sister.

Edward. I am quite confounded—dear father—good aunt—curse me if I know what to say—it was one of my mad tricks, or the devil had a hand in it, I am really ashamed.

Countess. Go then and be ashamed at home.

Edward. Your humble servant— [*Exit.*

Sir H. (*stands confounded, looking at the moon.*)

Countess. (*observes him smiling*) Well, wont you look at me, brother?

Sir H. I know you perfectly well.

Countess. This time I have saved your reputation.

Sir H. Thank'e.

Countess. Mrs. Elton directed me—

Sir H. Damned woman!

Countess. To deliver to you these diamond ear-rings.

Sir H. That's all one plot.

Countess. Which she supposes through a mistake—

Sir H. It's all right, give them to me.

Countess. Is every thing adjusted now?

Sir H. Yes.

Countess. Shall we call a coach?

Sir H. No!

Countess. Walk then—

Sir H. No!

Countess. But I dont choose to stroll about any longer.

Sir H. Then go home.

Countess. Quite alone—

Sir H. Did you not come alone?

Countess. Then you mean to take another walk.

Sir H. Yes.

Countess. To reflect on the adventure.

Sir H. Yes.

Countess. And cool a little.

Sir H. No!

Countess. Then I wish you good night.

Sir H. Good night. (*Countess tapping him waggishly on the shoulders*)

Sir H. (*solus, pause*) No clown on earth shows a more stupid appearance, than that which I bear now; 'tis plain, I've no success with ear-rings; but my son, that grace-less varlet. I must serve him a trick, and I'll go this instant to work about it.

ACT V.

Angelica's Apartment.

ANGELICA.

Ang. He comes not yet, should my brother have deceived me, if the duel should have taken a fatal termination, Edward perhaps wounded. No! no! Richard's countenance was serene, if blood had been shed, he would not have been so composed. But his father's consent, will he obtain that? let me continue to be industrious, let me not be idle from an idea of being already a rich lady; his father will not consent, yet I may indulge a little vanity, since I have captivated the noble youth unassisted by any borrowed arts. Ye independent fair who behold numbers of men at your feet feigning true love, if with your wealth you could purchase a little window to every breast, how would you start! therefore I thank heaven for having reduced me to poverty, that I might find a heart congenial to my own, not won by the attractions of a powerful uncle or the expectations of a wealthy aunt. (*knocking at the door*) Who is there?

[Enter SIR HARDY.]

Sir H. Am I here at—(*starts at the sight of Angelica.*)

Ang. At whose—

Sir H. (*aside*) Faith the boy has almost as good a taste as myself.

Ang. Whom do you want, sir.

Sir H. Why I was in search of a pretty girl, and have found an angel.

Ang. I dont comprehend.

Sir H. Are you Miss Hartly?

Ang. I am.

Sir H. If your eyes speak the language of your name, they will cause a deal of mischief.

Ang. If my eyes, sir, have inspired you with this shallow wit, they certainly have caused some mischief already.

Sir H. Bravo! the impression first made by your candor, is completed by your sense.

Ang. Permit me to ask what made you come up three pair of stairs to seek my sense?

Sir H. To admire it.

Ang. Since every object, when seen from afar, appears greater than it really is: I am vain enough to request you will in future admire my sense at a distance.

Sir H. Impossible! an invisible power attracts me, I resist—vain attempt—a dizziness seizes me, and I am almost inclined to admit all the vortexes, eddies, and whirls, held forth in the system of Descartes.

Ang. Your head, at least, is no proof against his system.

Sir H. Alas! the question is merely of my heart; it beats, it throbs,—

Ang. (*ironically*) Perhaps the number of years in your fifteenth lustre—

Sir H. (*aside*) Zounds, that's sharp! (*aloud*) Well done, I like repartee, do but confess you are not what you seem to be.

Ang. That's more than people in general can say; you, sir, are in every respect what you seem to be.

Sir H. This sounds rather equivocal, if you would but comprehend me, my pretty.

Ang. Withdraw, sir, I shall never comprehend you.

Sir H. Repose some confidence in me, my experience, my knowledge of the world—

Ang. Sir, you are now in the abode of innocence, which ought to be considered as hallowed as a temple.

Sir H. (*aside*) Faith, appearance does not deceive here.

Ang. Once more, sir, withdraw.

Sir H. (*aside*) I could almost wish the proverb would prove false. (*aloud*) Do you know me, Miss?

Ang. Already too well.

Sir H. I you too little. (*aside*) I must push the attack.

Ang. Let me caution you, not to presume upon my solitary situation; I am not defenceless, though alone, I'll call for assistance.

Sir H. Wherefore—

Ang. I will be alone; these apartments are mine, sir.

Sir H. Well then, because these wretched rooms are yours, I must not leave you. you must reside in some more suitable ones; diamonds are never set in lead. I know

you work for pay; you make millinery—what a degradation! a lady who stoops thus to serve, would even tempt the graces themselves to turn mantua-makers.

Ang. (*overcome by grief and indignation*) I never before suffered such humiliation as at this present moment. (*bursting into tears*) Oh if indigence justifies such proposals, who dares maintain that poverty is no evil?

Sir H. (*aside*) She weeps; I've gone too far.

Ang. I am an unfortunate being; I have shed already many tears, but none so bitter as these; however rich you may be, sir, you cannot expiate these tears.

Sir H. (*aside*) That's not deception however. (*aloud and embarrased*) Miss—

Ang. If, in the course of your advanced life, you never judged otherwise of our sex, I must pity you, for then you certainly never experienced love.

Sir H. (*aside*) By heavens, this one really is what she seems. (*aloud*) Madam, I beg—

Ang. But if ever there was a period in your life in which you were blessed with virtuous love, if ever you had a wife that sat to the picture of female dignity, so gracefully and truly designed by one of our greatest poets,—

Sir H. (*with emotion and hastily*) Yes, such a one I had.

Ang. Then I conjure you, by the memory of that soul so near akin to my own, respect my innocence; for it is my only fortune.

Sir H. Pardon me, madam—yes, I know such a soul in your presence; that thought ought to have struck me sooner, for your sentiments, your ardor in pleading for innocence and virtue, in short, every thing recals that image to my mind: and perhaps it is my fate, for the second time, to find happiness of life, where I sought nothing but amusement.

Ang. I dont comprehend.

Sir H. A painful sensation prevents me at present from discovering myself: you might perhaps pardon me for the sake of my name, which would be more than I deserve; futurity, however, will soon teach you that a foolish action is much easier to repair in the fifteenth lustre, than in the fourth.

Ang. (*going to answer, sees her brother enter somewhat abruptly*) My brother.

Sir R. Good evening, sister. (*bows to Sir Harry, who returns his compliment rather in an embarrassed manner*) Who is this gentleman?

Ang. (*embarrassed, dreading her brother's impetuous temper*) This gentleman is a stranger, who mistook the apartments, did you not, sir?

Sir H. I have been mistaken indeed.

Ang. He was looking for somebody whom he has not found.

Sir H. (*aside*) And found here what I did not look for.

Sir R. We are strangers ourselves in this place, and shall hardly be able to give you a proper direction.

Sir H. I have received some very proper directions already.

Sir R. Then give me leave to light you down, it is very dark on the staircase.

Sir H. May I improve upon this accident, may I visit again?

Sir R. You must certainly perceive, sir, that we are not in a situation to receive visitors.

Sir H. A good will is the best recommendation for guests, and I am bold enough to say, I think I shall yet be very welcome here: mind what I say, very welcome!

[*Exit, conducted by Sir R. holding a candle.*

Ang. (*aside*) I doubt it much. (*At the door they meet Edward.*)

Edward. What, my father here!

Ang. and Sir R. His father!

Sir H. (*aside*) Zounds! father and son again.

Edward. I can guess his business here; he certainly came through my entreaties.

Sir H. (*aside*) You're greatly mistaken.

Edward. To convince himself what exalted merit Angelica possesses, and to have a proof whether I have been blinded by mere passion alone.

Sir H. Aye, aye, certainly.

Sir R. Sir Harry, we are poor honest people, by birth and sentiments worthy of your alliance, in power and affluence by far your inferiors.

Sir H. I know, I know. (*aside*) I've got into a fine hobble.

Edward. Oh you know very little of my father, if you doubt his magnanimity.

Ang. Sir Harry, I am quite ashamed.

Sir H. Now she too will have at me.

Ang. I am now convinced that you only meant to put me to the trial.

Sir H. I beg, madam, no more of it.

Ang. The tone which you assumed towards me,—

Sir H. Let us say no more of what I have been instigated to by parental solicitude.

Ang. Fool that I was, to believe—

Sir H. Forbear, madam, to punish my distrust.

Sir R. I hope, sister, your behaviour does not require an apology.

Sir H. Not the least, we only did not know each other.

Edward. Dear father, you are kindness itself. At the very moment when you had just reason to be displeased with me,—

Sir H. No matter, that is all forgotten.

Edward. When in the park, I—

Sir H. Enough, son, I will hear no more of that.

Edward. At that very moment, you took the resolution to promote my happiness.

Sir H. I am glad to hear you acknowledge it; this convinces you to what lengths parental affection will go.

Edward. And the reception you met with from Angelica, confess, dear father, you scarce expected it.

Sir H. Very true, I doubted—

Edward. But now every doubt is vanished, and I may hope—dear father, may I indulge hope—

Sir H. (*aside*) What part shall I take?—this is a damned queer situation.

Edward. Fix with one word my future happiness, call Angelica your daughter.

Sir H. (*advancing to Angelica holding out his hand*) Will you have me for your father? (*Angelica offers to kiss his hand, he withdraws it*) A kiss!

Ang. With all my heart.

Sir H. (*throws her into the arms of Edward*) There, kiss him with all your heart. (*silent embraces; Hartly,*

moved, embracing both: aside) An old fox may be caught too.

[Enter SERVANT MAID, *handing a billet to Hartly.*]

Servant. This was brought by a livery servant. [*Exit.*

(*Hartly opens and reads it aside.*)

Edward. Come, my dear father, let us retire, while Richard reads his letter; you won't be long, brother?

Sir R. I really dont know, but go, go, I'll follow this instant.

Sir H. Within eight days, your wedding must take place.

Edward. Excellent!

Ang. So soon?

Sir H. Dear child, if it be deferred longer, I will not be answerable for this youth or myself: come take my arm. (*Exeunt all but Sir Richard.*

Sir R. (*solus; opening the billet again*) What can this mean! (*reads*) " A lady, who takes great interest in your fate, wishes to see you, and speak to you, this very evening; the bearer is directed to conduct you." A lady! I dont know one lady in all the town. Oh, Mary! (*Enter Maid*) Who brought this billet?

Maid. A tall man in a great coat.

Sir R. Where is he?

Maid. He is waiting without: when Miss went down along with the two gentlemen, he hid himself in the corner as if conscious of something or other.

Sir H. Let him come in. [*Exit Maid.*

[Enter JAMES.]

Who are you, friend?

James. A footman.

Sir R. With whom?

James. With a lady.

Sir R. What is her name?

James. I must not tell that.

Sir R. What does she want with me?

James. I dont know.

Sir R. You have perhaps mistaken the person?

James. No.

Sir R. You are to conduct me?

James. Yes.

Sir R. Is it far?

James. No.

Sir R. A strange incident this: I have certainly all the appearance of an adventurer; yet I think that I have too little impudence and too much poverty imprinted on my features to undertake an amorous adventure. (*aloud*) Come, friend, I'll follow you [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Apartment at the Countess's.*

Enter COUNTESS, *laying her fan and gloves on the table,* LYDIA *takes off her cloak.*

Countess. Will he come?

Lydia. James is not yet returned.

Countess. Quick, call the strange lady. (*Exit Lydia; Countess takes a paper out of her pocket and lays it on the table. Enter Mrs. Elton*) Good evening, dear friend— What, tears in your eyes!

Mrs. E. During your absence I fancied myself again forsaken.

Countess. Be at ease, the storm is over, and we have sunshine again. (*takes the paper from the table*) What do you think I have got in my hand?

Mrs. E. Can it be—

Countess. Your husband has got a commission; his emolument will certainly not be very great at first, but his merit will ensure him a speedy preferment.

Mrs. E. Dear Countess, I want words

Countess. They would be superfluous; for I have contributed nothing to it, nothing at all I assure you.

Mrs E. Alas! my impatience, my love—

Countess Take your love, and this paper along with you, into this closet, and bridle your impatience till I give you a sign—away, away!

Mrs. E. But soon, soon! [*Exit.*

Countess. He has deserved his preferment: now I shall see whether he deserves this charming woman also. (*going to ring the bell, enter* SIR HARRY, EDWARD, *and* ANGELICA.)

Sir H. Now I hope you will be satisfied with me.

Edward. Dear aunt, permit me to present to you my bride.

Countess. Your bride!

Sir H. Poor, but worthy, very worthy.

Edward. Miss Angelica Hartly.

Countess. Hartly!

Sir H. Yes, yes, Hartly: what makes you so surprised?

Countess. A sister of Lieutenant Hartly's!

Ang. Yes, Madam.

Sir H. (*aside*) She is also acquainted with the lieutenant.

Countess. Excellent! Let me embrace you, dear child.

Sir H. That's right.

Ang. My heart will render me worthy of your affection.

Countess. I could never have supposed that rake capable of such a sensible idea.

Sir H. (*aside to her*) Which of us two do you mean?

Countess. Both.

Edward. My lovely Angelica has wrought an entire change in me.

Countess. Then she is a potent enchantress indeed.

Edward. She carries a spell in her eyes.

Countess. Let us hope that these beautiful eyes may never be filled with tears for the inconstant lover.

Edward. Why talk of inconstancy, dear aunt, for nothing but death—

Countess. Nonsense; mere phrases.

[Enter LYDIA.]

Lydia. He is in the anti-chamber.

Countess. Bid him wait a moment. [*Exit Lydia.*

Sir H. Who?

Countess. Children, I love you all from my soul, and am very happy in your company; but now you are rather an incumbrance upon me, for I am just going to give a rendezvous.

Sir H. You give a rendezvous!

Countess. Why not? there are people fifteen years older than I that can still give a rendezvous.

Sir H. Now that's malicious.

Countess. Away, away all into this closet! my nephew will have sufficient pastime, and I have there likewise provided some company for you, brother.

Sir H. For me? well let me see whether you have hit my taste. (*going to the closet.*)

Countess. I flatter myself I have.

Sir H. (*opens the door of the closet, starting*) Mrs. Elton!

Edward. Mrs. Elton!
Ang. Emily!
Mrs. E. (*within*) Angelica!
Sir H. What the devil is all this?
Edward. Damned unfortunate.
Countess. Go in, go in, and there be astonished as long as you please, and be also ashamed, and beg pardon. (*pushes them in*) Though I should much like to be present, and amuse myself with observing your silly countenances, yet I am not at leisure for that. (*shuts the door, and rings the bell, enter Lydia*) Show him in. [*Exit Lydia.*

[Enter Sir Richard.]

Sir R. Madam—
Countess. Sir Richard Hartly I suppose.
Sir R. That's my name.
Countess. This mysterious invitation must appear extraordinary to you.
Sir R. I cannot deny it.
Countess. In order to prevent any misunderstanding, I must declare, that I do not act in my own name.
Sir R. I wait your commands.
Countess. A friend of mine, a young rich lady, has seen you often, too often for her peace of mind.
Sir R. I do not comprehend!
Countess. I think though, to a man of the world, I made myself pretty intelligible.
Sir R. I know the world only from the bad side, and I hope not to add here to my experience.
Countess. Certainly not, for from this moment, Fortune smiles upon you; my friend wishes to see you—often—every day.
Sir R. Me!
Countess. She hopes to find a friend in you.
Sir R. In me!
Countess. On whom she might disburthen her cares.
Sir R. On me!
Countess. With whom she might share her happy hours.
Sir R. With me!
Countess. Yes, yes, with you. Is it then so very extraordinary a thing for a man of your age and figure to please a pretty woman?
Sir R. Madam, one of us is played the fool with here.

and upon my honor, I think neither of us has the appearance of deserving it.

Countess. If you still harbour a doubt, I will introduce you to the lady herself.

Sir R. I must beg to be excused, I am not now fit for entertainment, and for any other commerce, I esteem myself too good.

Countess. You are unfortunate.

Sir R. It depends in what light you take it—apparently true.

Countess. You are in search of employment.

Sir R. (*with much politeness*) But not such as your ladyship pleases to offer me—have you any other commands for me?

Countess. You are a singular man: my friend is not only young and handsome, but likewise rich.

Sir R. Then I must congratulate her, for without wealth, she might possibly be even poorer than I am.

Countess. I must conclude then, your affections are fixed on some other person.

Sir R. The question is not thereof now.

Countess. Then this is really the case, I've guessed it.

Sir R. If it concerns you to know it, then I am married and very happily married too.

Countess. Only married! well then.

Sir R. (*forcing himself to keep his temper*) Madam, I fancy I have penetrated your design, you only meant to prove whether I was a man of rank and education, and to see what I could brook without transgressing the bounds of decorum, you have seen that I know what is due to a lady, but now I deem it necessary to declare, that I stand within a very short distance of the verge; one step more, and I might forget myself, therefore permit me to withdraw.

Countess. By no means, sir! you may take whatever resolution you please, nevertheless you must see my friend, you will then speak quite differently, Mr. Philosopher. (*Countess opens the door*)

Mrs. Elton. (*coming out*) Richard!

Sir R. Emily (*embracing*) you here, oh, my love!

Mrs. E. Yes, and I have brought also a present for you along with me. (*shows him the commission*)

Sir R. Is this a dream, eventful hour!

Edward, Ang. I congratulate you, brother.

Sir R. What is all this, where am I?

Sir H. At my house, and heartily welcome.

Sir R. You here too, Sir Harry? and this gay lady—

Sir H. Is my gay sister—

Sir R. Madam!

Countess. Dont forget you are my prisoner

Sir H. We dont enter any further into this at present, sufficient we are here, and together, isn't it children? you shall all dwell in my house, to render it more comfortable to me: for I must tell you, that I mean forthwith to pay my addresses to you both.

Countess. Not forgetting my Lydia.

Sir H. Lydia will have enough to do, to mend this fellow's gloves. (*to Angelica*) In the mean time, I will stick to thee, dear child, for when that young fellow there has been but four weeks—only look how they stand there, devouring each other with their eyes—neither regarding me nor my criticisms—well I see plain enough, Sir Harry Wildair's occupations are over—there is now nothing left for him but his old sister, well then, come here my sister, and let me embrace thee. (*embraces the Countess*) And now if our kind friends have been at all amused with Father and Son, or Family Frailties, we shall be happy to repeat them every evening for this month.

REMARKS ON FATHER AND SON.

THIS Comedy is conceived in a sprightly humor, and executed with a good deal of vivacity. Many of the situations are highly diverting, and the occasional equivoque arising out of a very amusing train of incidents, is in general well managed. The characters of both father and son, are drawn with considerable force; and the story is adroitly developed. We do not make any very bold assertion, when we say that FATHER AND SON would interest and delight on the stage.

In the character of its humor, this piece is adapted to the taste of the multitude, but there is an unobtrusive vein of feeling, pervading almost every character, that does more than over balance any objection which the delicate might make to the tone of some parts of the dialogue. It is perhaps true, that there is something out of fashion in the composition, and that the manners on which it has been formed, have become obsolete; nevertheless it is a production creditable to the dramatic talents of the author.

We have had occasion to observe before, that Comedy being formed on local manners, and the manners of every community being constantly varying, it is absurd to assert, as some critics have done, that the stock of comic materials for the drama is exhausted in England. Until it can be proved that the manners of the country do not change, we cannot believe that there is not an abundance of follies in the kingdom, on which the dramatic satirist may exercise his talents with entertaining effect. Physicians and lawyers have, for a long time, and perhaps long enough, been considered part of the laughing-stock of the stage—Old soldiers and sailors have also furnished no inconsiderable share of amusement, and gouty gentlemen have had their day. But there is a class, which has hitherto escaped, and yet perhaps no other offers a richer fund of unexposed affectations—we mean diplomatists, statesmen, and all that tribe of consequential personages who, because fate, fortune, or favoritism, have invested them with high trusts,

imagine themselves to be great men. We hardly know a better untried subject for a splendid comedy than "A CONGRESS," which is one of those concentrations of eminent men where, although every individual meets with a noble wish to do something which shall merit the applause of mankind, yet every one at the same time entertains so great a jealousy of his neighbour, that he wants the courage to act with common probity, and the whole separate without establishing any one point which any one of them in his heart can approve. This virtue, and this jealousy, judiciously contrasted and interwoven with amusing incidents, would furnish a new, an original, and a delightful comedy.

It is, however, not a subject to be treated meagrely: it must be handled something in the way of those magnificent dramas of the old school, which, without exhibiting any tragical incident, display as much poetical diction, romance of sentiment, pride and pomp of circumstance, as the ordinary bloody banquets of the [illegible]

We have felt some degree of [illegible] at observing that among the great variety of plays which have been transmitted to us for [illegible] not [illegible] involving any transactions which [illegible] a picture of the public character and [illegible] time. We have several pieces [illegible] contrived, and exhibiting with various [illegible], the alleged features of ancient manners. We have also others, which depict with considerable vivacity the outlines of fashionable life—but not one historical composition, nothing which, as a dramatic composition could be considered, we do not say in a corresponding rank, but only in a corresponding class, with the painting of the death of General Wolfe. And yet modern manners are really perhaps not less picturesque, because they are more familiar to us than those of Queen Elizabeth's, or any elder time; nor is the dignity of public sentiment, or the feelings of individual gallantry, more vague, or rather, we may say, [illegible] vivid now than at any former period. The materials for [illegible] theatrical spectacle are certainly not wanting in [illegible] tions of the present age. The author who will [illegible] them, even if he should not prove [illegible] the task, will ensure to himself a lasting [illegible] tation.

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